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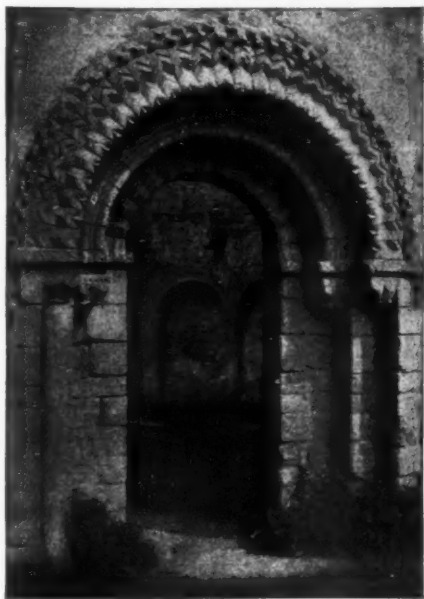
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## REQUIRED READING FOR THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

### POINTS OF A PILGRIMAGE.\*

BY S. PARKES CADMAN, D. D.



NORMAN GATEWAY, LUDLOW CASTLE.

ONE may often hear the familiar tones of the ubiquitous American on the shady side of Pall Mall and beneath the limes of the Unter den Linden. Murray and Baedeker become wearisome after a time and the famous sights of Europe end by being painfully familiar. But far re-

moved from the intrusion of the summer excursionist, unknown to guide-books or to fame, are quiet nooks and unfrequented spots where the initiated few may find rest to their souls.

Especially is this true of England, and of no part of that island is it more true than of the ancient county of Shropshire. This little province, with about thirty thousand inhabitants, is situated upon the western fringe of the midland counties, looking out upon the distant hills of Wales ramped against the sky. There are more than thirty castles in Shropshire, with churches, both collegiate and parochial, by the hundred. When the Plantagenets conquered Wales, they lined the frontiers with these baronial establishments, so that to-day this stretch of territory is literally stuffed with reminiscences in art, history, and architecture.

While searching for Stanley Weyman, the author of "Under the Red Robe" and "The Gentleman of France," I discovered Ludlow, the little town where these stirring romances were written. It boasts a grand old ruin, a fortress large enough to contain the whole of its present population, and a church which far outvies that of Trinity in New York City. Mr. Weyman I did not find, for he had gone to London town to take unto himself a wife; so, after cooling down my hot disappointment, I visited this

\*The Notes on the Required Reading in THE CHAUTAUQUAN will be found following those on the books of the course, in the C. L. S. C. Department of the magazine.

Norman castle, with its stately keep and dark, forbidding dungeons, now exposed with shattered wall and roofless halls to wind and weather. For eight hundred years it survived, in times rude and distracted. The state apartments have witnessed many a gallant throng, but the routs and the carnivals were outnumbered by the

performed, during the residence of the Earl of Bridgewater, John Milton's "Masque of Comus," the first-fruits of descriptive poetry in the English language. I saw the bench on which he sat when he wrote this glorious poem, with the wooded hills in which the plot of the drama was laid stretching away to the right.



LUDLOW CASTLE.

riots and the bloodshed and by the plottings of deadly treason. We have had no ruins since Chicago was rebuilt after the fire, and however much one may be fascinated by medieval splendors it is well to reflect that these gloomy castle vaults and dungeons sorely harassed and oppressed the yeomen and merchants who lived beneath the shadow of their walls.

But Ludlow Castle is interesting for other reasons than these. The garrulous guide checked his ceaseless hints about his fee long enough to tell us how the little princes who were afterward smothered in the Tower were taken from this place to meet their cruel uncle, the Duke of Gloucester. In the gateway over the entrance Samuel Butler wrote his "Hudibras" in 1633. Here was

The old Church of St. Lawrence is named after the patron saint who is said to have endured martyrdom by being roasted on a gridiron. A stained glass window in the chancel commemorates this legend, and scattered around the nave and transepts are the monuments of Knights Templars and crusaders and famous warriors and presidents of the Welsh territory, with abbots, bishops, and deans of the pre-Reformation times. Across the street, with its quaint, old-fashioned houses, high-gabled and dormer-windowed, is the Feathers Inn, a typical hostelry of the Stuart period, a half-timbered, black and white residence, with capacious hearths where an ox could be roasted, flanked by a sheep on either side.

The next morning, after a pleasant slum-



ber in one of its lavender-scented beds, I left the Feathers Inn, traveling down the Severn valley to gaze upon a mountain which is said to be the oldest in the world, and compared with which the Andes and the Rockies are only enterprising juveniles. This hill is known as the Wrekin. It rises from the rich fallows and lowlands of the Severn valley, a solitary, precipitous landmark on the right side of the stream, densely wooded to the summit, and reproducing in a milder form the landscape of Lake Constance. On the opposite side of the river the gray towers of Buildwas Abbey appeared above the foliage. The monks who built it recognized a prosperous situation at a glance. They had a correct topographical eye, had these worthy brethren of the gown and cord. They seldom blundered then, nor do they now, when they choose a site for a monastery, a cathedral, or a church. The prospect around the foot-hills of the Wrekin was a glorious one. Rich meadows stretched the

standing knee-deep in the herbage; the whole length of the valley, the sleek cattle shining river, flecked by the light and



FEATHERS INN, LUDLOW.



THE WREKIN, THE OLDEST MOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD.



BUILDWAS ABBEY.

shade, ran on toward Worcester, where in the old days of civil war Cromwell obtained his "crowning mercy" in battle; the corn-fields on the uplands nodded their tasseled heads to the ruffle of the breeze, and the honeysuckles clambered with odorous tenderness over the hedge-rows separating the fields.

As I stood and gazed upon the scene, I admired the goodly heritage of the Cistercian brethren of Buildwas. What with beeves in the stall and deer in the forest and fish in the stream and rights immemorial and freedom from labor and taxation, no wonder they grew fat and kicked, so that at last bluff King Hal made their habitation desolate, cutting off their inheritance and laughing at their fierce and unholy maledictions.

From the oldest hill in the world to the first iron bridge ever built by man is but a step. That bridge lies in full view around the bend of the river from the abbey, and the place where it is built is called Ironbridge, in honor of this engineering feat of the last century. The Friends settled in this spot two hundred years ago and unstripped its wealth of coal and iron and clay, founding the celebrated manufactories of the neighborhood. From these came the bridge, standing to-day as firmly as when it was

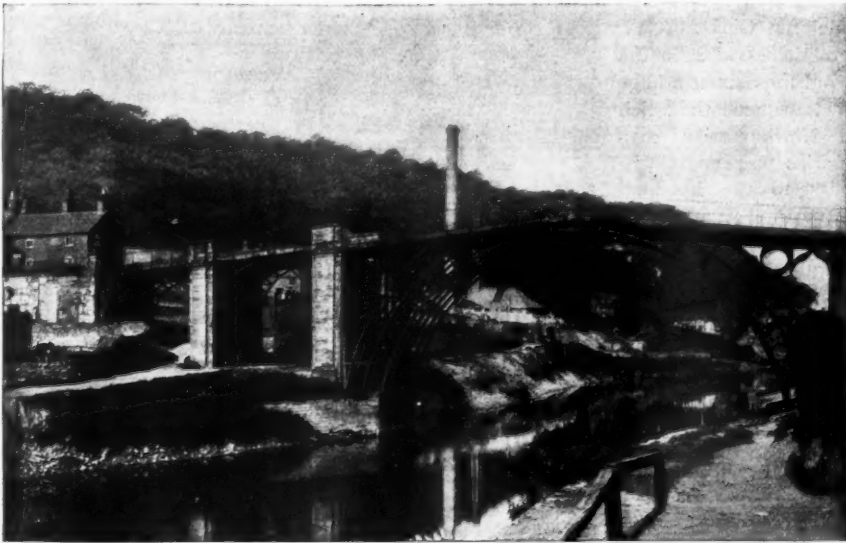


CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE.

built. I sauntered on leisurely toward the famous Colport china factories, a couple of miles down the stream. The warehouses here contain some of the rarest treasures that could delight a feminine heart. This firm obtained the first premium for its exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. A dinner service designed for the emperor of Russia was of such cameo-like beauty and delicate tint as to give more pleasure to a bevy of English girls who were discussing it than it probably would to the emperor himself.

Over the shoulder of a steep hill to the

This is the spot where the last great struggle of the British clans was made against the Roman eagle, and here, too, when Rome was in decay, the rude woodsmen burst upon their erstwhile conquerors in a fury of massacre which left the "White Town," as it was called, a smoking ruin and a scene of slaughter. Wild, billowy land lay all around, and upon the distant horizon the smoke of the city of Birmingham rose and stood in the summer sky like a gray veil of mist. In the opposite direction the spires of Shrewsbury pierced the haze. On a great block of stone left by some indiffer-



THE OLDEST IRON BRIDGE IN THE WORLD.

left is Madeley, the home of the "seraphic doctor" of the second Reformation, John Fletcher. This great divine, the friend of the Wesleys and the prince of controversialists, officiated in this parish for many years. His pulpit and parsonage are still preserved, but the church in which he ministered has been replaced by another building. A few miles to the south lived Richard Baxter, the friend of John Hampden and the author of "The Saints' Everlasting Rest."

And now, turning back, one skirts the moorlands on the east side of the Wrekin to reach the ancient Roman town of Uriconium.

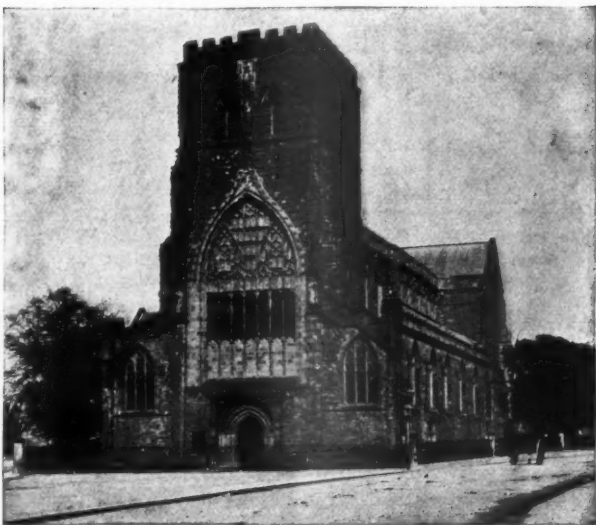
ent glacier I sat and surveyed one of those charming landscapes which make England the garden of the gods. One could little imagine from the red brick remnants of Uriconium, as they exist to-day, that these walls were built long ere St. Paul had laid his head on the block at Rome, and that Uriconium was twice the size of the London of its day, with a wall around it nearly three miles in length, a part of which stands still, massive and imposing as of yore. The Saxon poet of a later time sang in piteous strains the requiem of Uriconium. He speaks of the town in the valley, gleam-

ing among the green woodlands, of the hall of its chieftain left without fire, light, or song, and of the silence of death broken only by the screaming eagle that wheels down from the Wrekin's sullen crest and hovers over the places of the slain.

And now for Shrewsbury, the capital town of Shropshire. I passed a little hamlet known as Cressage, an abbreviated name for Christ's Oak. Here there stood in the days of the Saxons a huge oak tree beneath which the Northumbrian missionaries preached Christianity to the heathen.

The pastoral simplicity of this scene linked itself in one's thought with the opulent strength of our own commonwealth of America. Those Northumbrian mission-

aries builded better than they knew, for the church they thus founded among the rude savages of the forests continued until the time of the men of the *Mayflower*, and its



ABBEY CHURCH, SHREWSBURY.



SHREWSBURY FROM THE BANK OF THE SEVERN RIVER.

teaching and ethics and devotion to duty were part of the inestimable cargo which landed on Plymouth Rock.

In July, 1403, the broad plateau across which I walked was filled with armed hosts. The Percies of Northumberland had broken out against Henry IV., and the contending armies met at this place in the decisive conflict which set the Lancastrian dynasty upon the throne of England. Here it was that Falstaff fought for a full hour by Shrewsbury clock. Eight thousand knights and yeomen lay dead after the conflict, among them being the brave Hotspur Percy, the son of the Earl of Northumberland. Shakespeare calls it "the truly sad and sorry field of Shrewsbury."

An hour's ride from the village inn brought me to the abbey church of the ancient and honorable town inhabited by the proud Salopians, as the men of Shrewsbury are wont to term themselves. I was in good time to join in the even-song and vesper service being held. De Quincey, in one of his best essays, mentions the influence of the collect of the Anglican liturgy, "Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee," and in his own unique way describes the emotions produced by the gracious words, "defend us from all perils and dangers of this night." The service was over, the light deepened into the twilight, and the pillared spaces of the stately minster grew more gloomy and more grand. In the cool of the evening air a sense of tranquil restoration stole over one as the words of the parting hymn were recalled:

The radiant morn is passed away,  
And, spent too soon its golden store,  
The shadows of the parting day  
Creep on once more.

The next morning I started out to see the town. In the market square and the adjacent

streets are the old-time houses of dignity and consequence which have made Shrewsbury the metropolis of North Wales. The site upon which it is built is a fortress designed by nature and so quaintly picturesque and beautiful is its situation that in Saxon and Norman times, in the Wars of the Roses, and in the civil war it still maintained its rights and privileges as the great frontier fortress overlooking the conquered territory of the gallant Welshman. Lord Macaulay says: "In the language of the gentry for many miles around the Wrekin, to go to Shrewsbury was to go to town." The grammar school is one of the Tudor foundations which have done so much for education in England. In the past, Sir Philip Sidney, the famous, and Judge Jeffrey, the infamous, were educated here, and in our own day it has gained a world-wide distinction as the birthplace of Charles Darwin. The Church of St. Mary, with its marvelous examples of transition work, its splendid windows and other treasures, is the chief architectural ornament of the town, but it also has the abbey church where I had worshiped on the previous night, and the refectory pulpit of a former great religious house, which has left behind it only these two relics, the abbey and the pulpit. Here, too, lived Lord Hill, one of Wellington's trusted lieutenants, and Clive was born a few miles away, the man who conquered India and turned its riches into the coffers of the empire.

And here the pilgrimage must cease; but enough has been said to show that England is prolific of interest in many quarters where her treasures of antiquarian lore and historical importance have not been even suspected, and I would urge upon my readers the advisability of seeing such places whenever they visit England.



## INDIAN CORN IN COLONIAL TIMES.

BY ALICE MORSE EARLE.

A GREAT field of Indian corn, waving its stately and luxuriant green blades, its graceful spindles and glossy silk under the hot August sun, should be not only a beautiful sight to every descendant of Pilgrims or Puritans, but a suggestive one. A native of American soil, already at the time of the settlement of this country under control of the sons of the New World, its abundance, adaptability, and nourishing qualities not only saved the colonists' lives but altered many of their methods of living, notably those of cooking and their tastes in food.

A field of corn on the coast of Massachusetts or Narragansett or by the rivers of Virginia, growing long before any white man had ever been seen on these shores, was precisely like the same field planted three hundred years later by the American farmer. There was the same planting in hills, the same number of stalks in the hill, with pumpkin vines running among the hills and beans climbing the stalks. The hills of the Indians were a trifle nearer together than those of our own day are usually set, for the native soil was more fertile.

The English colonists learned early in the day that they could not depend on European food supplies. In Virginia they had many starving-times before all were convinced that corn was a better crop for settlers than wine, silk, or any of the many hoped-for profitable productions which could not be eaten. Powhatan, the father of Pocahontas, was one of the first to "send some of his People that they may teach the English how to sow the Grain of this Country." Capt. John Smith, ever quick to learn of every one, and ever practical, got two Indians in the year 1608 to show him how to break up and plant forty acres of corn, which yielded to him a good crop. The governor, Sir Thomas Dale, equally practical, intelligent, and determined, as-

signed small individual farms to each colonist, and encouraged and enforced the growing of corn. Soon many thousand bushels were raised. There was an Indian massacre in 1622, for the careless colonists, in order to be free to give nearly all of their time to the raising of that new and exceedingly valuable crop, tobacco, had given the Indians firearms to go hunting game for them, and the lesson of easy killing, when once learned, was tried upon the white men. The following year comparatively little corn was planted, as the luxuriant foliage made a perfect ambush for the close approach of the savages to the settlements. Then of course there was, as a result, scarcity and famine. A bushel of corn-meal was worth twenty to thirty shillings, which sum had a value equal to twenty or thirty dollars to-day. The planters were, however, each compelled by law the following year to raise a certain amount of corn to supply the families, and there has been no lack of corn since in Virginia.

The stores brought over by the Pilgrims were poor and inadequate enough; the beef and pork were tainted, the fish rotten, the butter and cheese corrupted. European wheat and seeds did not mature well. Soon, as Bradford says in his now famous "Log-Book," in his picturesque and forcible English, "the grim and grizzled face of starvation stared" at them. The readiest supply to replenish the scant larder was fish, but the English made surprisingly bungling work over fishing, and the most unfailing and valuable supply was the native Indian corn, or "Guinny wheat," or "Turkie wheat," as it was called by the colonists.

Famine and pestilence had left eastern Massachusetts comparatively bare of inhabitants at the time of the settlement of Plymouth; and the vacant corn-fields of the dead Indian cultivators were taken and planted by the weak and emaciated Ply-

mouth men, who never could have cleared new fields. From the teeming sea, in the April run of fish, was found the needed fertilizer. Says Governor Bradford:

In April of the first year they began to plant ther corne, in which service Squanto stood them in great stead, showing them both ye manner how to set it, and after, how to dress and tend it.

From this planting sprang not only the most useful food, but the first and most pregnant industry of the colonists.

The first fields and crops were communal, and the result was disastrous. The third year, at the sight of the paralyzed settlement, Governor Bradford wisely decided, as did Governor Dale of Virginia, that "they should set corne every man for his owne particuler, furnishing a portion for public officers, fishermen, etc., who could not work, and in that regard trust to themselves." Thus personal energy succeeded to communal inertia; Bradford wrote that women and children cheerfully worked in the fields to raise corn which should be their very own.

The culture of Indian corn not only insured domestic comfort and plenty to the colonists everywhere, but it brought a large profit and means of exchange. Although the Indians raised large quantities they were so improvident and gluttonous that they soon had to buy corn of the white men when it was scarce, and often on very usurious credit. An instance is given in "New England's Plantation" where a settler planted thirteen gallons of seed and raised from it three hundred and sixty-four bushels of corn. This he sold to the Indians for beaver; his profits when the beaver was sold were £327.

Maize also proved an available and much-needed currency for carrying on the internal trade. In October, 1631, the Massachusetts court passed an ordinance that corn be received in payment for debts, unless money or beaver were named in the contract. The consequential magistrates, as soon as the value of corn was realized, at once attempted to control commerce in it. A license from the governor was demanded to permit the purchase of corn from ships.

Export of corn was forbidden, and the court named ten citizens who were allowed to buy an entire ship's cargo, store it, and sell it at a profit not above five per cent. Soon corn was made a universal legal tender.

The price of corn varied from year to year. In 1631 it was ten shillings a bushel; the following year it would not bring five shillings. Then for ten years it wavered from two shillings sixpence to five shillings. In 1658 it was eight shillings, in 1672 and 1693 two shillings a bushel. In 1747 it had gone up to twenty shillings, the next year to thirty-two, and in 1751 was but two shillings. The apparently exorbitant prices of pre-revolutionary times, as high as even one hundred shillings a bushel, are partly owing to the depreciation of currency. By the end of the century the old prices prevailed. In all these apparent variations in prices through the manipulations of the miserable currency by the legislature we must remember that the noble maize still furnished just so much food, was indeed always valuable, and thus was itself the standard of value rather than measured by any other unreliable and shifting standard.

The Dutch, fond of all cereal foods, took to their liking and their kitchens with speed the various forms of corn food. The English were much slower in acquiring a taste for it, and the French fiercely hated it, as have the Irish in our own day. A band of Frenchwomen settlers fairly raised a "petticoat rebellion" in revolt against its daily use. A despatch of the governor of Louisiana says of these rebels:

The men in the colony begin through habit to use corn as an article of food; but the women, who are mostly Parisians, have for this food a dogged aversion, which has not been subdued. They inveigh bitterly against His Grace the Bishop of Quebec, who, they say, has enticed them away from home under pretext of sending them to enjoy the milk and honey of the land of promise.

This hatred of corn was shared by other races. An old writer says:

Peter Martyr could magnify the Spaniards, of whom he reports they led a miserable life for three days together, with parched grain of maize onlie—which, when compared with the diet of New

England settlers for weeks at a time, seems such a bagatelle as to be scarce worth the mention of Peter Martyr. By tradition, still commemorated at Forefathers' Dinners, the ration of Indian corn supplied to each person in the colony in time of famine was but five kernels.

The colonists quickly learned from the Indians to harvest, grind, and cook the corn in many palatable ways. And the foods made from maize have retained to this day the names given by the aborigines, such as hominy, pone, suppawn, samp, succotash. Samp and samp porridge were soon favorite dishes. Samp is Indian corn pounded to a coarsely ground powder in a mortar. Roger Williams wrote of it:

Nawsamp is a kind of meal pottage unparched. From this the English call their samp, which is the Indian corn beaten and boiled and eaten hot or cold with milk and butter, and is a diet exceeding wholesome for English bodies.

The laborious Indian method of preparing maize for consumption was to steep it in hot water for twelve hours, then to pound the grain in a mortar till it was a coarse meal. It was then sifted in a small basket, and the large grains which did not pass through the primitive sieve were again pounded and sifted.

Samp was often pounded in a primitive and picturesque Indian mortar made of a hollowed block of wood or a stump of a tree. The pestle was a heavy block of wood shaped like the interior of the mortar and fitted with a handle attached to one side. This block was fastened to the top of a growing sapling, which was bent over and thus acquired the required spring back after the block or pestle was pounded down on the corn. Pounding samp was slow work, often done in later years by unskilled negroes, and hence disparagingly termed "niggering" corn. Beating the mortar was ever deemed hard and exhausting work. Thomas Cocke, of Henrico County, Va., bequeathed a mulatto girl to his daughter, but specified in his will that the girl was not to "beat at the mortar or work in the ground." After those simple spring-mortars were abandoned elsewhere they were used on Long Island,

and it was jestingly told that skippers in a fog could always get their bearings off the Long Island coast because they could hear the pounding of the samp-mortars.

Rude hand mills, called quernes, or quarnes, next were used by the English; the word is frequently seen in old inventories, and some are still in existence and known as samp-mills. Windmills followed, of which the Indians were much afraid, dreading "their long arms and great teeth biting the corn in pieces." As soon as maize was plentiful mills were started in many towns; a windmill at Watertown in 1631, the second at Lynn in 1633. The same year the first water-mill, at Dorchester, was built. In Ipswich a grist-mill was built in 1635, and there was a tide-mill at Salem in 1640.

The first windmill erected in America was one built and set up by Governor Yeardley in Virginia in 1621; a water-mill was built the same year. By 1649 there were five water-mills, four windmills, and a great number of horse and hand-mills in Virginia. Millers had one sixth of the meal they ground for toll.

Samp porridge was a derivative of Indian and Dutch parentage. It was samp cooked in Dutch fashion, like a hodgepot, with salt beef or pork and potatoes and other roots, such as carrots and turnips. These were boiled together in a vast kettle, usually in large quantity, as the porridge was better liked after many hours' cooking. A week's supply for a family was often cooked at one time. After much boiling a strong crust was formed next the pot, and sometimes the porridge was lifted out of the pot bodily by the crust and served crust and all.

Suppawn, another favorite of the settlers, was an Indian dish made from Indian corn; it was a thick corn-meal and milk porridge. It soon was seen on every Dutch table, and is spoken of by all travelers in early New York and in the southern colonies. Johnson tells that the Indians "boiled pudding made of Indian corn, putting in great store of black berries," which were apparently our huckleberries. The Swedish scientist Professor Kahn told that the Indians gave

him "fresh maize-bread, baked in an oblong shape, mixed with dried huckleberries, which lay as close in it as raisins in a plum pudding." Wood, in his "New England Prospects," thus defines no-cake or nokick:

It is Indian corn parched in the hot ashes, the ashes being sifted from it; it is afterward beaten to powder and put into a long leatherne bag trussed at their backe like a knapsacke out of which they take three spoonsfull a day.

It was held to be the most sustaining food known, and in the most condensed form. Both Indians and white men carried it in a pouch on long journeys and mixed it with snow in the winter and water in summer. Bradford and all the contemporary writers note its wonderful nourishing qualities. Roger Williams says a spoonful of this meal and water made him many a good meal, which certainly proves his great asceticism. Gookin says it was sweet, toothsome, and hearty. With only this nourishment the Indians could carry loads "fitter for elephants than men." Roger Williams said that sukquahash was corn seethed like beans. Our word succotash is applied to corn seethed with beans. Pones were the red men's appones.

Hasty pudding has been made in England of wheat flour or oatmeal and milk, and the name was given to boiled puddings of corn-meal and water. It was not a very suitable name, for corn-meal should never be cooked hastily, but requires long boiling or baking. The hard Indian pudding boiled in a bag and slightly sweetened was everywhere made. It was told that many New England families had three hundred and sixty-five such puddings in a year.

Strachey, writing of the Indians in 1618, said:

They lay their corn in rowles within the leaves of the corne and so boyle yt for a dayntie.

This method of cooking we have also retained to the present day.

The love of the aborigines for "roasting ears" was quickly shared by the white man. In Virginia a series of plantings from the first of April to the last of June afforded a three months' succession of roasting ears. Winthrop explains with care that when corn

is parched it turns entirely inside out and is "white and flowry within"—the Puritan children's pop-corn.

Many games were played with the aid of kernels of corn; fox and geese, checkers, "hull gull, how many," and games in which the corn served as counters.

The virtues of "jonny-cake" have been loudly sung in the interesting pages of "Shepherd Tom." The way the corn should be carried to the mill, the manner in which it should be ground, the way in which the stones should revolve, and the kind of stones, receive minute description, as does the mixing and the baking, to the latter of which the middle board of red oak from the head of a flour-barrel is indispensable as a bake-board, while the fire to bake with must be of walnut logs. Hasty pudding, corn dumplings, and corn-meal porridge, so eminently good that it was ever mentioned with respect in the plural, as "them porridge," all are described with the exuberant joyousness of a happy, healthful old age in remembrance of a happy, high-spirited, and healthful youth.

A special use of corn should be noted. By order of the Massachusetts government in 1623 it was used as ballots in public voting. At elections of the governor's assistants a kernel of corn was deposited to signify a favorable vote upon the nominee, while a bean signified a negative vote, "and if any freeman shall put in more than one Indian corn or beane he shall forfeit for every such offence Ten Pounds."

The harvesting of the corn afforded one of the few scenes of gaiety in the lives of the colonists. A diary of one Ames, of Dedham, Mass., in the year 1767, thus describes a corn-husking, and most ungalantly says naught of the red ear and attendant osculation:

Made a husking Entertain'm't. Possibly this leafe may last a Century and fall into the hands of some inquisitive Person for whose Entertain'm't I will inform him that now there is a Custom amongst us of making an Entertainment at husking of Indian Corn whereto all the neighboring Swains are invited and after the Corn is finished they like the Hottentots give three Cheers or huzzas but cannot carry in the husks without a Rhum bottle; they feign

great Exertion but do nothing till Rhum enlivens them, when all is done in a trice, then after a hearty Meal about 10 at Night they go to their pastimes.

It is a curious and significant fact to know that the first patent for an invention issued in England to an American was for a preparation of Indian corn; still more curious that it was the invention of a woman—Mrs. Sibylla Masters, of Philadelphia. It was granted to her husband, but the plain statement was made that it was the invention of Mistress Masters, and was “for the sole Use and Benefit of a new Invencon found out by Sibylla his wife for Cleaning and Curing the Indian Corn growing in the Severall Colonies.”

This application was accompanied by a rude drawing of the proposed machine and a description by the inventor. The manufacture was called “Tuscarora rice,” and was like hominy, and, it was asserted, was a cure for many ills, including consumption. The patent was granted in November, 1713, and was numbered 401. The inventor set up a mill in Philadelphia for the manufacture of this “Tuscarora rice,” but her “fond dreams of hope” in this invention came to naught, as did also, apparently, another project of Mistress Masters, “for the Sole Working and Weaving in a new Method Palmetto Chips and Straws for covering Hats and Bonnets.”

### THE INGENUITY OF ANTS AND WASPS.

BY ANNA BOTSFORD COMSTOCK, B. S.

SO perfect is socialism among ants that even slavery is robbed of some of its evils. The question may well be asked why slavery should be needed when once a perfect socialism is established. This can be answered by considering the fact that selfishness is in this case characteristic of the community rather than of the individual. Slaves are of great economic importance to an ant colony, although the direct benefit to any individual in the ant-hill is nothing easily discoverable.

When a slave-making colony sets out on an expedition for capturing slaves, the warriors march in solid column to the nests of the victims and throw themselves upon it with great fury. Their object, however, is robbery and not murder. They never attempt to enslave the mature ants but take the young grubs to be brought up in future slavery. They have no intention of exterminating the slave colonies, and thus shut off future supplies; therefore they do not kill any more of the defenders than is necessary in order to capture the larvæ. The young slaves carried to the nests of their captors are there cared for as tenderly as their masters' own children, and when they reach the adult stage they work as

cheerfully as they would have done in their own nests. They share the *esprit de corps* of their adopted country, as is shown by the fact that when their masters return from a marauding expedition laden with live booty the slaves rush out to meet them joyfully and help them to bring in the stolen larvæ, but when the masters come home empty-handed the slaves are surly and sometimes even refuse for a time to let them come back into the nests.

That the object of the slave-makers in carrying off the young of the slave species is to get workers for their own colony is clearly evinced by the modifications of the habits of the masters made by the presence of slaves in their nests. All of the slave-making species become more or less dependent upon their slaves. The tendency is for the slaves to do the work of the commune, leaving the fighting for their masters. The Amazon ants described by Huber have become so dependent on their slaves that they have no longer the ability to make their nests, feed their young, or even feed themselves. Huber made a famous experiment by putting thirty of the Amazons with their young in a box with some food. All of them were on the verge of starvation and



some were even dead, when Huber introduced one of their slaves, who immediately resuscitated the fainting Amazons by feeding them, took care of the young, made a nest, and, single-handed, established order. The Amazons had only retained the power of fighting, for they were still most skilful and intrepid warriors. An instance of their martial acumen is shown in observations by Huber: When they attacked the nests of their usual slaves, the pacific negro ants, they made the onslaught in solid column, made sure of their booty, and then scattered in disorder, each reaching the home nest as best she could. The negro ants are not good fighters, so this method of retreat was feasible. When there were no negro nests to pillage, the Amazons enslaved the miner ants, who are brave and tenacious fighters and follow the foe to their own gates rather than give up their young to slavery. When the Amazons attacked the miner nests they not only approached in solid column, but retreated in solid column, being thus enabled to meet their assailants to better advantage and showing themselves possessed of strategic powers of no mean sort.

The reasons for war among social insects, so far as we may observe, are based upon a sense of ownership of property; *i. e.*, robbery of stored food, taking of slaves, and infringement of territorial rights. The wars may exist between different colonies of the same species or between different species. Among ants the different species vary greatly as to bravery and skill in warfare. The battles are fought by hand-to-hand conflict, and as the pre-gunpowder battles in our own history were most deadly, so are these ant battles, which only stop when there are no more soldiers left to fight. The weapons of the ant warrior are always strong jaws and in some species a venomous sting; our common species have the power of forcibly ejecting the very irritating formic acid, a sort of emmet vitriol.

The most skilled fighters among the species of ants march to battle in a solid column; when once there the *mêlée* resolves itself into a series of duels. Two enemies, approaching each other rear on their hind

legs, throw acid on each other, and then close in deadly combat, each trying to cut the other in two. Often when two are struggling thus with each other help will arrive from either side; then there is a trial of strength among many, and an effort to take prisoners. Woe to the captured warrior, for "no quarter to prisoners" is one of the laws of emmet wars and death comes swiftly and surely to the stranger within the gates of an ant republic. As night falls upon the battle-field there is a retreat of the soldiers to their respective cities, but morning finds them at their posts again with valor undiminished. The carnage of these battles is terrible to behold. The field is strewn with the remains of the dead and dying; two enemies are often found clenched in deadly embrace. The ant is the bulldog of the insect world; when she once gets hold she never lets go; though she may be torn in twain, her jaws will not relax. Many an ant victor wears involuntarily all her life as a trophy of her prowess the head of her vanquished enemy, firmly fixed by its jaws to her leg.

The architecture of social insects is marvelous in its skilful adaptation to the needs of the commune. For ages the beauty and regularity of honeycomb have been the wonder and delight of mathematicians, who have shown its economy by much computation. Some have claimed that the hexagonal cell was a matter of necessity, the result of pressure; but as the bees start the cells at their bases in hexagonal shape, and as they hollow out a triangular pyramid, a perfect rhomb, in the bottom of the cell, I think we must accede to them some powers of the geometrician. Surely no mansions made of marble carved by the hand of man are more wonderful or beautiful in their structure than a perfect honeycomb. The power of bees to take industrial advantage of a situation is shown by the readiness with which they use the commercial foundation-comb introduced by apiarists to save their bees the expense of wax-making.

Wasps were the first and original paper-makers, and as geometricians and architects vie with their relatives the bees. One

has only to study the stories in that gray apartment house called a wasps' nest to wonder at and admire the skill of the builders. The wasps build their nests of a material made by gathering bits of weather-worn wood and chewing them up, making a true paper pulp. These builders are equal to emergencies. Once we involuntarily unroofed a wasps' nest that was under a board. Several days later we discovered that the nest was well roofed by neat paper shingles. Never before, probably, had these wasps or their ancestors been called upon to roof a domicile, but these did this original work with much show of the knowledge of the principles of roof construction.

Ants' nests vary greatly in form and method of building. The most familiar of these are our own so-called ant-hills. Such a nest consists of deep underground galleries, above which is piled a mound of earth, also full of galleries and very well fitted for housing the commonwealth.

Of all the species of ants of the United States, the agricultural ants show the greatest skill in city building and municipal improvements. The most interesting of these are the so-called flat-disk nests. These disks mark the position of the underground nest, and vary in size from four to ten feet in diameter. They are level and hard, and kept free from all vegetation, except at certain seasons when a species of grass, upon whose seeds the ants feed, is allowed to grow. Near the center of a disk are one or two openings; these gates open into vestibules below, from which galleries lead to a system of rooms arranged in regular stories. These rooms are used as granaries and nurseries, and the nest may extend several feet below the surface of the ground. From the disks radiate roads leading out into the fields. These roads are hard and smooth, are two or three inches wide at the opening on the disk, and are sometimes sixty feet long; they are evidently made to facilitate the work of the harvesters when bringing home their grain. If, during the winter, when the ants are underground, there is a growth of any sort upon the disks, or roads,

it is cut down in the spring and everything cleared up.

These ants, as observed by Mr. McCook, were skilful engineers when cutting down the tough grass. The twisting process was often resorted to in severing a stem, and the use of the lever seemed to be understood, as they were observed to cut a blade at its base, then climb it to the end, thus bending it over and completing the fracture. The food of these ants is grain of different kinds, which is gathered when ripe, taken to the granaries, hulled, and stored for winter use. These are the ants which take their seeds out to dry after the rains. The grass which they allow to grow on their disks is called ant rice. The older observers believed that they planted it there, but this is not proven. However, they evidently find it useful or they would destroy it as they do other grasses.

The identity of interests in insect societies is shown in many ways; but perhaps in no better way than the cheerfulness with which they feed each other and the good nature which they evince toward each other in their crowded nests when carrying on their common industries. Methods of communication approaching to language exist among social insects, but what they say or exactly how they say it is as yet largely a mystery to us. They can inform each other of the discovery of food, as is shown by many experiments. Sentinels are enabled by some means to arouse and alarm a whole colony with great celerity. But perhaps nothing is so wonderful about them as their ability to recognize members of their own commonwealth. This is a power beyond our ken, and cannot be compared with our recognition of individuals. Lubbock has shown that ants of the same nest recognize each other after being separated for nearly two years; also that when pupæ are taken from a nest and matured in a strange colony they were still recognized when they were returned to their own people. He also divided an ants' nest before the eggs were laid, and let each half develop its own young. Then he brought the two halves together again and young and old alike recognized

each other as kindred. Lubbock also showed that ants were able to distinguish their own intoxicated friends from strangers likewise intoxicated. In this experiment the ants seemed greatly disturbed by the disgraceful condition of their fellows, but they carried them into the nests for further care, while they summarily dumped the drunken strangers into the moat.

Ants, bees, and wasps are exceedingly cleanly in their municipal arrangements. This cleanliness is necessary surely in such teeming cities. All dirt is removed from the nest and the dead are carefully disposed of. The bees throw their deceased outside the hive, but the ants show a leaning toward cemeteries some distance from the nests. The sight of the dead above ground seems to disturb an ant's sense of the fitness of things. Mrs. Treat has observed that the red slave-making species never deposit the slaves with their own dead but have separate cemeteries for them.

Personal habits of social insects are also very cleanly; they brush and lick themselves with great assiduity. The bees have a special antennæ comb developed on the front leg, a circular aperture set with spines, through which the antennæ may be drawn. The ants have developed a regular comb in the form of a spur on the tibia of the front leg. This spur is set with strong spines, and is used by the ant exactly as we would use a comb and brush. Ants often lend a helping mandible or tongue to their fellows when performing toilet duties, amicably licking each other clean.

Ants carry each other about under some circumstances. The one carried curls up like a kitten, making a convenient bundle. When a colony decides to move its city, some of the ants select the new site and commence carrying there not only the young and treasure but also their sister ants who are not alive to the necessity of removal. Sometimes the one seized upon in this summary fashion objects, but this in nowise

daunts the energetic mover, who hales her sister to the new home whether she will or no.

The older writers tell us of play spells among ants. During these times the inhabitants of an ant-hill indulge in wrestling games and gymnastics.

There are certain small insects which ants allow to dwell within their nests. So far as we can see, these guests are of no advantage to the ants, and it has been suggested that they are kept as pets. This is the only plausible theory to account for their presence in precincts where no intruders are tolerated.

Considering all the things we have discussed, and many other observed facts for which there is no room in this article, it must be conceded that insects are perfect socialists. We find that while the individual is kind and self-sacrificing for his own commonwealth, yet selfishness and cruelty and all the baser passions are aroused in the rivalry between communities. We find that the love of their kind is developed at the expense of all individual loves and hatreds. It is necessary that individual interests be subordinated in a perfect socialism; the communal instincts must alone vivify the individual. It may be claimed that these socialists are only insects, but the fact remains that they are the most intelligent creatures in this world that have made socialism a success.

It seems then, from our study, that the most serious question that confronts our socialists of to-day is how to make man, in whom the individual instinct has grown strong through eons of development, conform to a plan in which the greatest success is attained only by the total effacement of individuality. It will surely require a large plan to include the greatest development of the individual and the utter leveling of social inequality—two tendencies that have ever pointed in diametrically opposite directions.

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## THE GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY.

BY HENRY W. RAYMOND.

G LADSTONE called the German army "the most tremendous weapon the skill of man ever forged." In the magnitude of its machinery and the greatness of its power this is undoubtedly true. Germany holds the same rank on land, from a military point of view, that Great Britain does on the sea. She is the first military nation, as England is the first naval. Nor is her preeminence due to numbers, but rather to her magnificent organization and the manner in which her men and officers are trained to be soldiers. To be a German soldier is in itself a badge of distinction, since no person morally unfit, or who has been guilty of crime, can enter the ranks. Hence the ambition on the part of every boy to become a soldier, since not to be one is indicative of some defect, either physical or mental. Practically every man is a member of some branch of the military force of the empire.

The uniform organization of the German military forces after the War of 1870-71 was embodied in the imperial constitution of April 16, 1871. By this instrument every German is liable to service and no substitution is allowed. All the land forces of the empire are united in war and peace, under the orders of the emperor, who has the power to declare war and conclude peace, subject to the consent of the Federal Council, except in case of invasion. The emperor, or "war lord," as he delights to call himself, controls all the military forces except the troops of Bavaria, which by the treaty of federation is a separate military district, with the right reserved to its king to superintend the general administration of the two Bavarian army corps. All appointments in the service, however, are subject to the emperor's approval. By the constitution all German troops are bound to obey unconditionally the orders of the emperor and to take the oath of allegiance accordingly.

The states composing the German Empire must spend the same amount *per capita* as is apportioned for the remainder of the federal army. The reigning princes of the federation appoint the officers and are the chiefs of the military contingents belonging to their own territories. Saxony and Württemberg has each an army corps for herself. All expenses for army purposes are included in the budget for the maintenance of the empire, and any savings on the army appropriation do not revert to the different states, but invariably to the imperial treasury. The military law of the empire for 1893 fixes the peace contingent until March, 1899, at 479,229 men, exclusive of officers. The actual effective strength in 1896 of all branches was 22,618 officers, 562,116 men, and 97,280 horses.

The education of the officers is most thorough. Everything is done to enhance his importance. He is always in uniform. "The one unmistakable sign of what Germany considers a gentleman is a man in a military uniform," says one. Promotion is made not alone by seniority but also by merit. The emperor orders promotion as the result of examination, or on the reports of superior officers. Moreover, an officer has to be elected into a regiment as into a club, thus practically preventing promotion from the ranks and creating an exclusiveness and aristocracy that gives the corps a privileged position in the community.

The candidates for commissions are termed *Avantageurs*, and are either named by the colonel or have completed two years at a cadet school. There are in all ten "war schools," eight in Prussia, one in Bavaria, and one in Württemberg. Here the course of study is from nine to ten months. After examination the graduate becomes an ensign. There are six cadet schools and a finishing school in Berlin. The cadet serves one year and nine months with his regiment and

then goes to the artillery school at Berlin and there works nine months and a half for the artillery and twenty and a half for the engineers. Higher still than the war school is the *Kriegs Academie*, or war college, with advanced courses for special appointments on the staff. An officer may try for this course after serving three years. There are also other special schools for surgeons, cavalry, military gymnasium, musketry, etc., at Spandau, for gunnery at Berlin, and a special school for non-commissioned officers at Berlin.

As the emperor considers himself the father of his people he does not allow his officers to marry without his consent. The intended wife must have an income; in the case of subalterns it must be at least \$625 a year, but for second-class captains the requirement falls to \$375. A married officer must subscribe to the widows' fund so as to secure to the widows of officers from \$175 to \$350 a year.

"The perfection of the German military system lies less in the military organization than in the exactness with which men of every grade in every branch of the service are trained for the efficient performance of their duties," has been said. The chief school is practical service, but a general educational training is required of every one. There are schools for the soldier in each battalion, where he is taught reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic. There are also preparatory schools for the sons of non-commissioned officers and of privates, at Erfurt, Spandau, Stralsund, and elsewhere. Boys are admitted to these schools between ten and twelve and discharged at fourteen. There are also four schools for training non-commissioned officers of infantry open to boys who have passed the preparatory schools, and to volunteers between sixteen and twenty years of age.

Recruiting is carried on by two commissions, the *Ersatz* and the *Ober Ersatz* commissions. There is one *Ersatz* for each of the 275 *Landwehr* districts and it is composed of both military and civil officers. It meets in March, usually, and every man of the district liable to military duty must ap-

pear before it. After due examination of the candidates the commission prepares a list of those who are qualified, and such cases as it cannot dispose of are referred to the *Ober Ersatz*. There is one of the latter for each brigade district, and it is composed of the brigade commander, an administrative officer of high rank, and a civil officer. It meets in each *Landwehr* district in the summer, and every man not put back by the *Ersatz* must appear before it. After another examination and revision of cases a final list is made out by this commission, which then proceeds to drafting, causing each man on the list to draw lots. Those who draw the lowest figures are assigned to the annual contingent, to be turned over by the commission to the *Landwehr* commanders for distribution among the various arms of the service.

Those exempt from drawing lots are the volunteers for one, two, or three years, foresters' apprentices, and those physically disqualified or morally unworthy. A postponement of entry into the service for a year or two may be granted to the sole support of indigent families or of parents or grandparents unable to work, and to certain other classes, such as the proprietors of large factories and persons intending to pursue a professional career or learn a trade. A person whose entry is postponed passes into the *Ersatz* reserve and is liable in case of war to be summoned to fill vacancies in the active army. The *Landwehr* comprises men who have finished their term of service with the colors and in the reserve, while the *Landsturm* embraces all able-bodied men capable of bearing arms, not already enrolled.

Two or three special features of the German military system are worthy of note. In the first place all young men between seventeen and twenty-five must obtain a special permission to emigrate. Also all members of the *Landwehr* must report their movements and change of residence, and in foreign countries or elsewhere it is their duty to return home and report when mobilization is ordered. Another regulation provides that all persons in active service are



prohibited from voting and participating in "political agitation."

The pay of a sergeant-major, the highest non-commissioned officer, is \$15 per month, that of a sergeant \$9, a musician \$4, a private \$2.50. All soldiers, as a rule, live in barracks and are allowed four cents a day for mess expenses and one and two fifths pounds of bread. As an inducement to good conduct an honorable discharge insures a place in some branch of the government service, the railway system having perhaps 300,000 old soldiers as its employees. The men are furnished five suits of clothing apiece, two for daily use and three for gala occasions. When marching in a campaign the soldier has on his best suit, a tin tag on his neck for identification, a roll of antiseptic bandage, and he formerly had, besides, a hymn-book sewed in the skirt of his tunic. The marching load was sixty-four pounds and four ounces.

Poultney Bigelow gives the active war strength of the German army as follows: 48,122 officers, 7,602 medical officers, 12,957 miscellaneous officers, 2,165,950 men, 439,759 horses, and 3,558 field-guns. These figures do not include the 700,000 in the *Landsturm* and 300,000 in the railway system.

This is an outline sketch of the organization of the German army—the model for all military systems and the most perfect of that of any existing nation. Education is the basis on which it rests and depends for its efficiency. The soldier is something more than an automaton, he is an intelligent, patriotic fighter.

The German navy is a development practically of the past twenty years. The ambition of the emperor to make Germany a great naval power is well known, but is not apparently shared by his people, or at least not by their representatives. Nevertheless the German navy is a formidable force, giving her fifth rank among naval powers.

The development of Germany as a naval power is due to Prussia. In 1848 the German people urged the construction of a fleet. Some money was collected for the purpose and a few ships fitted out, but

these were subsequently sold, the German Federal Council, or Bundesrath, not being in sympathy with the national desire. Some years later Prussia began laying the foundations of a navy, and to meet the difficulty arising from a lack of good harbors in the Baltic a small tract of territory was bought from Oldenburg in 1854 and there she established a war port. Its construction was completed and opened for ships in 1869, and it was called Wilhelmshaven. In 1864, Prussia obtained by the annexation of Holstein the fine seaport of Kiel, which has since then been strongly fortified. The opening of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, connecting the two ports of Wilhelmshaven and Kiel, in June, 1895, enables the German naval forces to be safely and instantly concentrated in either the Baltic or the North Sea.

Since the formation of the North German Confederation the navy has belonged to the common federal interest, and since October 1, 1867, all its ships carry the same flag—black; white, and red, with the Prussian eagle and the iron cross.

Officers enter the navy as cadets early in April each year, and go on board the school ships *Stein* and *Charlotte*, where they remain for a year and are then put on shore at the marine school at Kiel for two years. They get service for a while on the ironclads and are then sent to the marine academy at Kiel for advanced instruction.

The Germans have an apprentice system. Three hundred enter each year early in April and after six weeks in preliminary scrubbing and setting up in barracks at Friedericksfort, near Kiel, about May 10 each year they are drafted into a school ship, which lies at anchor for six weeks or so, while they are given instruction in running rigging, parts of the ship, scrubbing clothes, cleaning ship, etc. Then come short cruises in the Baltic for practical seamanship and boat work. At the beginning of August the ship starts on an eight months' foreign cruise. This year she goes to Lisbon, Madeira, Cape de Verde, the Canaries, and the Azores. When she returns to Kiel at the end of March the inspection takes

place and the boys get several weeks' leave. During this cruise they get gun drill (but no target practice), instruction in geography, history, arithmetic, writing, and grammar, as well as in seamanship and ship's duties.

When they start again in May the ship makes short cruises in the Baltic and they get subcaliber target practice (thirty to seventy-five shots each). Early in August they start on a second foreign cruise of eight months. This year the ship with the one-year boys on board goes to Madeira, Rio, Bahia, Havana, Jamaica, and the Azores and returns to Kiel for final inspection in March. During this cruise they are taught theoretical artillery, marlinspike, and practical seamanship, anchor gear, steering, heaving the lead, boat handling, and signaling, and also practical target practice with great guns. In March, after the inspection, the boys are drafted on shore to barracks until September and are drilled as infantry, have small-arm target practice, etc., and at the end of September are transferred to the sea battalion, from which they are drafted into ships for general service or special instruction. These apprentices are intended as petty officers and must serve at least six years and possibly nine, depending on how much special instruction they take. They may purchase their discharge after three years, but the cost is heavy.

The real reliance for men is in drafting. When the annual drag-net is cast in July each year for all young men to do military service those for the navy are caught. The draft is made in July, but service begins at certain dates on and after October 1 each year. This year's draft for the navy is 4,767, of which 2,484 are landsmen with no knowledge of the sea and 2,283 are seamen or semi-seamen (men of nautical pursuits). To the Baltic station are assigned 988 landsmen and 951 seamen. The rest go to the North Sea station.

The landsmen are divided up into detachments according to their fitness or

profession, or by haphazard or choice, and are assigned to the dock-yard division, to the *Matrosen* (sailor) division, sea-coast artillery, torpedo-boat service or sea battalion, or to the clothing factory. Those landsmen who go to the sea battalion for draft on board ship are usually men for the engineer force. As service is for three years, when a man has done his time in any service he goes into the reserve and in time of war comes back to that particular service. The seamen are drafted at once into the dock-yard division, the sea battalion, or the torpedo-boat service. The sea-coast artillery is officered and commanded by officers detailed from time to time from the navy. The total for the navy, officers and men, is 22,663.

The sailors and marines are levied by conscription from the seafaring population, which is therefore exempt from service in the army. The total number of this class exceeds 100,000, and great inducements are held out to seamen to enter the naval service. The actual strength of the German navy, taking ships that are effective for modern war, built or building in January, 1897, was 226.

Germany had the first successful submarine boat in the *Nordenfeldt*, and is the first nation to experiment with balloons to be used on shipboard for reconnoitering. Some balloons have risen 5,500 feet from the deck of a torpedo-boat steaming eighteen knots, the observer communicating with the boat by telegraph or telephone.

In military and naval matters the Germans are progressive and ready to adopt the successful results of the experiments of others. Lacking in the dash and readiness of resource characteristic of the English or American sailor, they have a dogged perseverance and a steadfast courage that makes them formidable foes. There is decided promise that before many years they will place their nation third instead of fifth among the naval powers of the world.

## SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

### THE MAN WITH ONE TALENT.

Then he which hath received the one talent came.

—*Matt. xxv. 24.*

[*March 6.*]

WE must all have reproached ourselves sometimes for the difficulty which we found in liking the best people best. We wondered why it was. A man who was estimable in every way, prudent, just, honest, doing all his duties faithfully and well, did not interest us. If he prospered we were not specially glad. If he met with disaster we could not say that we were sorry. While some mere vagabond of fortune, who, doing nothing to deserve prosperity, was always in ill-luck, has drawn out our kindest feeling. I think that there is something of this kind in our feeling about the people in this parable of our Lord's. The man with the five talents and the man with the two talents come up with their orderly reports. They have been faithful and industrious. We know that they have deserved the "well-done" that greets them, and we look on with calm approval as they pass off to enter into the joy of their Lord. And then the poor fellow who had received the one talent comes. He brings his napkin, a poor show of carelessness that covers up his carelessness, and holds it out with his talent in it. We hear his slipshod and cowardly attempt at an excuse. He stands forlorn and helpless as the rebuke falls on him, and a sort of pity that is close to love springs up in our hearts, and makes us mourn for him as he is dragged off to the outer darkness.

And a large part of what inclines us to like him and such as him is the show of modesty which appears in what they have to say about themselves. We shall see by and by what their modesty is really worth; but their first defense of their inefficiency sounds modest. "I had but one talent," the poor man exclaims; "what could I do?

What place for me among the workers and exchangers? How could I dare to front the world and its responsibilities and dangers? I could have done so little even if I had succeeded. What does it matter whether such a little brain and such weak hands as mine worked or were idle? And so I took the safest and the easiest way. Lo, here is thy talent done up in a napkin." How modest, even if weak, it sounds beside the manly confidence which seems touched with pride as it reports: "Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents; behold I have gained beside them five talents more."

Let us speak about the one-talented men—the men who are crushed and enfeebled by a sense of their own insignificance. By and by they become cowardly and hide themselves behind their own good-for-nothingness, away from care, away from effort; but at first it is a mere weakening of the joints and stifling of the courage by a feeling of how little there is to them, and so that whether they do ill or well it is not of much consequence; that any attainment really worth attaining is totally out of their reach. What multitudes of such men we see? A young man starts with aspirations after culture. He will make something out of this brain of his. Very soon he comes in contact with the great, the wise, the witty of his own time and of the past, and then he discovers how little brain he really has to cultivate, and he gives up in despair. Let him be a drudge and make his money, or manage his house, or drive his horses. That is all that he is good for. A young man begins to be a Christian. Great wide visions of free and exalted thought open before him. He will not be a mere traditional believer. He will seek devoutly to understand his faith, and to send his spiritual reason as near as he may to the heart of the great problems of God's providence and man's life. How soon he finds

his thought baffled and gives up, and saying to himself, "Poor fool, what right have such as you to think about the high things of religion?" he subsides into another of the unthinking routine believers who fill our churches. A man is deeply conscious of the misery that is in the world. He tries to help it, but when he sees how little he can do, how big the bulk of wretchedness is against which his poor effort at relief is flung, it seems to him so utterly not worth his while that he lets it all go, and sinks back into the prudent merchant or the self-indulgent philosopher, looking on at woes that he no longer tries to help.

This is the history of so much of the inefficiency of so many of the inefficient men that we see about us. These men have looked at life and given up in despair. Once, long ago, when they were in college, when they first went into business, they took their talent out and gazed at it and wondered how they should invest it; but it looked so little that they lost all heart, and wrapped it in the napkin where it has been ever since, and that is the whole story of their useless lives. And yet one thing seems clear, that only by the waking up of men like these, only by new courage put into their hopelessness, can the world really make trustworthy growth. It seems very certain that the world is to grow better and richer in the future, however it has been in the past, not by the magnificent achievements of the highly gifted few, but by the patient faithfulness of the one-talented many.

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[*March 13.*]

BUT we may go deeper than this into the causes and the cure of that self-disgust which makes a man think it not worth while to try to do anything in the world. The real root of it is in the very presence of self-consciousness at all. Any man who is good for anything, if he is always thinking about himself will come to think himself good for nothing very soon. It is only a fop or a fool who can bear to look at himself all day long without disgust. And so

the first thing for a man to do, who wants to use his best powers at their best, is to get rid of self-consciousness, to stop thinking about himself and how he is working altogether. Ah, that is so easy to say and so hard to do! Of course it is; but there are two powers which God put into the human breast at the beginning, whose very purpose is to help men do just this. These are the power of loving and working for an absolute duty, and the power of loving and working for our fellow men. When a man becomes aware of these great necessities, he is rescued from the consideration of himself altogether. The despotism of such a necessity sets him free, and he just goes and does what must be done with all his might. This is the history of every brave, effective man that ever lived. Moses, Luther, Cromwell, every one of them dallied with the corners of the napkin, and almost folded up the talent; but the call was too strong, and each forgot his weakness and went and worked his fragment of the world's salvation.

Does not this turn the tables entirely? If this sort of inefficiency has its root in self-consciousness, if it can be released only by forgetfulness of self, what has become of the modesty which we thought we saw in the man's face who came up with his feeble excuse for his unprofitable talent? It is only a thin-veiled pride, not modesty at all. And he who comes with all his faithful work, and offers it to the Lord by whom alone he did it—his is the true humility. I beg you to think of this and feel it. If you are hiding yourself behind your commonness and littleness, come out! That shelter is a citadel of pride. Come out, and take the work that God has given you. Do it for him and by him. Cease to parade your feebleness. Work in his light, and so escape the outer darkness.

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[*March 20.*]

OF all the powers of which men easily think that they are wholly or almost destitute, and so from whose exercise they think themselves excused, the one most commonly alleged, I think, is the religious

power, the whole spiritual faculty in general. How familiar it all sounds from constant repetition. A man says: "I know that people are religious. It is no fancy; it is a reality with them. I know their souls do apprehend a supernatural. They live in the presence of spiritual forces which they never see. Eternity is as real to them as time. They love God; they serve Christ; and the Holy Spirit, the Lord and Giver of Life, is with them and in them constantly. But for me, simply, all this is impossible. I have no spiritual capacity. It is like asking me to use a sense I have not got; like asking a blind man to see, when you ask me to be religious. I can take only what the senses set before me. I can believe intensely only what I see." And so, not scoffingly, but sadly, he counts himself totally outside the possibility of all the joy and all the culture which he knows come to his brethren out of the spiritual life, the life of faith.

When I see such a man, all thought of indignation in my mind passes off entirely, and a profound pity, a complete sense of what he might be, and of what he is losing, takes possession of me. It is too serious a matter for mere indignation. I may be angry with a man who might carve statues and paint pictures, if he spent his life in making mock flowers out of wax and paper; but when a man who might have God for company shuts up and disowns those doors of his nature through which God can enter, and lives the emptied life which every man lives who lives without God, his loss is too dreadful to be angry with. You merely mourn for him, and long and try to help him if you can.

And what shall we say of this phenomenon? The first thing that we must say will be this: That religion to that man has, in all probability, been wrongly put. Some temporary, accidental, special form of spiritual life has been set up before him, either by himself or by some one to whom he has listened, as if it were eternal and essential. He has looked at that, and said, truly, that there was nothing in him that could live such a life as that.

And so because men said, narrowly, that to be that was to be religious, he has said that there was no possibility of religion for him, while all the time there slept in his nature a rich capacity for some new characteristic type of spiritual force, which, once set free, should flower into luxuriant beauty and glorify the world. The man has not got hold of the heart of religion at all, only of somebody's special embodiment of it, and sunk back, heartless, because he could not copy that.

All men will not be Calvinists, or Quakers, or Methodists, or Episcopalians. But underneath and through them all there is something which every man may reach and fasten himself to, and be a Christian under some form or other. What is that something? What will the soul be that finds it? To ask that question is to go back through the dark, tortuous ravines of church history, up onto that broad, open table-land of the New Testament, from which all the ravines come down. There it becomes all plain. The man who is a Christian there, with Peter, with John, nay with Jesus, will be a man, spiritual, reverent, and penitent. That is the heart of the matter; he will be conscious of his own soul and its capacities; conscious of God, and full of humble love to him; conscious of his sin and humbly dependent upon Christ for forgiveness and for help.

Am I right in thinking that the reason why many people are not Christians is that they misrepresent Christianity to themselves, that they have not conceived its simplicity? Am I right when I believe that there is in every man the power to take it in this simplicity and make it his new life? I do believe so fully, and for various reasons. The first reason of all is one that is no reason except to him who is already a believer, but surely to him it must come very strongly. It does seem to me that no man can really seem to himself to be living a spiritual life and not hold with all his heart as a possibility, and long to see realized as a fact, the spiritual life in every soul of every son of man. If I truly thought that there was any one man who



really was, as so many men have told me that they were, incapable of spirituality, bound down inevitably to carnality and the drudgery of material life, I should lose my whole faith in the capacity of spirituality in any man. The whole would melt and flutter off into a thin, dreamy delusion. I think that that same character of God which makes it possible for him to give the spiritual life to any of his children makes it necessary that he should give the free opportunity of the same spiritual life to all his children. I am sure that there are men enough in Africa, in Asia, out in the wigwams, nay, right here by my side, to whom many of the statements of truth which are dear to me are and always will be unintelligible; many of the forms of worship which are rich to me are and always will be barren. To know that does not trouble me; but to know that there was anywhere on God's earth a human being who was, and necessarily always must be, incapable of the sense of soul, the love for God, the repentance of sin, the reliance of salvation—I could not know that and yet believe in God.

[*March 27.*]

IF the spiritual life is something not strange in its essence, but familiar; if its working force consists of the simplest and most fundamental of the powers of humanity brought into contact with and filled full of a divine influence, then another thing which we see continually is not strange. And this other thing constitutes another reason for believing that in every man the capacity of the spiritual life abides, hidden if it is not seen, sleeping if it is not awake. There are certain experiences in every life which have their power just in this, that they break through the elaborate surface and get down to the simplest thoughts and emotions of the human heart. Great sickness, sudden bereavement, great joy, intense love or enthusiasm, fatherhood, the near sight of death—all of these supreme experiences of life are characterized by the breadth, the largeness of the simple thoughts and feelings they awaken. In them you

D—Mar.

have the crust broken to fragments, and the great heart of the life laid open. And if that heart, laid open, is inevitably, universally spiritual; if, as we always see in these supreme moments of the life, a soul most vividly asserts itself, and the man insists upon another world and on a God, and takes the story of the Christhood into his heart with hungry eagerness, what does it prove but this, that when the simplest base of any man's life is reached, when the ground above it is torn off by an earthquake or melted bare by the sunshine of happiness, there is the capacity for spirituality, the soil in which the spiritual seed must grow.

When I see what we all see so often, the man in great trouble or great joy grown suddenly religious, the glad "Thank God!" or the agonized "God help me!" bursting out of unaccustomed lips, I think it does not mean desperation, and it does not mean hypocrisy. It means that for once in that man's life the true soil of his nature has been laid bare, and it has claimed the divine relations for which it was made. The man's hard surface may close over when the great agony or the great joy is past, and all may seem just as before; but he who once has known the movements of this new capacity never can think of himself as he was used to think. He must remember. He may go on living a most earthly life, but he knows forever that there is a spiritual heaven and a spiritual hell. He never can say of himself again, "I have no spiritual capacity." He has discovered what he often has denied. New regions of joy and sorrow, both infinite, have opened to his sight around, beyond the poor vexations and amazements of his daily life. He has looked upon God, and his soul never can forget how it answered when it met the gaze of the love and power which made it, and for which it was made.

In face of all that I behold in man, in face especially of all that I behold in the Man who shows humanity to itself, I do not know how to believe that there is any man living who is incapable of spiritual life;

any man who may not know and value his own soul; know and love God; know and dread and repent of sin. I may understand that this or that expression of spirituality in dogma, this or that incorporation of spirituality in formal ceremonies, is unintelligible, unattainable by you; but that does not justify you in giving up the thought of spirituality altogether and living a carnal life. Somewhere, for your soul, there is an entrance into that love of God for which all our souls were made, and for which the Son of God claimed them all. It may be—nay, in the deepest sense, it must be—that your way is new—a different spiritual career leading into a different spiritual attainment from any that any man ever followed or attained before. Do not stunt your own growth, do not hamper the free grace of God by making up your mind beforehand what kind of a Christian you must be. There is a faith which, out of all the world, and, above all, out of Christ, gathers a per-

fect conviction that the soul is divine and can come to its God; then faithfully takes the next step toward him by the faithful doing of the next known duty, the faithful acceptance of the next opened truth; and so choosing no way for itself, but only sure that it is God's, and that God is leading it, ever advances in his growing light and comes at last to him. Such faith may Christ increase in us.

Let us do what we ought and what we can for our own souls at once. For the judgment is coming not only at the last day, but all the time. Every day the power that we will not use is failing from us. Every day the God whose voice speaks through all the inevitable necessities of our moral life is saying of the men who keep their talents wrapped in napkins, "Take the talent from him"; and since he will not enter into the perfect light he must be "cast into the outer darkness."—*Phillips Brooks.*

## THE NEWSPAPER POST-OFFICE AT BERLIN.

BY A. OSCAR KLAUSSMANN.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE GERMAN "UEBER LAND UND MEER."

WHETHER in Berlin passes Königgrätzer Street near Dessauer Street about five o'clock in the afternoon notices a striking concourse of large closed wagons, displaying on their sides the names and devices of the largest political newspapers in Berlin, chasing along at a sharp trot, and turning into Dessauer Street. One sees there too the little yellow mail wagons drawn by one horse, the so-called carryalls, coming out of Dessauer Street at a rapid pace. If you turn into the latter street you soon see a pleasant, gaily ornamented building which stands back a little from the line of the street. In its front yard there is an extremely lively rattling of wagons over the cobblestones. You are standing before the Imperial Newspaper Post-office, and at this hour of the afternoon the Berlin newspapers are beginning to deliver their evening issues, to be sent away

into the suburbs, into the country, or even into foreign lands.

If you make your way through the newspaper employees, coachmen, and carriers of enormous piles of papers, and arrive through the main entrance into the great vestibule, you see here a gigantic table with a surface of over twenty square yards strapped with iron, upon which, in uninterrupted succession, thousands and thousands of copies of Berlin newspapers are thrown down with a crash by the employees of the papers. You look into the long halls swarming with mail officials and see the table which was just covered with newspapers piled up over a yard high cleared away in the fraction of a minute, to be immediately after filled again. To the German newspaper, to the publishers, editors, and authors, as well as to the reading public at home and abroad, this building and the activity which is constantly

going on here are of most extraordinary significance.

The Imperial Newspaper Post-office has the task of sending forth the political newspapers that appear in Berlin (there are twenty-four of them, of which a great number appear twice a day), as well as the non-political, the technical journals (ninety-six of them), to all the post-offices of the realm where the subscribers of these newspapers reside. The newspaper post-office has besides this the delivery of the Prussian law bulletin and of the imperial law bulletin. It further has the care of newspapers from abroad for the whole of Germany and sends away German periodicals to all the countries with post-offices that belong to the world's postal union, and supplies directly with journals the German colonies in New Guinea and in East and West Africa.

Twice a day there is in the newspaper post-office a great excitement, that is, from half past two till eight o'clock in the morning and from half past four till ten o'clock in the evening. This is the time when the Berlin political journals deliver their editions in hundreds of thousands of copies. The technical journals come into the newspaper post-office in the course of the day, and if special circumstances do not prevent they are sorted for the different stations with all calmness and ease. But the Berlin political newspapers come in the morning and in the evening, or at the so-called last minute, just before the carryall mail wagons rush from the newspaper post-office to the railway station, in order that the parcels packed in the bags for the different stations may be thrown into the mail cars of the trains departing from Berlin. In the morning and evening rush in this office it is always a question of counting out, dividing up, sorting for the different stations, packing up, and tying up, inside of a few minutes, hundreds of thousands of copies and of packing in bags those parcels of papers belonging to one mail route, of loading these bags into carryalls, and of sending them from the yard.

Thus twice a day the officials of the newspaper post-office are brought to a task which

to the outsider appears impossible. And yet they have accomplished it for many years, thanks to their routine and to their energy, as well as to the correct cooperation of all their forces. One hundred and twenty-one postal clerks under the leadership of officials and the oversight of the director are working at seven o'clock in the afternoon like clockwork. Not a single one of these officials may disobey, may make a mistake, may be idle even a half minute; he must do his work like a machine. He must not be disturbed by the monstrous rush and roar on the ground floor and the first story, which constantly prevail. It must be a matter of indifference to him that hundreds of men in the vestibule are running back and forth, that hydraulic and electric elevators loaded with newspapers are rattling up and down, that carts are rolling through the halls, electric bells ringing, orders sounding through speaking tubes, and that running in all directions never ceases, so that it appears at first to the uninitiated like chaos.

Even for him who has repeatedly looked at the activity of the officials in the newspaper post-office it is difficult to understand what is really going on here. So by way of general description it may be said that for the mastery of the work the officials are divided into sixteen so-called "lists," that is subdivisions. To every subdivision or "list" a number of the four thousand post-offices are assigned with which the newspaper post-office has relations, and for every post-office a box is provided in the division to which it belongs. In this box before the beginning of the great rush a band is laid which is to serve later for packing the newspapers. On this band is pasted a printed card with the name of the receiving post-office. The newspaper post-office uses daily many thousands of such tickets, which are prepared by the help of cutting machines. From eight o'clock in the morning the technical journals arriving for the post-offices in question are laid into the boxes belonging to the particular post-offices, and when about half past four in the afternoon the first copies of the political journals arrive from the presses of course those post-

offices must be considered first which lie along those postal routes for which the express trains depart first. Therefore all the newspapers delivered in the vestibule are divided up from the sorting place nearest to them and given to the clerks of the division they belong to as fast as the copies of the newspapers arrive.

"Five hundred *Berlin Daily News*," cries, for example, the newspaper employee who drags into the vestibule a pile of papers tied together with cord and throws them upon the iron table, while some of the officials seize the bundle, tear off the cords, and run their fingers over the pile with such swiftness you can hardly follow them, in order to recount the copies. The stentorian voice of the manager of this room shouts the command, "Division one, one hundred and fifty, division three, two hundred," etc.

At the same moment the newspapers are also divided up to the clerks, and these run to their divisions and lay down their piles again on the big tables. From mighty books in which the names of the stations and the number of copies that are received are written out the officials in the divisions call out the name and the number of copies, and other officials with extraordinary swiftness sort the copies into the separate boxes. This must all be done in restless haste, for already the electric bells are shrilly sounding which indicate the closing of the mails because the carryalls must leave for the railway stations. Now out of the boxes of those stations which belong to the route in question, for which the mail is closed, all the copies with the band lying beneath them are drawn out, the band is tied about the papers, cords are drawn about every package with astonishing skill and swiftness, then officials with the piles of newspaper packages hasten to the proper place for the delivery of the parcels, which are here to be packed into the bags intended for the given route. The bags are closed and brought by other officials to the loading place where the carryalls are standing with open doors. The officials in charge have their eyes everywhere, bag after bag flies into the wagon,

the doors are closed, the command is given, "Go!" and three or four carryalls rush at full speed out of the inner yard, through a long passage into the front yard, and from there to the street, to pursue their way to the different railway stations.

So the work goes on with feverish haste on the ground floor and in the first story. As already mentioned, the copies which are intended for the divisions of the upper story go up in the elevator and the packed bags which are to be loaded up down-stairs come sliding down from the upper story in a tin-covered chute.

This is the life and work of the newspaper post-office as it displays itself externally to the visitor. The office work of this postal institution, the only one in the world, is, however, just as gigantic as the work in the mailing rooms, only it is performed without noise, of course; but it offers extraordinary difficulties because about the first of each quarter, by the arrival of thousands and thousands of orders for newspapers from home and abroad, the work is concentrated into a few days. The men must work then day and night without interruption, not only in the mailing rooms, where in the course of a year the work never rests, but also upstairs in the office rooms. The newspaper post-office has in its offices every year one and three quarter millions of entries to dispose of, and in addition to these takes care of the accounts with the post-offices and the publishers of the newspapers. The newspaper post-office pays two millions of dollars to the Berlin publishers alone, for whom it receives the money from the four thousand post-offices of the realm, where it is collected, and with which of course it must keep the accounts. An enormous task for the newspaper post-office is caused every quarter by the preparation of the newspaper price-list, which appears four times a year in an edition of seven thousand five hundred copies and gives the facts about eleven thousand newspapers, in regard to their names, prices, places of origin, publication, etc. Nowhere is there so much living and dying as in the domain of the newspaper. Within a quarter of a year hundreds of sheets collapse

and hundreds of new ones arise. All the changes must of course be entered again and again in the newspaper list and a great many changes that have taken place must be communicated to the post-offices; and so this price-list alone demands uninterrupted labor the whole year through. This labor is still further increased by the fact that the price-list office must be in continual correspondence with the publishers of existing newspapers, of newly founded ones, as well as of extinct ones.

The manager of this curious and practical office has been since 1892 Postal Director Weberstedt, who has earned the reputation in the five years of his activity of having in-

creased the capacity of the office entrusted to him and of having always succeeded in accomplishing the newly arising tasks, although these often appear beyond the range of human possibility. To all foreigners and postal officials who come to Germany for purposes of observation the newspaper post-office is one of the most interesting objects of study and a spectacle which no one likes to miss. If the reader has the pleasure of always receiving punctually, in the morning or evening, his newspaper from Berlin, whether political or technical, he owes it to the restless zeal with which the newspaper post-office works day and night, year in and year out, week-days and Sundays.

## THE TRAMP AND THE LABOR COLONY IN GERMANY.

BY A. F. WEBER.

THE tramp, that obnoxious individual who is nowadays causing so much trouble to rural overseers of the poor and city charity organization societies, is by no means a creature of our century. Older than American liberty, older even than Magna Charta, the foundation of English liberty, is that ubiquitous mortal known to English law as the "sturdy vagabond," the "valiant beggar," the able-bodied tramp. The tramp himself may not be to blame for his dislike to a settled life; in him may still dwell the nomad spirit that made our Teutonic forefathers wanderers. For if we go back to the beginning of the Christian era we shall find that all the nations of Europe, except the Greeks and the Romans, were as little inclined to dwelling in settled abodes as is the tramp of to-day. They were all tramps then, and it took years and even centuries to instil into their descendants that contentment with fixity of abode which we now regard as one of the fundamental traits of human character.

That multitudes never accepted the conditions of a settled agricultural life is proved not only by the frequent mention of vagabondage in the English records clear back to the Saxon Conquest, but also by the tra-

ditions of such bandit-heroes as Robin Hood and Little John and by nursery rhymes such as "Beggars are coming to town."

The earliest poor laws in England were those enacted for the repression of vagabondage. The insecurity of life and property consequent upon the presence of swarms of beggars and of armed bands is the constant theme of the statutes from the beginning of Parliament in the thirteenth century. In the reign of Richard II. severe penalties were provided for the "sturdy beggars." The first offense was punishable by a public whipping of the naked body; the second, by the boring or cutting off of the ears; the third, by hanging. The actual enforcement of such penalties, however, was impossible in a society permeated with the Christian teaching of almsgiving. During most of the fifteenth century, a period of economic prosperity, the laws were much milder, but in the last quarter of the century the old troubles reappeared. The preamble of the Act of 1572, in the reign of Elizabeth, recites that "all parts of this realm of England and Wales be presently with rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars exceedingly pestered, by means whereof



daily happeneth in the same realm horrible murders, thefts, and other great outrages." The remedy now proposed against vagabondage was to fine any person who "harbored, gave money, lodging, or other relief to any such rogue, vagabond, or sturdy beggar," and for the purpose of identification the tramps were to be branded on the shoulder.

During the three centuries that have elapsed since this act, England has continued her efforts to abolish the tramp, but that institution stubbornly persists in his refusal to be "eliminated." It was estimated years ago that 30,000 persons were continually on the tramp in England; and General Booth more recently estimated the number at 165,000. In the United States every great city seems to have an "especially" large number of tramps to deal with, according to the reports of the charity societies.

The methods of treatment are various in different times and places. Now and again the tramps are treated as vagrants and sent to jail. But such punishment is just what they like, for it gives them warm, comfortable quarters, with plenty of food. They tramp in summer, and in winter are fed and sheltered at public expense. Elsewhere they may be treated leniently by the public and live well by house-to-house begging. Indiscriminate giving may possibly be helpful in individual cases, but the ultimate result is the increase of the very evil people are trying to remove. That "you can have all the beggars you are willing to pay for" is as true now as in medieval times, when the liberal but mistaken policy of the abbeys maintained swarms of beggars about their doors. The lack of any scientific and systematic method of dealing with tramps is shown in the wide-spread practice of "railroading" or "sending them on." A fund is given to the police or charities department to be used for "transportation." Of course this would be an eminently satisfactory method if practiced by a single town; but as other towns follow the same practice, the only result is to give the tramps free rides. When the local poor

authorities of a county or state come together in a conference and compare notes, they soon find that the expense of "railroading" tramps out of one town into the next is a waste of money.

In some parts of the country the rational treatment of the evil has been entered upon, the essentials of which are a work test, provision of lodging and meals, and investigation of the individual's needs and capabilities. Professor Warner in his work on "American Charities," Chapter VII., has described these encouraging attempts and pointed out the direction in which they may probably be extended with success.

The Germans have made some experiments in solving the difficult problem of the unemployed which deserve our attention. First of all are the municipal labor exchanges or employment bureaus, managed by officials of the city governments. Although the recent development of this movement is very interesting it will not be described in this paper for the reason that several American cities are experimenting in the same direction. Insurance of the unemployed by municipal authorities has also been tried, but the leaders in this movement are the Swiss towns. The subject is too large to be treated in anything but a separate essay.\*

A more original departure is the erection of workmen's shelters along the main routes to the great manufacturing centers. The purpose of these shelters is to assist workmen migrating from one part of the country to another in search of work. Lodging and meals are provided for the travelers, who in return must do a half-day's work in the workshops attached to the shelter. As this work does not suffice to cover the expenses, all workmen who possess more than seventy-five cents are charged a small sum for their board and lodging.

These shelters, which are intended to be found on all the main routes of travel at intervals of about half a day's journey, are usually erected and maintained by the

\* See W. F. Willoughby's paper, "Insurance Against Unemployment," in the *Political Science Quarterly* for September, 1897.

public authorities of groups of towns. But so far as possible the government utilizes the lodging-houses of the Evangelical or Roman Catholic Church, of which there are some four hundred in Germany; in no case, however, is a workman excluded on account of his creed. Migrants who are ill are sent to the hospital, those who are intoxicated are turned away; but all other workmen are freely admitted. The only requirements to which inmates are subject are abstinence from alcoholic liquors and respect for the property of the house, all the inmates being collectively responsible for any damage done, unless the offender is discovered. If workmen refuse to perform the work required they are blacklisted and no longer received at any shelter. On Sundays both work and traveling are suspended. A short religious service is also held each evening, but attendance is optional.

There are now many thousand of these shelters in Germany. We have statistics of 1,957 for the year 1890, when they gave 1,900,000 lodgings and about the same number of suppers and breakfasts. The average number of workmen received each day was 5,300, which was 2.7 to each shelter. At a census taken on the night of December 15, 1890, the shelters had a population of 9,216. The average expense per day for each individual was only sixteen cents, but, small as the sum is, very little of it is derived from the work performed; thus of the total expenses, \$330,000, only \$17,000 proceeded from the work done in the shelter workshops. The shelters are therefore maintained almost entirely by the taxpayers, and in such cases there always exists the liability of abuse.

A system which secures board and lodging to the traveler in return for only half a day's work may only encourage the professional tramp. To avoid this danger, workmen are provided with passports and at every shelter the hour of departure is noted thereon, as well as directions to the next shelter by the nearest route. In this way the authorities exercise some control over the traveler's movements and see to it

that he is carrying out an honest intention to find work. All excuses for the necessity of begging are done away with and any workman found begging or wandering on byways is liable to be arrested as a vagabond. The result has been that a decrease in vagabondage has gone hand in hand with the opening of new shelters.

The first shelters were established in the early eighties and from 1885 to 1890 nearly 1,000 were opened every year. In 1882 the number of convictions for vagabondage was 24,000; in 1884, 18,000; in 1887, 15,000; and in 1890, 8,600. Improved industrial conditions may account for part of the decrease, but the principal factor is undoubtedly the system of shelters for helping on workmen in search of work. The policy of the authorities has become more and more favorable to the keeping of a labor registry at each shelter and the vast majority of shelters established in recent years have labor registries attached. Workmen are advised as to the state of the labor market in various districts and as to the best route to take in order to obtain work.

The workmen's shelters and labor registries therefore form the foundation stones of Germany's experiments at solving the problem of the unemployed. Except during periods of industrial depression they ought to suffice to secure employment for the industrially efficient classes of workmen. But there exist in every country large classes of the industrially inefficient—those in whom the spirit of industry, the ability to work steadily, faithfully, and efficiently, are lacking. These men may be said to be on the margin of employment, that is, they are the last men that an employer takes on and the first he discharges with variations in the conditions of the market. They contribute largely to the class of professional tramps.

To reclaim such men as these and train them in the orderly habits of industry was the object of Pastor von Bodelschwingh when he established the first workmen's farm colony at Wilhelmsdorf, near Bielefeld, a manufacturing city in Westphalia on the line from Hanover to Cologne. The idea

was quickly taken up by religious and charitable societies elsewhere and by the end of 1892 there were twenty-five workmen's colonies in Germany, with a population of 3,189. The aim of these labor colonies is "to employ at agricultural or other labor, until such time as regular positions can be found for them, all men, of whatever religion or rank, who are able and willing to work." Involved in this is the secondary object of depriving vagabonds who will not work of their stock excuse for begging—the claim that they can find no work. To this end all the subscribers to a colony are provided with tickets with which they may send beggars to the colony instead of giving them money or food.

The majority of the colonies are farm colonies and the work done is mainly agricultural; manufacturing industry is carried on only for the purpose of supplying the personal needs of the colonists. There are, however, some city colonies, the largest of which is in Berlin. At the time of the writer's visit to the Berlin colony, in the early summer, there were only about one hundred inmates, but the colony, with its branch at Tegel, has places for 260, which are nearly filled in the winter months. The majority of the men are between the ages of twenty-five and fifty, the number under the age of twenty being insignificant. Unmarried men of course predominate, forming in 1895 three fourths of all colonists. The remaining one fourth are divided almost equally between married, widowed, and divorced.

It was hoped by the promoters of the labor colonies that they might so organize the industrial activities of the workmen as to become nearly self-sustaining, nor have the colonies entirely disappointed these hopes. The financial report of the Berlin colony for 1895 shows the total receipts to be 170,987.90 marks, or about \$42,747. Of this amount \$29,880, or 70 per cent, was the proceeds of the work performed by the colonists. Members of the society, who are expected to contribute at least fifty cents a year, gave \$2,700 in 1895; \$2,000 more was received from house-to-house collec-

tions; a concert given by singers of the royal opera-house netted \$300 and gifts from the emperor and German princes amounted to over \$100; finally about \$8,000 was contributed by relatives or friends of men admitted to the colony.

The effort to find profitable work for men who have failed in regular business undertakings taxes the inventiveness and ingenuity of the colony superintendent to the utmost. Skilled trades are necessarily excluded and work that requires considerable mechanical power is also ruled out, chiefly from lack of funds to put in the necessary equipment. The industry that had occupied the majority of the colonists up to a short time before the writer's visit was the making of small wooden packing boxes for eggs, crackers, confectionery, etc. Large manufacturers who were numbered among the friends of the colony had given it their orders, but the introduction of American machinery in private establishments had so much reduced the price of wooden boxes that the colony could no longer meet their competition. The splitting of kindling wood had also been carried on on a large scale, but the market became glutted and prices fell so much that the colony had almost as large a shed full of stove wood as of packing boxes.

The making of straw covers for glass bottles is in some colonies an important industry. A few men are employed as copyists, the colony taking all the work it can secure in addressing circulars, recommendations, family news, etc., making extracts or copies of documents and accounts and the like. Perhaps the most important single industry after the failure of box-making was the manufacture of brooms and brushes. The street-sweepers of Berlin and other German cities use a broom made of twigs, which is never seen in this country. Such brooms are supplied largely by the labor colonies. Coarse brushes are also made in large quantities and the men at work exhibited considerable skill when the writer saw them.

The sale of the manufactured articles is largely dependent upon the patronage of

the society's members. They are also urged to send to the colony for men to do the odd jobs about the house and garden, such as beating carpets, cleaning floors, chopping wood, carrying coal, etc.

In order to carry out its purpose of making men industrious, the colony pays wages to its inmates over and above their cost of maintenance, which averaged thirty cents a day at the Berlin colony in 1895. The food alone cost between eight and ten cents a day, and was excellent in character. The colonists are not charged the full thirty cents for their board and lodging, but only twenty cents, leaving a very small surplus. But the wages in any event are not to exceed ten cents a day in summer and six cents in winter. The money is all kept by the officers of the colony in order to control the workmen's expenditure. The business office conducts an account with each colonist, buys, on his order, clothing and other necessary articles, and renders up whatever balance there is when the workman is ready to depart and go to work elsewhere.

The rules of the colony are rigid, but not quite of the prison order. Work begins at six o'clock in the morning and is continued until six p. m., with several pauses for meals. The workmen are not free to come and go as they please, but for good reasons (such as the search for work) may get occasional permission to go outside. Eatables may be brought into the colony only by permission, and liquors under no circumstances. It is a peculiarity of the labor colony that no beer is supplied, since in all other public institutions in Germany known to the writer it is occasionally, if not regularly, furnished. But the class of men with whom the colonies have to deal are particularly liable to temptation in this way. Drunken persons, to be sure, are nominally refused admission, but this does not prevent the entrance of many hard-drinking men.

The purpose of the colony being to uplift men morally and industrially, one finds something of a religious atmosphere about the rooms. Neatness, order, politeness are everywhere insisted upon. The only pen-

alty for disobeying the rules is dismissal, which seems to be amply sufficient. Religious services are held daily and attendance of the men is obligatory. A chaplain endeavors to form close personal relations with the workmen and exert his influence in favor of morality and industry; but the teaching is not dogmatical or framed to suit any one sect or creed. Music is encouraged and the colony has a very good pipe-organ. It also possesses a library, to which constant additions are being made.

The success of the experiment is to be tested by inquiry into the number of colonists whom it fits for regular industry. The results are not altogether encouraging. Only one quarter of the discharged colonists enter upon work found for them by the society or by their own efforts. One half of the workmen depart from the colony well clothed and prepared for work, but with no engagement. It is greatly to be feared that most of them return to a life of vagabondage, though statistics on this point are as silent as those upon the careers of discharged convicts. The remaining twenty-five per cent of the discharged colonists depart on account of misconduct, incapacity, refusal to work, etc. These figures give the cause of departure of the 817 colonists who left the Berlin colony in 1895:

Colonist's own request.....	391
Work found by colonist.....	128
Work found by society.....	56
Return to family.....	8
Time expired (4), died (1).....	5
Incapacity to work.....	48
Unwillingness to work.....	23
Misconduct.....	84
Drunkenness.....	23
Deserted.....	45
Command of officials.....	6
Total.....	817

Unfortunately the percentage of those discharged at their own request has increased, taking all the colonies together. In 1885-86 it was 54.1; in 1886-87, 57.8; in 1887-89, 60.4. On the other hand, the percentage of those for whom work was found declined in the same periods, having been 27.4 in 1885-86 and 20.8 in 1887-89.

The colonies have been criticized on the ground that the majority of the colonists were abandoned vagabonds, as shown by

the large number of readmissions. Out of 10,000 persons admitted to the colonies in 1887-89, fully three fourths had at some time been in a correctional institution. Of those admitted for the first time 72.8 per cent had been imprisoned, but of those who were admitted seven or more times virtually all had been in prison one or more times.

Now the reception of mere tramps or vagabonds into the colonies does not of itself justify criticism, for it was the original intention of reclaiming such men that led to the foundation of the colonies. But the number of readmissions goes to show that the efforts at reclamation have not been successful. Some means must be found of excluding the incorrigible ones. One way of doing this is to make residence compulsory for a certain length of time after entrance, instead of permitting men to come and go at will. Such freedom was granted at the start because it was the original thought of the promoters that the colony should be a place where a needy workman could find employment long enough to obtain a good outfit of clothes.

*(End of Required Reading for March.)*

But this freedom having been abused, some of the colonies, notably that at Berlin, have adopted a rule that every man who seeks the shelter of the colony must remain at least four weeks. This restraint or confinement naturally deters many of the more worthless tramps from seeking admission.

Another means of shutting out men who are utterly incorrigible has been adopted by some of the colonies and consists in requiring those admitted a second time to work two or three weeks without pay. But the most urgent need is an improvement in the administration of the colony so as to secure a better control over discharged colonists. The adoption of something like the parole system for discharged convicts would enable the officers of the colony to watch the course of their former workmen and help them to lead steadier lives. The feeling of absolute irresponsibility which a workman must now have on his departure from the colony undoes most of the good work of the colony. The tramp is no doubt bound to remain with us, but rational and systematic treatment by public and private authorities will greatly diminish the evil.

## MEMORANDA AS TO THE LATE CHARLES A. DANA.

BY JOHN SWINTON.

FORMERLY OF THE NEW YORK SUN'S EDITORIAL STAFF.

I HAVE found in one of the drawers of my desk a lot of the letters and notes which I received from the late Charles A. Dana of the New York *Sun* during the eight or ten years before 1884, when I was a member of the editorial staff of that journal. In so far as these relics of the deceased editor are of a private nature, or in so far as they deal with affairs that need not now be spoken of, no reference shall here be made to their contents. But in many of them there are passages of an elucidatory kind that may properly be printed at this time, such passages as mark some of those of his personal and professional characteristics that can be known to but few people.

It was in the year 1875 that Mr. Dana offered me the opportunity of service on *The Sun's* editorial staff; and my first contribution to the columns of the paper was an article satirizing lightly the chief editors of other New York papers, a provocative article, perhaps, though it was wholly free from malice. He let me know that he liked the thing, and the next day's mail brought to me an ample check in payment for it. It was at this time that the religious revival conducted by Moody and Sankey was a subject of extraordinary interest in New York, and Mr. Dana then sent to me a terse note: "Please to examine the revival." In accordance with this request the great



revival was "examined" over and over again for a long time, more especially as regarded its influence upon the character and conduct of the converts; and many disquisitions about it were printed, as to the nature of which he expressed his opinion in brief and lively notes that yet seem to me as fresh as they were when written.

I would say here that two of Mr. Dana's characteristics were brought within my knowledge soon after I had taken a place among his editorial assistants. One of them was his readiness to express his appreciation of those writings which he regarded as good; the other was his liberality in paying for them. It has always seemed to me that both of these characteristics are to be much admired in an editor, or, for that matter, in any other employer. A few words of approval go far with a writer, and a bank check of proper dimensions sometimes counts for far more than its face value. To illustrate his manner, I may say that after he had sent me a number of checks in payment for manuscripts, I wrote to him that I would like a fixed rate of remuneration per column; and he replied promptly in a note marked at once by brevity and beauty: "Fix the rate yourself." Thus, accordingly, it was fixed for a time, not, however, until after I had received from him in December, 1875, an epistle which, as I think, may well be here quoted for the instruction of all employers of literary workmen. Here it is:

MY DEAR SWINTON: Not hearing from you on the subject of rates, I continue to follow my own unaided reason. But I want you to understand that my first desire in the case is to make you happy; and, whatever you wish I will try to do, if you will only let me know what it is. . . .

Yours faithfully, CHARLES A. DANA.

How could any person give a better idea of one of Mr. Dana's traits than that contained in these words from his own pen?

The reply made to this communication was acceptable to its writer, and things went along under an arrangement satisfactory to both parties till the following year, when he proposed to make a change from payment by the column to a yearly salary. "What about the all-important question?"

he wrote. An answer was given; the business was settled at once. The settlement suited him for three years, and at the end of that time, when he was about to leave the country for a season, he dashed off a letter, in which, after saying, "I desire you to take charge of the editorship of *The Sun* during my absence," he made generous provision for such recompense as accorded with the new responsibilities.

I speak of these minor things here only for the purpose of illustrating a trait in Mr. Dana's character about which the public cannot know much, and which he retained through all the many years of our friendship, or until his death in October last, when my relations with his journal were brought to an end. He was open-handed toward the assistants whose work he liked; he was a model editor in his dealings with his staff. "How do you suppose," he once wrote to me, "that I can both edit and appreciate things, and then guess their cash value?"

As regards the other trait of Mr. Dana already referred to, his readiness to praise any writer's production which seemed to him uncommonly meritorious, it would be easy to speak freely; but I shall merely say here that this trait is one of the very finest traits that an editor can possess—an editor of critical judgment and judicious utterance. It seemed to me at times that he spoke too highly of some compositions. It is within my knowledge that upon one occasion he sent to a man whose article he had printed an autographic letter, the words of which were: "I thank you especially for to-day's article. It is profound, powerful, wise, and true." How many editors have we in the country who ever upon any occasion indulged in language as generous as this?

It is not my purpose, in this essay, to descant upon those elements in Mr. Dana's character or those features of his mind which have been brought to the notice of multitudes of his countrymen during the half-century of his life as a journalist. My design is merely to mark a few of the things which I learned about him during the twenty years that I spent in his office.

Upon many of the questions of the times, political and other, Mr. Dana held opinions with which I could not agree; but here, at this point, I desire to make an allusion to something which to me was always of supreme consequence. He never interfered with my moral independence, or sought to curtail my personal rights, or found fault with me for pursuing a course outside of *The Sun* office that may not have been to his liking. Between the time he took me on his staff and the time of his death I made hundreds of speeches that were out of accord with the principles and the policy which he maintained in his paper; but never did he make any objection to this conduct. Never did the service that I rendered to him clash with other duties that I sought to perform elsewhere. I think it is fitting and proper to allude to this matter here, for I never knew any editor other than Mr. Dana who would put up with a subordinate always ready to follow his own star. I never knew an instance in which he asked any man on his staff to write otherwise than he thought, or to palter with his conscience, or to compromise in a matter of honor. He despised the scribbling flunkey, the parasite whose life or conduct was governed by subservency. He was an editor who rarely gave any instructions to a writer in whom he trusted. A resolute spirit he was, and toward some people a stern man; but freedom was never denied to any member of his staff.

Mr. Dana was sometimes severe in his censorship of manuscripts submitted to him. I have known him to write on the margin of a rejected article: "No good," or "It's too rough," or "All wrong," or "Not up to the mark," or other scarifying expression. His frankness in this respect was doubtless often useful to those persons who were made aware of it. It was not his habit to tell any one who offered him a manuscript that "lack of space" prevented its acceptance. "*The Sun*," he said to me when first I knew him, "is always ready for a good thing, and has always room for it."

In his opinion a writer should *think* before he wrote. "Think seriously," he once

remarked; "don't write until you have thought." Surely this was a wise saying. Were all newspaper writers to give heed to it, lots of scribbled stuff would not soil white paper, and lots of it would never be put in print. About the fitness of things for publication he made this observation: "If a thing is not against propriety or virtue, and if it is interesting, it is fit to print. The public mind is like the sounding-board of a piano, on which it is our business to play, and to play all the keys." When the form of an article that once struck his fancy was spoken of as absurd, "Yes," he replied, "it looks absurd; but we may sometimes do things that look absurd at first sight. They may be good things to do." Again: "We must always seek to do the right thing, to tell the truth, to steer clear of wrong." Once again: "If the mayor shall appoint good men, we must stand up for him."

Such was the nature of some of the remarks which Mr. Dana dropped at times, and which may possibly serve for the guidance of other editors.

In all matters of detail, in literary manner, in the use of words, in grammar, punctuation, and typographical method he was the most careful and exacting of editors. One time an editorial contained two lines of poetry in type of the same size as that of the text, and, as I was the author of it, Mr. Dana sent me an edifying note under his familiar signature: "Reason, Revelation, Science, Philosophy, and Æsthetics, all require that these lines should have been put in small type." Upon another occasion, when he thought that a verb had been improperly used in a manuscript, he wrote an admonitory sentence: "To say 'there are' in this passage would be unpoetic, and consequently disgusting."

He took the blame whenever an error escaped his eye. "I take shame to myself," he wrote one time when the author of an editorial had confounded Boston brown bread with Graham bread, "for having printed this thing without scrutinizing it. *The Sun* is ignorant and wrong."

One day a man in California had sent an inquiry to the editor of *The Sun*: "Will you

please tell me how to become a Christian?" and as I often dealt with religious questions at the time this appeal was received Mr. Dana blue-penciled the back of the man's note with these words: "Why not give him a ripping answer? Give him the socialist side of Christianity."

When the writer of a book review had italicized eight or ten of his words, Mr. Dana commented thus: "This review is the best in the whole lot, and is very good; but why in the world an experienced writer like — wants to pepper his manuscript with nasty little italics I can't imagine."

When the writer of an editorial paragraph in *The Sun* wrote of "Govs. Cameron and Crittenden," the ever-watchful critic in the sanctum got after him in a note left for me: "The term 'Govs.,' 'Gens.,' 'Capts.,' etc., is disgusting. The titles have no plural as attached to any individual name; they should be repeated, or a circumlocution should be used."

When the writer of an editorial had described a certain person as a "rum witness" in a case, Mr. Dana sent to me the following scrap in philology:

Rum—slang word, of gipsy origin. Rum chap—*Romany chabo*, a gipsy man. Not quite classical enough for solemn use, I fear.

In an editorial article printed in brevier type there had appeared an extract in agate type; the grammatical subject of a sentence was in brevier while the verb for it was in the subsequent agate line. Mr. Dana wrote for my benefit: "This passage from big type to little is contrary to all sound prin-

ciples of typographical elegance. Greeley used to make the passage, and country newspapers still make it; but it is wicked."

When a writer for *The Sun* once described a man as "too condemn smart," the phrase was highly offensive to Mr. Dana, who wrote a caustic comment upon it in three words, which need not be here printed.

I could go on making quotations from Mr. Dana's letters and memoranda relating to matters of greater or lesser import which ran through many years. They came from a man who had for long years been spoken of as the "Dean of American editors," and whose reputation for intellectual power, as well as for scholarly and literary qualities, surpassed that of any other editor in the United States.

Is it worth while to tell the tales that here are told, or to mark the traits of character that here are traced? Had I not thought it was worth while, this essay would never have been written. I think that some features of Mr. Dana's character will be better understood by means of this sketch.

How did he find time to attend to matters which many men would regard as of small consequence, and also to handle the largest affairs that come within the observation of the editor of a New York daily newspaper? I will merely say that one had to know the man, know the character of his mind, know something of his extraordinary powers, and know how methodical he was in the performance of his duties, in order to answer this question with any measure of intelligence. Let the answer be left to his biographer.

## THE BUBONIC PLAGUE IN INDIA.

BY ALESSANDRO LUSTIG, M.D.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE ITALIAN "NUOVA ANTOLOGIA."

INDIA, that enchanting land of dreams and oriental fantasies, the land of the palm and tamarind, most fertile in soil, most varied in climate, is also the land of pestilence and even famine. Malaria has its abode there, and leprosy and cholera. The beauties of nature are opposed by the

scourges of humanity, and because of humanity's fault in great part. For with its mixture of religious creeds, its depraved superstitions, and its social system inherited from a remote past and still generally dominant in its primitive integrity, India is hopelessly given over to practices antag-

onistic in their very essence to the laws of health and safety. Its European rulers have not yet been able to impress upon it any idea of progress or social evolution, which with other peoples is the beginning and reason of their civilization. The English, who know the customs, beliefs, and manners of the people most thoroughly, have accomplished but little, with all their thoughtful and prudent tactics, in the way of correcting the abuses of the body and its surroundings which obtain among the ignorant inhabitants.

Last year the torrential rains which are usually so constant during the period of the monsoon failed to come. The crops of rice and millet, the chief and almost the only nutriment of the Hindus, were very poor. Consequently there was want, wretchedness, and hunger, the very best preparation for infectious diseases. The few cases of plague scattered here and there in the country districts soon multiplied under the influence of these agencies. The authorities and the people, accustomed as they are to certain maladies which occur in Europe in the form of epidemics only, while in India they are chronic in their permanency, took very little notice of these beginnings of the future pestilence, and consequently provided no efficacious means to prevent its spreading. Only when the mortality from it among the natives had increased to a frightful extent, and danger menaced the Europeans also, who are more capable of resisting infection than the Hindus, did the government grow alarmed and think seriously of opposing barriers to its virulence. It was in December that the terrible epidemic showed itself, especially in Bombay, after famine had driven the population of the rural cantons into the great city. The descriptions which eye-witnesses have given of its ravages remind one of the classic pages of Boccaccio and Manzoni.

Terror and confusion reigned at Bombay and in all the Presidency. Finally the governor thought he ought to intervene directly, and so instituted a committee on the plague, the chairman of which was General Gatacre, a man endowed with unusual energy and

courage. That the disease was confined to certain regions of India and did not find its way to Europe I believe is due to this man, and to the prudent and energetic use he made of his unlimited authority. The difficulties and perils he encountered in showing how beneficial the work of the committee might be were of the most serious nature. Although in all his regulations he aimed to show the greatest possible respect for the irrational traditions and sentiments of the natives, yet it will be remembered that valuable members of the committee were killed by the excited fanaticism of the Hindus while they were engaged in the task of performing their onerous duties, and that revolts and bloodshed occurred here and there. For example, Rande was killed at Poona and the physicians had to be escorted to the hospital by the lancers. The Brahmans, who are malcontents for their own personal interest, fanned the flame. The recent trial and condemnation of some native journalists was occasioned by their assuming such an attitude.

If the rapidity of the spread of the pestilence is singular and impressive, on the other hand its actual effects are quite simple, to the physician at least. The cholera is much more terrible in this respect. The descriptions of the phenomena which were presented by the great epidemics of the Middle Ages are in great part due to chroniclers or literary men rather than to physicians, and therefore probably contain much that is fantastic—unless we consent to admit that sicknesses have changed their characteristics. The swelling bubonic symptoms are not always present in this plague, but other more serious manifestations are quite as frequent, due to the invasion of the blood by the bacillus. The external bubon is not to be compared with this internal form. Inflammation of the lungs and intestines is quite common also, and delirium and raving are not more serious or characteristic here than in other infectious maladies of the febrile type, such as abdominal typhus and simple pneumonia.

Toward the middle of June, this last summer, the plague seemed already to have

lost its virulence at Bombay, when suddenly it acquired new power, not only in Bombay but at Poona and elsewhere. However, exact statistics of disease are not possible in India, where not a few of the inhabitants of the large towns live a nomad life, out of doors, in the streets and squares, without any fixed and stable roof over their heads. Still less can one make an approximation at the number of deaths, for the corpses of many Hindus are thrown into the rivers or sacred ponds in obedience to certain rites, or are burnt in the thickets without the authorities knowing anything of it, even if they should wish to do so. The natives also are very unwilling to go to the hospital, very much as Europeans often are. When they find themselves forced to go there in spite of themselves, each prefers the hospital of his own caste.

In these hospitals—almost as numerous as the castes into which the population is divided—the physicians are almost all natives. Europeans are found only in the military and municipal hospitals, where they form the directing element. The native physicians are Hindus and Parsees mainly. The latter may have acquired their profession in England or in some other foreign country. On the other hand, the Hindus are all educated in some one of the Indian schools, since a follower of Brahma is not supposed to cross the ocean, nor eat food which he himself or some one of his race or caste has not prepared. In general they do not gain much profit from their studies. For instance, in order to preserve the custom of the country they go about barefooted, even into the pest houses. The relatives and even the numerous wives of the patient usually accompany him to the hospital, in order to tender him affectionate service. You will perhaps hear them, as I did at Poona, refuse food to the patient because they knew it was prepared by a Hindu cook belonging to a lower caste. So to avoid every pretext of disorder and revolt the doctor must see that the hospital is provided with cooks of every caste. Furthermore, the Parsees, who represent the keenest, most intelligent, and most pro-

ductive portion of the population, and who, although in a minority (in Bombay they number seventy thousand out of the nine hundred thousand inhabitants), have won a material and moral hegemony over the other races, give the bodies of their dead as food to crows and vultures without the government even thinking of forbidding it.

The Hindus, on the other hand, burn their dead; but their method of cremation is so imperfect that the vultures are constantly bringing portions of unconsumed flesh from their cemeteries. Only the Moslems bury their deceased, yet so superficially that the tremendous rains of the wet season uncover the bodies in their largest cemetery. There are other causes which help to injure the hygienic conditions of this country, such as a tropical climate, the community of life between animals and man, and the practice of ablution in those rivers and ponds which superstition considers sacred, and which are very often foul and infected with all that is noxious.

Scarcely had the epidemic appeared when the governments and scientific societies of the principal civilized nations sent commissions of experts to India, to investigate the manner of the propagation of the malady, the anatomical alterations it produces, the force of resistance of the bacillus in question, and to try, by experimenting on animals liable to be affected, to find out whether vaccination has any efficacy in preserving the organism from infection; finally to report on the curative methods which might be tried. Egypt, which has a very well organized sanitary service and is nearest to India, was the first to set the good example. Next came the Austrian commission, which preferred to work on the clinical and anatomical side. The German followed later, then the Russian, which located at the French consul's for lack of a suitable place for its laboratories elsewhere. The English government did all it could to aid the researches of all these learned men and satisfy their scientific desires.

Bombay was the common center of observation. Here important problems were



solved. The bacillus of the plague was discovered, the sole cause of the disease. Fortunately this bacillus does not oppose much resistance to the action of liquid disinfectants. From experiments on animals, rats and apes, the scientists concluded that it can enter the animal organism by way of the skin, the lungs, and the intestines. Often it stops in the lungs or intestines. More often it stays directly in the blood. The bubonic form is not always the most frequent. The plague is one of those diseases which can be fought with cleanliness, by energetic and radical disinfection, and best of all by the strict isolation of suspects and patients. The problem of greater scientific interest must be the one of vaccination, which may prevent the bubonic bacillus from germinating. The first researches in this direction were made by Yersin, who tried to procure the curative serum from the horse by injecting directly into the veins of the animal, at intervals of a few weeks, the virulent plague cultures.

I myself received some very virulent cultures last December through the courtesy of a Russian colleague, and entered on some investigations with the help of Dr. Galeotti, my assistant in the Higher Institute at Florence. I reproduced the different forms I obtained by inoculating animals in various ways with the germs, choosing especially those animals that naturally die of the pest and are most sensitive to the action of the germ, such as mice and rats. We tried Yersin's method on these animals, but soon saw how dangerous it was, being capable of producing the plague, or at least of spreading it. We then tried other methods, and finally succeeded in rendering our rats and other animals altogether insensible to the action of the most pestiferous bacillus. The substance which attained this result, the vaccine matter, was obtained from millions of the plague germs which had been developed in a medium of artificial nutrition at about the temperature of the human body. In doses of eight and thirty-five hundredths milligrams for every hundred grams of the rat's weight we found that the vaccine was fatal. But injected in less doses under the skin and diluted with

alkaline water it only produced a slight disturbance which would last for two or three days, after which time the animal would endure the inoculation with the greatest indifference. For man it was entirely harmless. Neither I myself nor Dr. Galeotti, nor the others who lent themselves to the experiment, felt any serious effects from the injection of two milligrams under the skin of the arm, other than a slight fever for two days and a little reddening of the place where the injection was made. The most robust persons suffered a mild reaction from the vaccination, the feeble a little greater. The vaccine matter does not contain either living or dead pest bacilli. It can be preserved in a dry state for months.

Having satisfied ourselves with the results we had obtained, we prepared to carry our serum to the countries infested by the plague. We got ready good vaccine and a great quantity of serum, from a horse vaccinated as I have stated, and would have started for Bombay the first of last April. But such an undertaking is not within the power of simple individuals. Government and academic support, both material and moral, must be furnished. Finally the last difficulties were overcome by patience and help of interested friends, and at the end of May four of us physicians set out for India. We had plenty of vaccine and serum, the necessary instruments for the establishment of a laboratory, and enough funds from the government and one individual to facilitate our work.

We reached Bombay on June 12, when the monsoon and its rains could have made our task all the harder. The plague, after some days of gradual decrease, was now increasing in virulence, especially at Poona and Lanowli, and the cholera was also assuming the form of an epidemic. Thanks to the aid of the English authorities we were able to begin our study of the plague patients in the hospitals at once, while at the same time we were experimenting on apes, which are very sensitive to the plague and present a diagnosis quite like that of a man. These experiments gave satisfactory results. From the apes we

passed on to human beings. After six hours the effects of the serum would be evident. The high fever would diminish, the raving would cease, the delirium would give way to a general improvement. After the second or third day the swellings would cease to be painful. A condition of comfort would intervene and convalescence would be less protracted and weakening than in the cases, infrequent to be sure, where the patient was cured spontaneously. Out of thirty patients that we treated only four died. The number of our tests was not large, but they were the only tests made by serum on undoubted cases of the plague, and serve to show the efficacy of the treatment. We were led by them to hope that if applied on a large scale our method of vaccination might diminish by eighty per cent and more the average mortality of the disease. And it is to be noted that, out of 12,796 cases reported at Bombay up to September 1, 10,786 died.

We were satisfied with our curative method. I should also have liked to try our means of prevention, which I naturally thought could give good results. But preventive vaccination cannot be well carried

on in a country like India, in the midst of a population entirely opposed to it. Besides, the only way to determine whether vaccination would be effective would be to notice how many of those inoculated would afterward die of the plague. This is a practical impossibility at present in India. So far as our treatment of the apes was concerned, it was found that those vaccinated were entirely free from plague symptoms, while the others not so treated, but which were inoculated with the virus, all died. This immunity certainly lasted for a month. How much longer it may last our experiments now going on will eventually determine. If we had been able to carry out the cruel experiment of vaccinating a hundred persons, and after some weeks inoculate them with the plague germ and watch the results, the problem of vaccination would now be definitely solved on man as well. But living in India was too expensive for us and the preparation of the serum not less costly. After a stay of two months we were obliged to come back to Florence, with the satisfaction, however, of having attained the object of our journey.

## NEWHAVEN FISHER-FOLK.

BY LAURA B. STARR.

**I**N the quaint little fishing village of Newhaven, on the east coast of Scotland, three miles to the north of Edinburgh, lives a colony of fisher-folk whose mode of life, manners, customs, style of dress, religious faith, and superstitions have remained the same for four hundred years or more. In the middle of the fifteenth century there was by the side of the sea a little fishing hamlet of a dozen or two cottages, wherein lived, loved, and died the simple folk whose sea harvest was their only means of subsistence. About this time James IV., wishing to encourage the industry and enterprise which he saw manifest among these hardy people, built houses and docks, established a rope walk, and endowed the village with "certain burgal privileges" from which it soon grew to be a port of commercial importance. Its inhabitants, thought by some to be of Flemish origin, live quite apart from the people of the surrounding country, marry among themselves as religiously as the Jews, follow the sea to a man, as did their parents and grandparents before them, and preserve their ancient customs intact.

Newhaven is among the few places in the world which have partially escaped the destructive influence of steam and electricity, those advance agents of civilization whose combined efforts will contrive sooner or later to destroy all individuality of nations and make every country and people exactly like every other country and people. Much of its picturesqueness has disappeared un-

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NEWHAVEN WOMEN BAITING LINES.

der the hand of the modern architect and the influx of summer visitors; yet it is unique as the home of a peculiar people who still cling to the social and commercial traditions of ancient days.

With the exception of one street which faces the sea and is of good width, the old part of the town consists of a series of "closes"—narrow alleys—intersecting each other occasionally at right angles, but more often taking an unexpected turn without giving the slightest premonition of such intention. The houses are "a' heids and thraws," to use their own expression; *i. e.*, set down here and there without any regard to architectural form or beauty. They are usually two stories, with an outside stairway. At the best of times there is but a hand's breadth of sky visible in the narrow street; but when the weekly washing is suspended from numberless lines, crossing from house to house, and the matter is further complicated by endless stretches of brown, black, and yellow bladders—floaters—far above the house-tops, blowing in the wind and bobbing in a most fantastic manner,

little enough of light and sunshine find ingress to the dwellings.

If the visitor chance first to see Newhaven, as I did, on a glorious September afternoon, when the air is bright and clear; when the salt-sea smell coming in with the billows of the German Ocean is like the breath of life in one's nostrils; when the blue waters of the Forth ripple and murmur softly as the dancing boats speed hither and yon over their surface; when groups of children, broad-beamed as the young of Flanders, waddle about the streets or crawl along the sands, unconsciously making "bits" worthy of an artist's sketch-book; when the warm sunshine bathes the whole place in a mellow glow and nature seems to be doing her best to hide the ugliness of man's handiwork—if the appreciative visitor happen to see Newhaven on such a day as this, then will he say that it was more than a happy chance that set this cluster of fishermen's cottages in so romantic a spot.

All along the sea-wall at irregular intervals sat young fishwives, each with a basin of mussels in her lap, "baiting the lines," as



PREPARING FOR THE FISHING GROUND.

one of them told me, with her quaint Scotch inflection. By her side, in a great heap, were five miles of line with fifteen hundred hooks attached to it; this she moved slowly across her lap from one side to the other, as by a dexterous turn or two of the wrist she impaled a soft mussel upon a hook. Other women, gossiping across the close, were seated on the outer stairs of their little homes engaged in a similar occupation. Over the railings and shrouding the paling in front of the kirk hung nets, bladders, lines, oilskin coats, huge home-made stockings, and other paraphernalia of the fisherman's trade. Here and there were knots of men of all ages "walking their very short turns of three steps and one overboard" or listlessly lolling about with pipe in mouth and hands thrust idly into their pockets; for to a Newhaven man the idea of work when he is on shore is entirely foreign.

It was a casual word from a stranger that sent me to explore this most delightful place, and I have never ceased to be thankful for that word, for each succeeding visit fascinated me more and more. I made friends with a toothless old "salt," who gave me a

most interesting account of some of the curious customs connected with the place and further added to my indebtedness by introducing me to some "old bodies" who took me to their homes, showed me every nook and corner in them, and entertained me with tales of bygone days. They seemed not to mind my prying about, but talked freely and showed me all their belongings with delightful frankness. This may be accounted for by the fact that since Queen Victoria on her first visit to Edinburgh took notice of them and complimented them on their good looks and picturesque costumes they have been the object of great interest to tourists, and so have lost their habitual shyness. Not that the Newhaven fishwife is of herself ever shy, but she was formerly much more reserved about taking strangers into her home. Now it is a frequent occurrence. One of them told me she had to "take the clothes off her back" for a French lady who had visited her and wanted them for a fancy-dress ball.

Since the days of steam trawling and rapid transit, the fishwives of Newhaven, whom George IV. pronounced the hand-

somest women he had ever seen, have found their occupation nearly gone, though they themselves are as sturdy and strong and fine-looking as ever. In the highways and byways of the modern Athens, where a few decades ago dozens of them flaunted their gay, voluminous petticoats and filled the air with their cries of "Caller herrin,' caller herrin'," and the odor of fish, there is only now and then one; but in spite of changes the one is as distinctive of her race as were the many in days gone by.

Having tramped the three miles which separate Edinburgh from the sea, bending under a burden that would almost crush a strong man, she jauntily treads the pavement, apparently unmindful of the creel laden to the brim with shining, silvery creatures fresh from the waters of the Forth. To announce her coming she sends forth at regular intervals a clear, mellow, musical cry distinctive of her calling.

The ordinary dress of the fishwife consists of from three to nine woolen petticoats, reaching about half-way from the knee to the ankle and measuring at least three yards in width. All the under ones have a tuck an inch and a half deep run all the way round the top about an eighth of a yard below the waistband. This is done for the purpose of making a more solid support for the basket upon which the creel rests.

Each fishwife, rich or poor, is the possessor of three gay petticoats, which are worn over the dark flannel ones; the foundation is white and all are marked with broad vertical stripes of a solid, vivid coloring, red, yellow, or blue. Each one has a wide tuck about six inches from the bottom. The bodices are loose jackets, "shuguns," or short gowns, made of bright-figured cambric or calico, and confined at the waist by the apron-strings; the sleeves are made of a square of the cambric reaching nearly to the wrists, but they are nearly always rolled over two or three times until they come only to the elbow. A bright ribbon confines the garment at the neck and finishes it with a bow and ends. The apron is long and full; the lower edge and the outer skirt are pinned together at the bottom and caught

up to the hips on either side, which adds to the width, making the woman look broader than ever. A separate pocket fastened with a draw-string is worn underneath the apron; this is the fishwife's bank, where she carries the money of the family, which is always given into her keeping. Thick worsted stockings and heavy, high boots complete, with the exception of the head-gear, a picturesque and very becoming costume.

Formerly all women wore caps, similar to the mob or Dutch cap, with wide fluted borders, standing up fully three inches above the forehead and quite out from the face. Nowadays only a few of the older ones are seen with these; others wear a small shawl over the head, folded cornerwise and tied under the chin, and a similar one is often laid across the shoulders. When marketing their fish they throw over their shoulders a long dark woolen cloak with wide sleeves which hang dangling uselessly at the sides. This is more to catch the dripping brine than for warmth. They carry their creels as the *cargadores* and *mozos* of Mexico and Central America do, with the burden resting on the forehead and high on the shoulders by means of a broad leather band which rests on a napkin laid flat on the forehead. The creel is supported by a long, narrow basket which rests on the fulness of the petticoats, and is usually empty. Occasionally fish are put into the basket as well as into the creel, but this makes a burden too heavy for any woman, and health soon fails under it.

The women are frugal and industrious; all the money earned is given into their hands and is disbursed at their pleasure. They take good care of their homes and to minister to the comfort of their "gude men" seems to be their greatest delight. The generally accepted idea among them is that the woman is the natural protector of the man. They are famous knitters and when not at work with fish are seldom seen without needles and wool in their hands. They knit the handsome Guernsey shirts which the men and boys wear, adorning them with a great variety of fancy stitches, and the woman who should buy a pair of woven or machine-





NEWHAVEN FISHWIVES.

made hose for her family would be thought unworthy the name of fishwife. Unmarried girls, when pursuing the trade of hawking fish, are called fishwives, as their married sisters are, and they wear the same dress, except that their heads are bare.

A buxom fishwife who showed me her house and wardrobe said that when she

was married a few years ago she had but "one end," meaning a one-room cottage; now, with three children, she boasted "two ends"—two rooms. There was a bed in each of the two rooms, and, although somewhat crowded, there was a delightful air of neatness and domesticity about the place. She spoke of the change that had come

over the community within the past few years by the introduction of different modes of fishing, etc., and said that they were not so well off as they had been.

"But you look very comfortable," said I.

"O aye, we canna complain as far as our hame goes, an' my gude man—'deed I'm ashamed t' hae it sayed we're as fond as twa bairns. Eh me, but it's sair work sittin' here when they're a' off wi' the boats, and may be no hearin' anything but frae the papers fur weeks an' weeks, and no hearin' whether he's well or no! But 'deed, we maun put up wi' something in this world."

She had found the true philosophy of life without knowing it, and the look of patient resignation soon gave place to one of cheery hopefulness, which I am sure must be a source of comfort to the "gude man" of whom she spoke so fondly. They are a stanch and loyal people, domestic happiness being the rule among them. Their friendship, once given, is given for life.

A rather curious custom is that of "chumming." Girls select a "chum" of their own sex in early childhood, and, although they are friendly and sometimes intimate with others, the "chum" is the nearest and dearest to the end of their days. I tried to discover if mistakes were not sometimes made in the selection—if in after life they might not have desired to have made a change; but my informant would not acknowledge to any such fickleness on the part of the fishwives.

The fisher-folk are full of whimsicalities and superstitions; luck is their tutelary god, and they never do anything important without performing some act to ward off or avert a possible evil. They do not like to be asked where they are going while on their way to their boats; neither do they like to be counted as they walk along. They dare not think of a cat or a pig while at sea, or at least to mention them except by some mysterious allusion. If an accident happens and a person is drowned from an open boat, they beach it high and dry and never use it again—an expensive superstition it would seem. Friday is an unlucky day for everything save weddings.

To think of dogs or hares is a terrible omen, and, fond as most of them are of their clergyman, they do not mention his name at sea, or if they must speak of him they say "the man in the black coat." They tell us of a man who long ago lived among them whose name was John Broemger. Having fallen into hard times he begged his fish from door to door. If his alms were not given as freely as he thought they should be he had a way of cursing the fishers and wishing them ill luck on their next trip—which sometimes came, and the consequence was that he soon came to have his claim recognized, for no man cared to venture to sea with the dread curse hanging over him. Now if one say to a crew at sea "John Broemger's in your head sheets" or "on board of you" they will at once haul in the dredge, ship their oars, and pull the boat thrice round in a circle to break the evil spell; with some the feeling is so strong they will stop work at once.

Continual intermarriage has caused no small confusion in the nomenclature of the people. Girls often change their condition without changing their name. To distinguish them the wife's name is usually added to the husband's—that is when they are spoken of formally; in ordinary conversation the wife is called by her own name after marriage the same as before. But this trouble is by no means the only one resulting from generations of intermarriage, as the number of their people in the insane asylum attests. "What is a young man to do?" said one of the fishermen when spoken to upon the subject. "He can't take a wife from the agricultural people. No young woman not brought up as a fish-wife would undertake the hard work of a fisherman's wife. She must not only wear a picturesque costume and hawk fish about the streets, but she must gather mussels for bait, mend the nets, bait the lines, and be able to lend a hand with an oar or tiller when necessary." Besides this she must be able to do her share toward taking care of the fish when the boats come in, for the minute they touch the quay the men leave them. Their work is done then and the

women's work begins. Charles Kingsley tells us that

men must work and women must weep,  
but the Newhaven fishwife must add a great  
amount of manual labor to her weeping.  
Christie Johnson puts it rather more plainly  
when she tells Lord Ipsden that

Labor is the lot o' man, and abune a' o' woman's.  
The married state would seem to hold out  
few inducements to the young women of

ing, are good to look upon; their eyes are  
bright and their steps elastic with much of  
the vigor of youth. Many of them are old  
before their time, for the heavy creel soon  
bends the form and the cruel winds and  
storms of the Scottish coast quickly play  
havoc with the fairest complexion. They  
are good at a bargain, as they must needs  
be, and they now and then undoubtedly do  
take advantage of their customer's igno-



MAIN STREET OF NEWHAVEN.

Newhaven; but being born and bred to such conditions, they seem not to find them hard. A familiar saying among them is: "The woman that canna work for a man is no worth one." Some one tells a story that when a young girl, rather delicate for a Newhaven woman, was about to be married, another, a beautifully robust specimen, said: "What! Jenny Flucker taking a man! She's a gude cheek! Hoo is she to keep him? The poor man 'll hae tae sell his fish as well as catch them."

Long ago Charles Reade said that the old fishwives were blackguards and ugly. They are not that now; they are subdued and reputable. Their brown, weather-beaten faces, surrounded by masses of white frill-

rance or gullibility; but on the whole they are honest, and considering the hazardous nature of the "gude man's" occupation little wonder is it that they occasionally tell a customer that "fish are no fish the day, they're just men's lives," or that they frequently ask double the market price for their commodity. One forlorn fishwife who had been haggling with a cook about the price of her fish said at last: "Tak it or want it; ye may think it dear, but it's a' that's left to me for a faither o' four bairns."

A gentleman still a resident of the town, though he has forsaken the calling of his forefathers, reverted to the terrible disaster of October 14, 1881, when seventeen Newhaven fishermen lost their lives. The

storm is set down in the annals of the town as one of the most severe that has ever visited the coast, and it is even now spoken of with bated breath. When the fury of the storm had subsided some of the bodies were washed ashore and found a resting-place in the common burying-ground, where it is the desire of each one to be laid when his fishing days are over. There is an old grass-grown cemetery in the center of the town—without headstones, which are never used there—where for centuries the Newhaven people have laid away their dead, with many a quaint and curious custom.

Newhaven became a Protestant town in the early days of the Reformation, and has remained so. In spite of the bad name the fishwives have in bargaining, the people have always been deeply religious.

The fishwife who sells oysters about the streets of Edinburgh at eventide does not differ from the herring-hawker, save that her cry runs the entire gamut of the scale and the last high note is indefinitely prolonged. Those who but once hear the melodious call will never forget it.

Oysters are rare along the coast now and it is only occasionally that the "wild sea-

bird cry" is heard. A garrulous "old body" who enjoyed telling tales of "auld lang syne" said that she could remember the time when a dozen bivalves were bought for a ha'penny, and that she had occasionally seen an audacious youngster offer the fishwife a kiss for a thirteenth, but that he as often received a sound box on the ear as he did the oyster, and sometimes both.

For a century and a half Newhaven has been renowned for its fish dinners. Few people visit Edinburgh without learning the way to Peacock's Hotel and tasting the mussel haggis, Lady Lee's crab pie, crabbit head, John Dorry, skate, cod, haddies, and flounders for which the Peacock's cook is famed in song and story. At one time it was a custom among the business men of Edinburgh to repair to the Peacock on Saturday afternoon and celebrate the close of the week with one of these famous fish dinners. I enjoyed one during one of my prowling days, at a little inn quite in the center of the old part of the town. I sat at a clothless little table, enclosed on either side like a high church pew. The good cooking and unaccustomed surroundings made that solitary dinner a lasting delight.



NEWHAVEN FISHERMEN.

## A GENTLEMAN OF DIXIE.

BY ELLEN CLAIRE CAMPBELL.

### CHAPTER XVIII. (*Continued*).

#### THE HORRORS OF WAR.

EDITH sank in a heap on the floor. But the concluding trial of the day was yet to come. When his men returned, carrying the body of the young soldier and supporting one of their own number who had been hit by George's true shot, the commandant came near surpassing all his previous efforts in the matter of rage. Balked the second time at Heart's Delight, he would have murdered the whole garrison if he could. As he was denied satisfaction in this way, he swore with a cruel oath he would burn the place to the ground. It should no longer exist as a nest to harbor vipers. To resolve was to act. The only wonder is that he had not destroyed it before.

That night about eight o'clock, for the second time this wretched day, a band of troopers filled the yard. It was a fitting close to the blackest day of Edith's calendar, not excepting the one when she sent Max away, or that later time when Mrs. Seddon lay dead.

In vain she implored and commanded. The captain greeted her entreaties with sneers and her commands with curses. He carefully went through the rooms, appropriating every article he could conveniently carry away. His followers, imitating his example, did the same. Then inflammable materials were piled against the walls and lighted. Higher and higher leaped the flames, his glee growing ever more and more fiendish as he watched them. Every tongue of fire that licked its stealthy way among sills and rafters and beams personified revenge for the imaginary insults he had received there. He seemed to feel that he was breaking down the master's superiority in destroying his property, and rejoiced accordingly.

It was well that Edith had others de-

pending on her for their night's shelter; it calmed and nerved her as nothing else could have done. There was her own home, The Oaks—closed these many months; thank God, they had that refuge! She went to the quarters to pacify and reassure the terrified darkies the best she could. Then, when Wire's attention was distracted by his gratification, she ordered Job to get the carriage ready. The burning building shed the brightness of day for yards around, but the cautious Job drove the carriage to the dark side of the barn and there they entered it—Mrs. Dupey, Edith, and Nell, with Job and Hannah.

At the farthest gate they met Richard Allyn. He had seen the fire from Jefferson and hurried out.

"My dear Miss Chester, what does this mean?" he exclaimed.

The sympathetic tone was too much. Edith burst into a storm of tears and left to the others the explanation.

"The dastardly wretch!" cried Allyn at the close. "This is not war, but robbery. He shall pay for it if I spend my life achieving it!"

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### IN THE TOILS.

CAPTAIN SEDDON learned of their father's tragic end from the younger Dupeys, but he was ignorant of all the fateful happenings at his own home till he was within the trenches at Vicksburg. Here he received a budget of papers and letters by the secret mail service, which was the only means of communication with the North. He read the letter describing the burning of his home twice over. He read it with dry eyes, but with grim and bitter defiance. That home he had so fondly christened Heart's Delight in ashes! The hoary trees in which he had delighted as sublime poems of the nature he revered lifting



unsightly, blackened torsos to the spring sky!

His first impulse was to fly homeward. In a spasm of homesickness he felt that he could not stay away. After the Emancipation Proclamation was issued he had entertained the project of getting a brief furlough that he might quiet the cares he feared Edith must be harassed by. So far from the scene, he magnified the changes the document of freedom might produce on the border. Then, in a consolidation of companies and regiments, he was promoted to a colonelcy, and his additional duties and responsibilities had precluded his applying for leave of absence. Now the need for his going was removed; it mattered not if every servant he owned ran away. But again the heart-sickness for the cherished objects of his love flamed into intensest life. Oblivious to the cannon's roar and the rattle of musketry, he sat with the letter on his knee, as wrapped in solitude as though in a desert. Should he attempt to pass the enemy's lines? Should he even ask leave? That was the perplexity.

He did not ponder long. His life was his country's, he had told Edith. The words recurred to him and he sprang to his feet. Yes, and a thousand more if he had them to give! Go home now, even if he were permitted? None but a craven—a poltroon—would think of it. In another moment he was back at his post, toiling, starving, encouraging, inspiring, seemingly ever dauntless, ever heroic.

Before the end of the month he was summoned to a momentous council of war. The fatal siege was nearly over. It had been a forlorn hope from the first, and in the face of nothing to eat within the entrenchment and a countless host of the enemy without, that hope had perished. Matters had reached a crisis. A rumor was abroad among the soldiers that the last assault would be made in a day or two. The Federals were calling to Johnny Reb from their lines that they would dine on the Fourth of July in Vicksburg, and though Johnny answered the boast with a round of shot the words went home.

All this Colonel Seddon's superior officers were discussing in the council. Their whole tenor was toward capitulation. Not a ray of sunlight penetrated the Egyptian darkness—surrender was the only course.

The colonel sat silent until one of the others said, "Tell us what you think is best, colonel."

His words came slowly. "I do not, of course, question the wisdom and sagacity of what you propose, and if it were a matter touching ourselves alone I should say surrender to-night. But when I think of the awful consequences involved I cannot say it. Within a week after Vicksburg falls Port Hudson will have gone the same road. Then the Mississippi is opened from mouth to source and the Confederacy cut in two. As long as there is a shadow—not of success, which is impossible—but of trying anything which will save us from utter ruin, I would choose that."

"What in the name of God is left to us?"

"I do not know that anything is, but it is possible we might still get help from Johnston. My plan would be to confer with him before we decide on surrender. We can manage to exist a week longer. In a week the whole aspect may be changed."

"Communication with Johnston is almost impossible. If we could—"

"I will go."

"You! Alone?"

"Yes. I know the situation and could talk with him more intelligently than one of lower rank. One man has a better chance of running the blockade than more. If I fail it will still be better, for only one man will be lost."

His courage infused something of hope into the others.

"If Johnston should agree that it will be practicable to leave Jackson, what then?" he was asked.

"I do not like to suggest anything until I have seen him and have reported his opinion to our general here. I have a dozen schemes in my mind—perhaps all are wild. One is for him to engage the enemy and at the same time for us to try to cut our way out."

"It cannot be done," said the commander thoughtfully. "The disparity of numbers is too great. Besides our men are too weakened by short rations. They can neither march nor fight."

"Give them a full meal once more. Collect all the provisions possible and fill their stomachs. Then show them this last hope. Take my word for it, every man will fight as he never fought before, and I think they have proved on other fields what valor is. The world never saw volunteer troops like ours. Not even Napoleon's famous legions quite equaled them."

There was hearty agreement to this encomium, and again the colonel's confidence was contagious.

"But I do not say the plan is practicable," he continued. "I do not even mean to suggest it. But do permit me to go to Jackson. I can drop down the river on a raft or in a shallow skiff below the Federal fortifications, then make my way to the capital. The return will be more dangerous, but I shall use all prudence."

"We could ill afford to lose you, colonel," said the general sincerely, "but in memory of past services I cannot refuse. When will you go?"

"To-night, unless there is too much danger of detection. There was a fog last night, and one could easily have passed the gunboats. If there should not be a fog to-night I must go to-morrow night no matter what the risk is."

"Yes, the sooner the better. Every day lessens the chances for success."

Unfortunately the night proved clear, but the colonel stoutly maintained his purpose to postpone the attempt only one day longer. The second night, however, was all that could be desired. Early in the evening a dense fog enveloped river, town, and fortifications like a pall. The lights along the shore were blurred, and their beams strove ineffectually to pierce the vapor. A boat which exactly met the requirements, its edge dipping almost to the water, had been provided, and in it Colonel Seddon embarked as soon as the night had fairly set in. He hugged the shore when-

ever possible and more than once ran the gauntlet past the sharp-eyed sentinels by help of the shelving lee of their own boats.

He undertook the journey with a desperation that knew no fear, and accomplished it by dogged perseverance. On the second day he arrived at Jackson more dead than alive. He would probably never have reached it at all had he not fallen in with a boy whose heart was with the South and who guided him to his destination more proudly than a loyal page would serve his lord.

After all, his mission was a failure. General Johnston, for valid reasons which need not be detailed here, declared any movement on his part utterly infeasible, and the colonel, deeply disappointed as he was, was forced to acquiesce in the other's judgment. But he accepted the decision as one drinks wormwood. All his characteristic buoyancy melted away. In a moment, it seemed to him, the youthful spirit which had survived so many shocks left him and he became an old man.

He did not tarry at Jackson. He might have remained there, or, if he had chosen, have undertaken his long-desired visit home, but he scorned either course. He would go back to the trenches of Vicksburg and share the fate of those with whom he had marched and tented and bivouacked and starved and fought—how long?—two years! They seemed ten.

After some hours of necessary rest he set out upon his return, accompanied by two soldiers who were to escort him to the Yazoo. There he hoped to find a boat or raft by which he could make his way down the river to the Mississippi and thus reach the city. It was a road hedged in by untold peril. The Federal guards and fortifications covered the hillsides, and every rod of waterway within miles of the beleaguered fortress was under the same vigilance.

The stretch to the river was accomplished in safety. They directed their course far enough north to be outside the enemy's fortifications, and thus made the Yazoo with little risk. A boat could not be procured, but a makeshift was discovered in the shape of a

log, and with a pole for steering Colonel Seddon once more entrusted himself to the water.

As before, all went well during the night, but when the dawn began to lift itself above the hills on his left he was still several miles from Vicksburg. He dared not go on; to land might be worse. While he was debating what would be best the east was heralding the morning with tints deeper and still deeper; he must decide. Finally he chose the horn of the dilemma that appeared the less perilous—he landed in a spot that looked as though no human foot had ever strayed over its mossy slopes, thickly screened as it was by overhanging boughs. He landed, and ten minutes later was captive to a band of soldiers who were in watching, ready to cut off his passage if he continued his downward journey.

Thus ended the mission he had undertaken with such high hope. Two days later Vicksburg was in the possession of Union troops and he was on his way up the Mississippi to a northern prison.

He heard of the surrender without emotion. His distress in anticipation had been too realistic for him to feel additional pain over the actual fact. But a day later the news of Gettysburg sounded like a knell to his tortured soul, and completed the work begun by hardship and anxiety, helped out by the enervating southern summer. Within a week, tossed by fever and racked by hideous specters, he lay in the hospital of the prison.

The weeks dragged by. His prison was not unlike others of the Civil War—no better, no worse. One does not expect luxurious appointments or royal fare at such a place. He endured all privations like a Stoic. The only barb that rankled was his detention when his country had crying need of men. To get well and be exchanged was the hope on which he fed. "Get me well! get me well!" was his daily prayer to the surgeon.

This surgeon had the stamp of the Great Physician. He was humanity and gentleness impersonated, tinctured with humor and formed by skill. A sick man was his delight—he could make him well. He stood

six feet two in his stockings and had breadth and heart in proportion. He needed both. He loved the Union as his life and yet spent his days and his nights in healing the enemies of the Union that they might make fresh attempts to disrupt it. In his professional capacity he valued the life of the individual beyond that of the nation. Thanks to him, Colonel Seddon recovered, and recovered with undying gratitude.

"Tut, man!" the surgeon said, "you needn't thank me. I've worked as hard to save the rag-tag of your army." His eyes twinkled. "But I served the Union better in saving them than you." Then his tenderness burst through the husk. "Thank God, you are nearly well! But I ought to be sorry. They'll be exchanging you with the next batch and—I'll miss you." They grasped hands and their friendship was sealed.

But the "next batch" did not contain the colonel's name. Nor the next. September had limped away on crippled feet; October was going the same gait, and still there was no probability of exchange. His chance had passed with his convalescence. With each day his unrest increased. At the prison he was nearer home than he had been since he joined the army after his wife's death. If only he could get away! Naturally he planned escape, and even began to put several schemes into execution, to find they would not succeed. Nevertheless he continued to plot.

One morning the surgeon, his face betokening concern, hunted him out.

"You have news. What is it?" asked the colonel. He had learned to read the other's face.

"There is to be another exchange of convalescent prisoners—five hundred! The names are enrolled."

"When?"

"Day after to-morrow. A boat will take them a short distance down the river and turn them over to Confederate authorities."

"My name is not on the list, is it? I am not convalescent. Why do you tell me of it? Is there something more?"

"Yes. One of the men on the list is ill

—I might say dying. He has relapsed and cannot recover."

"Well?"

"You could take his place."

The colonel rose. His voice was husky, his lips drawn and bloodless, his nails cut into his palms.

"Are you sure the man will die?" he asked.

"Sure. I would not encourage hopes to blast them."

"Do you think I can escape undiscovered? The provost-marshal has seen me frequently in my long stay here."

"Of course there is always danger of detection, but in the crowd you will run little risk. Brace up, man! If you fail it will make little difference. If you succeed you gain your freedom."

"You misunderstand my caution; I must know the danger to avoid it. What is the sick man's name?"

"Albans—William Henry Albans, private of the Tenth Arkansas Cavalry."

"You will keep me informed of his condition? I would not for my life take his place if he were able to go."

"If he should live he couldn't be moved for weeks. But he cannot live. I must use the strongest stimulants to keep breath in him till to-morrow night. Should he die sooner his death would be known and another convalescent substituted."

"I wish I knew how to thank you. Sometime, perhaps——"

His voice could not get beyond his throat.

"Hush! hush! No thanks. I may be doing wrong. God forgive me if I am!"

The day was Tuesday. From then till Thursday was a changing phantasmagoria. Hope alternated with despair. One moment the colonel set his chance of escape at zero; the next, the opportunity seemed providential and his faith rose accordingly.

True to his promise, the surgeon came as frequently as his duties permitted to report his patient's condition. He did not find it necessary to administer the stimulant till Wednesday noon. The man was then sinking rapidly, but shortly after, though he remained unconscious, his pulse grew stronger.

At six o'clock little change. At eleven that night his respiration somewhat more labored, his pulse weakening. He might die at the turn of the night, but would probably last till morning.

The colonel tried to sleep, but could not. All night he was listening for the surgeon's footfall with the dread announcement. At six o'clock it came. The soldier was dead.

At nine that morning the prisoners for exchange were filing past the provost-marshal. There was little form. The officer sat at a table with the list of fortunate ones before him; as they passed and called their names he checked them off. All waited outside till the whole five hundred could be thus checked. Then, marching two abreast, they were to board the boat, which already had her gangplank thrown to shore.

Colonel Seddon was about midway the line. He had shaved his face clean, and, by the surgeon's direction, had rubbed ashes on it to give it the leaden-hued look of one recovering from a long illness. Furthermore he had so thrown his blanket around his head that its folds almost covered his forehead and the side of his face. Thus disguised his own dog would not have recognized him, yet he could not have been mortal and free from apprehension. Beads of perspiration stood on his forehead and rigors of dread coursed his spine.

The sixth man in front of him was through. The fifth. The fourth was asked a question or two in addition—he passed on. Third—second—last! A deep breath and he nerved himself.

"Your name?"

"William Henry Albans, Tenth Arkansas Cavalry."

The officer regarded him attentively, his expression puzzled. The colonel changed color—not so the ashes.

"I could swear I know your eyes."

"I have not been in the hospital nearly all the time since I came here. You have seen me frequently, I suppose."

"That accounts for it, probably."

Another piercing glance. "Next!"

The colonel was out under the broad sky. He filled his lungs with gulps of pure

air. He could have shouted. He was free! he was free! The joy of living surged through his veins. He was in love with life; it had never been so sweet to him before. Now he could go home. And then for the South again!

His riotous ecstasy had not subsided when the last man of the file had passed, the door of the prison-yard was thrown open, and the men by twos were entering heaven. Two companies of militia were on hand in case they should be needed, and sergeants stood on either side the plank to count the prisoners as they passed. One hundred—two—three—four—five—and two men were still outside!

The wildest confusion prevailed. The two in danger of returning to purgatory were remonstrating like maniacs. Colonel Seddon's heart ceased beating. He felt like a schoolboy who fears discovery of a grave misdemeanor, only a thousand times worse. It was not a time for calm reflection; he accused himself of being in some way responsible for the error. Yet no one would have suspected from looking at him the seething caldron within. His splendid dignity of carriage and firm lips lent an air of majesty even to his ghastly appearance. He looked the most composed man there and was the nearest desperation. He had resolved upon heroic renunciation when an officer announced:

"The order for exchange was five hundred. Five hundred and two are here ready to embark. No mistake has been made. Two men climbed over the wall—they could get out no other way. If they will step forward and give their names they will be permitted to go with the rest."

It was unheard-of clemency. The men feared a trick and would not commit themselves.

"Speak at once or every one of you will have to be rechecked. You cannot escape the second time, but if you are brave as shrewd, and will admit what we assert, we pledge you equal exchange with the five hundred."

Then the two acknowledged, their names were added to the roll, the other two passed

in, the plank was withdrawn, the engines groaned, the wheel moved, the water foamed into spray, a triumphant shout burst from five hundred and two throats, and the boat glided away down the Mississippi.

They had proceeded but a short distance when a darky came threading his way among the groups on deck till he reached Colonel Seddon. Sobbing wildly he threw himself at the colonel's feet and clasped him round the ankles with a torrent of incoherent exclamations that seemed of appeal and delight intermingled. It was Pete.

"Why, Pete, what on earth are you doing here?" was the astonished master's greeting.

Before leaving Vicksburg on his hazardous enterprise he had enjoined Pete, in event he did not return and the city surrendered, to hurry home. In the one letter received from Edith during his imprisonment she had not mentioned the darky, but in the weightier matters which engrossed his thoughts the colonel gave this slight attention. And now here he was; his apparition could hardly have been more startling.

The colonel received no answer but sobs, so repeated his question, adding: "It does me good to see you. Stand up and tell me all that has happened since we parted."

Thus encouraged he rose. He was sadly altered. His huge muscles were wasted to half their size; his clothes hung on him with grotesque suggestiveness; a cough tore his lungs and choked him till he struggled for breath.

"My poor boy!" the colonel exclaimed in consternation. "This is frightful. How long have you been ill? What gave you this cough?"

"I 'low I ketched cold sleepin' on de groun'. I ain' nebber ben home."

"Never been home!"

"Oh, mahsteh, fur Gord's sake don' lay it up ergin me. I c'uldn' go w'en I don' know whe'r yo's dead er 'live. Pete wa'n' gwine leab he mahsteh t' stahve an' go home whah de pot's allus full."

His devotion would have melted a stone. His master could hardly speak. "How did you live all the time?"



"White folks gimme lots. An' I wucked—see heah!"

He fumbled in the bosom of his shirt, and untying the leather string which bound it to his garments brought forth a small, much-soiled bag, thrusting it into Colonel Seddon's hand.

"I ahned it all—I ahned it fur yo'. I neber spent nary cent ahteh I fin' out fur sho yo' wus in de pris'n."

"How did you get an idea I was here?"

"I axed ever'body I seed. Ahteh de s'render I stay at Vicksbu'g nigh two weeks, an' I p'intedly went roun' t' de auff'cers an' tol' 'em 'bout yo' an' axed 'em ef dey seed yo'. Dey 'low I wus plumb crazy t' spec t' fin' yo', but I don' keer fur no Yank's talk. I kep' on, an' fin'ly dey he'p me deysebs. Den w'en I wus 'bout t' gib up er man whut I hed pestered lots call me an' say, 'Boy, I's foun' whah yo' masteh be.' 'Fo' Gord, dat wus de hap'es' minute o' Pete's life. Den I come heah, an' wuck roun' de boats, he'pin' wid de wood an' de cho's. Eber time soljirs gits on de boat Pete do too, t' see ef yo' wus on. I 'mos' 'low dey ain' neber gwine let yo' free, an' I pray hahd. Las' night I kep' coughin' an' c'uldn' sleep an' pray mo'n eber. I tell de Lahd I ain' neber pestered 'im much wid axin' fur t'ings—sholy he ain' gwine t' 'fuse me dis favah."

The cough and failure to sleep were of more concern to the colonel than the prayer. "Do you suffer much? does the cough hurt you?" he asked.

"No, suh, not t' say zactly huht, but I's got er awful gone feelin' heah"—in his chest—"an' lately I's tahd all de time. I 'low pappy 'u'd say 'twus laz'ness."

"Your father will be too glad to see you to call names. Please God we'll reach home soon now, and you can have the shelter and food you need. You must take back the money you have earned, Pete. I couldn't—" He cut his sentence short. The boy's disappointment was pitiful. "We are apt to need it before we get home and I might lose it. You keep it right where you had it before and I will call on you as I want it."

Pete's face brightened, but he took back the bag as though it scorched him, till the colonel still further emphasized his appreciation by pretending to recollect that he was short of funds and asked for a dollar. After that the sympathy between them was complete. The servant's face shone with supreme content; all the day his eyes followed the master with a language louder than speech.

A furlough was secured, though the officer granting it declared the colonel could never get home—it was madness to try. For miles of the way every township was patrolled by militia and regulars. But he found a party of six others who would traverse nearly the same route, and, throwing discretion to the winds, they started North.

On the morning of their departure Pete came hurrying to his master in high spirits. On his arm he carried a Federal officer's coat, stripped of trimmings and nearly new. It was unusually dark in color and in its denuded condition hardly recognizable.

"Mahsteh, I wus 'shamed fur yo' t' go home wid dat ohnery ole coat yo's wahin', so I bought dis 'n' fur yo'."

The colonel smiled. "I am greatly obliged to you, Pete, but I can't wear it—it is a Federal uniform."

Pete was crestfallen. "Does yo' min' me keepin' it?" he asked presently.

"No, certainly not. Strap it between your saddle and horse-blanket."

Though it was early in November the first night out was warm, and the colonel's party conveniently dispensed with the fire they were afraid to have. But by the next night the mercury had fallen to bitter cold. Still they attempted to forego the cheer of a fire and lay shivering in their blankets. The colonel felt the frost most keenly because of his long confinement, and when, toward midnight, it began to snow, he found it insupportable. In this extremity Pete bethought him of the Federal coat, and his master, after slight hesitation, put it on over his own. With this protection he fell asleep, but the others, awaking half frozen, forgot their caution and built a huge fire.

As though in answer to their signal, early next morning they were surrounded by half a company of Union soldiers. Urged on by Colonel Seddon they fought like tigers to resist capture. But despite their valiant efforts, with two men down, two more slightly wounded, and Colonel Seddon himself shot through the left hand, they were forced to submit. The straits of all were desperate enough—the colonel's critical as a soldier could experience. It is remarkable that he was not shot on the spot. The next day he was relodged in prison on the charge of being a Confederate spy.

Before he parted from Pete he scribbled a note to Edith, briefly describing the circumstances of his freedom and recapture, and not attempting to conceal the jeopardy of his situation. He might not be alive when she received it, but he commanded Pete to hasten home and intrust the note to no one's hand but Edith's own.

Pete's speed was greater than the colonel's could possibly have been. On the third day Job ran excitedly to his mistress.

"Oh, Miss Edie, whut does yo' t'ink? Pete's come back. Uncle Isaac's out heah an' wan' t' see yo'."

Edith hurried out. "What news?" she cried. "Did Pete come from his master?"

The old man shook his head mournfully. "Yes, Miss Edie, de Provigul hab come home. He come frum mahsteh, but I cyan' mek not'n' out o' 'im. He come crawlin' in las' night 'mos' played out. Pete's awful sick."

"Sick!"

"Yas, Miss Edie, Pete's er-dyin'. I neber seed dat look on nobody's face whut deaf hedn' struck. He look 'mos' lack er shadew. 'Good Gord A'mighty!' says I w'en he come in."

"I shall go immediately to see him."

"Thanky, mahm—dat's whut he sen' me fur. 'Mahsteh sen' er note t' yo' an' Pete wouldn' eben lemme tote it ober. He try awful hard t' bring it hese'f, but 'twan' no use—he cyan' walk nary step dis mahnin'."

Edith found Pete in a room at the quarters, now deserted except for Uncle Isaac. He lay weak and still, his face of that

peculiar ashy color a negro's skin assumes in extreme illness. Nevertheless he greeted her with a smile, and the ready tears filled her eyes at its pathos. Eager as she was to hear of Colonel Seddon she would have spent a few moments questioning him concerning himself if he had not forbidden it by thrusting the note into her hand.

At the first reading she wept aloud. At the second her pulse beat fast and slow by turns. At the third she rose from her chair.

"I can't delay a moment, Pete," she said. "Your master's life is in danger and must be saved."

"I wus de cause ob it all," he groaned. "Mahsteh w'uldn' er put on dat coat ef it hedn' ben fur me."

"You must not grieve," she answered gently. "He gives me an idea in this note of how faithful you have been. You shall tell me all about it to-morrow. I am going to send Job with a bed on the wagon to take you to our quarters, where you can have the attention you require."

He attempted to thank her, but, failing, covered his head with the bedclothes to smother his crying.

She went straight to Richard Allyn, feeling instinctively that he would be more fertile in resources and more powerful in influence than friends of her own side. She briefly ran over the details, then gave him the note. After reading it he sat for ten minutes in abstracted meditation.

"I shall telegraph influential friends of mine to have proceedings stayed. Then I must write to Max. Appeal will have to be made to the secretary of war, I think, and Max is the one to make it."

She crimsoned. "Where is he?" she timidly asked.

In all his years of absence, for the first time she revealed an interest concerning him.

"With the Army of the Potomac."

That was all, but it furnished food for a conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Allyn that night and carried a ray of hope to Max's heart when reported to him.

In half an hour telegrams were speeding

across the state. Before night the lawyer sent Edith an answer received from the commandant of the prison where the colonel was confined. He was still unsentenced, but could hardly escape execution.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE LAST OF MRS. WIRE.

THE commandant at Jefferson was not sleeping on a bed of roses any more than the luckless objects of his hatred. Every sweet has its bitter, storm follows sunshine, wealth is bought with toil, honor is attended with difficulties. Captain Wire's handicap was due to the turbulence of his men. At first they had submitted to his dictation with soldierly obedience; but while the captain was busy with proscriptions, bone tax assessments, and similar matters, a spirit of lawlessness was flaunting itself at the fort. Sentries were careless and men nightly slipped into town to drink and carouse. Many midnights were made hideous by their bestial quarrels or more bestial good humor.

At last affairs grew desperate, and the commandant ordered the sentries to greater vigilance. Each morning the guard-house was full, though numbers were winked at and entered as they had gone out. The captain was not one to endure tamely such manifest violation of his discipline. He now issued a peremptory order for the guards to shoot dead any man who attempted to pass after nightfall, and to insure execution posted special guards whom he could trust.

For three nights quiet reigned in town and at the fort. Then the most restless spirits, scorning the tedium, prepared to disobey, and coaxed to join them an inoffensive fellow who had fallen under Wire's displeasure and had been refused permission to visit his sick wife. He lacked the wariness in eluding the sentries experience had taught the others, and was riddled with bullets.

His death raised a storm at the post and among the northern sympathizers of Jefferson. The wife proclaimed her husband's

persecution from the housetop and found eager listeners. Men discussed the affair on the street with dark and ominous innuendos, while women congregated at their neighbors' houses to shiver with delicious horror at recital of the villainous deeds of the ogre at the fort.

For once Richard Allyn approved the captain's course. But he was too firmly convinced of his scoundrelism to interpose when an appeal was made to Federal authorities for Wire's displacement. Though in this instance guiltless, Allyn felt that a rogue and murderer would be but started toward his dues if Wire were stripped of his honors.

The effort proved futile. The officers sent to investigate the affair not only exonerated the commandant but complimented him for his determination to enforce law. Still complaint had been made. Acquittal would be more easily forgotten than the charge. The wedge had entered and the next accusation would drive it home.

Evidently the commandant did not hold this opinion. He laid about him with a heavy hand. Assisted by his wife, he discovered in one way and another the agitators for his removal and made each of them bleed for it. It was now Mrs. Wire's time to load the atmosphere with threats and innuendos and she was equal to the task. The only pleasing feature was that it afforded those who had hitherto been victims of her husband's animosity a breathing space. To them the fatal incident was like spring after winter or an oasis after the desert sands.

Thus passed the winter of '63-64 at Jefferson.

Late one evening of the following spring Richard Allyn was walking hurriedly along the street which skirted the hill whose top was crowned with the commandant's showy residence. Two cross streets that ascended the hill on either side intersected this at right angles. At one of the corners he met Lige, no longer a slave on the Dupey estate but a resident of Jefferson these six months and more.

"Good evening, Lige," was his saluta-

tion. "Where have you been? You look as though you had been seeing spooks."

Even in the waning light the negro's face was ghastly.

"Good ebe'in', Mahs Allyn. I's pow'ful glad t' see yo'. I ain' ben seein' spooks zackly, but I's kinder 'fr'ed Mahs Cap'n 'll be mekin' spooks outn me."

"Why so?"

"I's ben seein' whut I ain' got no business t'. Yo' knows I's ben plahstehin' out dah."

"No, I didn't know it. Why does the captain's new house need plastering?"

"'Twan' neber finish, he got so much room. So he sen' fur me t' plahsteh. I wus mos' feahed t' go, an' mo' feahed not t' go, so I's ben dah nigh er week. But ebert'ing wen' all right. Cap'n he ain' dah much, an' he wife—she ain' not'n but po' white trash ef she am got er fine house. But dey hab good eatin'—it seem mos' lack ole times."

"You have nearly forgotten your fright, haven't you?"

"No, sah, I ain' gwine furgit dat by Chris'mus. I's jes' splanifyin' why I was dah. I wucked late t'night t' git t'rough. Jes' 'fo' I leab I need some papeh, so I look roun' fuh some. I opens er do' t' ernuth'r room, an' it ain' got not'n in 't 'cep' bahls o' papeh—leastways dey look dat way. I gadder up big ahmfal an'—Gord A'mighty! what yo' s'pose dat bahl was filled wid?"

Allyn suspected, but would not forestall the announcement.

"I'm sure I cannot guess," he said.

"Money! I hope I may die ef dar wan' er whole bahl o' money, an' mebbe lots mo' bahls."

"Why didn't you look to see?"

"Good Lahd! Mahs Allyn, yo's jokin' sutny. Me stay in dat room! De flo' fa'r buhned meh feet. I jes' finish up de wuck in er jiffy an' skedaddled. Eber step comin' down de hill I 'lows t' meet de cap'n. I'd rudder meet de deb'l, 'c'ase ef he look me squah in de face wid dem fi'ry eyes he'll know right 'way whar I's ben."

"Listen, Lige, to what I say," Allyn said

seriously. "If you breathe to another person what you have told me it may cost you your life."

The negro's eyes, which had resumed their normal appearance, again nearly burst from their sockets.

"I do not say this to frighten you but to make you careful. Captain Wire is not a man to hesitate at the trifle of killing a ducky to shield himself. Go straight home, tie up your mouth if necessary, and you will suffer no harm."

"Mahs Allyn, fur de good Gord's sake, don' yo' tell 'im!"

"I will not—you can trust me."

But he did not delay a day in communicating with state Federal headquarters, though in no way implicating Lige. In consequence a few mornings later he and an officer were closeted in his office arranging their plan of procedure. Wire should be given a chance of righting himself with the government—on that Allyn insisted. Therefore the officer should go to the fort, examine the commandant's books, and pointedly demand any money in his keeping that belonged to the government. If the captain were not disposed to disgorge, they would go to his house and either authenticate or disprove Lige's story. But of its truth Allyn had no doubt, notwithstanding the unveracious reputation of the race.

As was expected, the commandant declared he had no money either of his own or the United States. Many avenues of disbursement kept him drained. He was in debt besides. His salary was insufficient to maintain the style befitting his position. So sincere he seemed that an officer of less experience would have been deceived.

The only recourse was to search the house, though this was the least relishable task the lawyer ever undertook. If he had not deemed it a cowardly part he would have refused positively to go.

When Mrs. Wire heard the sound of many feet on the porch she was aghast.

"Oh, Kansas!" she exclaimed, "ef Siley's bring'n comp'ny he'll be madder 'n blazes at the dinner. He hates boiled dinners—he wants everything fried."

Circumstances had altered her little since we first made her acquaintance. She was still stringy, freckled, washed-out, and voluble. If possible these peculiarities were but aggravated since her improved fortune. She answered the rap in person. Allyn thought of his own wife and wished more than ever that he had not come.

"Good morning, madam," said the officer. "I am sorry to annoy you, but the captain's house is of special interest to us just now and we should like to look through."

"What fur? Air you intend'n' to search it?"

"I am sorry to say that is our purpose."

"I'd like to know why our house has got to be searched an' Siley cap'n o' the post too! You'll not go inter a single room till I send fur him."

"Yes, we will, and you will not send for your husband."

"Who are you to stop me? You must think you've changed places with Gen'ral Grant."

"I am here by order of state authorities to take charge of the money the commandant is stealing from the government." His anger was rising. "Lead on, Allyn."

"Humph! this impudence beats my day. 'Tain't true! There ain't a cent here but what b'longs t' Siley, an' pow'ful little o' that. You're at the bottom o' this," to Allyn. "I never had no use fur you, nur that stuck-up wife o' yores nuther. Oh, Kansas! I wish Siley wus here! Sech impudence in my born days I never see!"

She was following up the stairs, railing as she went. But her blistering tongue rather nerved the men to discovery.

They were now at the door of the room which, according to Lige, contained the treasure. It was locked.

"May I ask for the key?" The polite tone added fuel to the flame.

"You kin ask till your tongue drops out an' you won't git it."

"Then we must break the door open."

"Dear Lord! ef Siley wouldn't scatter you! You may call yoreselves Union, but you ain't! You're worse 'n Rebs!"

*(To be concluded.)*

The room was empty except for the barrels, just as Lige had described it. The paper was hurriedly removed from the top of the nearest barrel, and paper was beneath—nothing more.

"Aha! what do you think now?" Mrs. Wire screamed.

"I think we will examine the others," was the confident reply, though the confidence was assumed.

The next barrel proved as unproductive as the first. The paper was emptied on the floor and carefully examined, but not so much as a single piece of money could they discover. The affair looked gloomy enough.

But if Mrs. Wire hoped the search would be discontinued she was disappointed. Four barrels remained. The third had a thin layer of paper on top and beneath money to the bottom. The searchers almost lost breath at sight of a barrellful of gold and silver and bank notes, even though they were looking to find it. The fourth and sixth were paper again, the fifth full of money. Two whole barrels of money had the commandant stored away against the famine which would succeed this time of plenty. At least one of the party could not repress a feeling of pity for the man who had blackened his soul in the effort to obtain this gold and must now lose it.

At the first discovery Mrs. Wire broke down and cried as loud as before she had raved. Richard Allyn always believed she was as ignorant of the barrels' contents as she claimed, and when one considers that the captain knew better than any one else his wife's inability to keep a secret, that view seems the probable one. At least the kindly-disposed will wish it true.

Her husband's humiliation was immediate, though given as little publicity as the offense permitted. Stripped of honors and accumulations, he was sent forth into the world as destitute as when the war began. He and his family went away, followed not by regret, but by the hope—false, after events showed—that they would remain away forever.



## ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ELECTIONEERING.

BY SYDNEY BROOKS.

A THOROUGH comparison between English and American campaign methods would have to cut deeply into the characteristics of the two countries and might be a contribution of some value to the perennial Anglo-American discussion. But in this article I propose to dwell on only some of the obvious and superficial differences, as they strike an Englishman who has had some experience of political work at home and can claim that in the presidential campaign of last year and the recent contest for the mayoralty of Greater New York he has weathered two typical American elections.

Of these differences the first and most glaring is that the actual voting for the presidential candidates takes place on the same day throughout the Union. That is one of those simple, symmetrical arrangements one expects from America. At an English parliamentary election it is usually three weeks or more before all the returns come in. London and the cities may cast their votes on one day, the boroughs a week afterward, and the counties still later on.

This system, like all the anomalies in the British Constitution, has one or two advantages we should be sorry to part with. It secures to property owners, under the custom of plural voting, an influence which is proportional to their stake in the country's welfare; and it gives a chance to a candidate who has been defeated in one constituency to stand for another. Thus an energetic Londoner may vote for his residence in the West End, may hurry off and vote again for his office in the city, may take a train and vote a third time for his country house in one of the shires, and a fourth time for his shooting-box in Scotland. And as in England a man need not necessarily represent only the town, borough, or county in which he was born and lives, but can be elected by any constituency that will have him, an eminent

politician who has been turned down in one place can usually find a safe seat in another. At the last election, for instance, Sir William Harcourt was defeated at Derby, a constituency he had represented for over thirty years. Under the American system he would have been obliged to wait until the next regular election. Under the English he was immediately nominated for the county of West Monmouthshire—a Liberal candidate withdrawing in his favor—and was duly elected five or six days after his rebuff in the Midlands. Had no such arrangement been possible, had there been no back door by which Sir William could enter Parliament, his services would have been lost to the country for a considerable time, the Liberal opposition would have faced the government without a leader, and, as it happened, an important measure which was mainly defeated by his inspiring generalship would probably have become law.

On the other hand, the system of protracted polls spreads the excitement over a period of three weeks instead of concentrating it on one day, and, so far of course, disturbs the business of the country—though never to the extent of such general paralysis of commerce as afflicted America during the last presidential campaign. That paralysis, I am aware, was chiefly due to the nature of the questions that had to be decided, questions from which we in England have been happily free for the last fifty years; but even in those halcyon days, the coming of which is really believed in by some amiable Americans, when the tariff has ceased from troubling and the currency is at rest, and Democrats and Republicans are at their wits' end to find something to fight about, it is still probable that the quadrennial choice of a president will do more to unsettle trade in America than any general election in England. For, if it

takes you only ten or twelve hours to vote, it takes you apparently four months of steady electioneering to prepare for that performance; whereas while we spend three weeks in voting, we do only a little more than a fortnight's talking about it.

But if an English election does not greatly affect trade, it convulses and disintegrates society. And that to an American must be an amazing phenomenon. Presidents may come and go but Newport remains unruffled. The very republic itself may seem to be imperiled, but New York sleeps and dines and keeps its engagements as usual. The park is just as crowded, the theaters as full, society as busy, trips to Europe as common; and politics are quietly relegated to the politicians. It is an old and apparently a true charge against America that her "best people," her natural leaders, do not interest themselves actively in the affairs of their country. One reason for this, and the only one I care to discuss now, is that the planting of the national capital in a small, out-of-the-way town, remote from the commercial and intellectual centers, deprives public life of those social inducements that operate so strongly in France and England and make it virtually impossible for a man to look after his private affairs and his duties as congressman or senator at the same time.

Now, with us, politics and society are inextricably mingled. To the upper classes a seat in the House of Commons is an easy and pleasant support to their public position; and the successful tradesman and his wife find in it an introduction to fashionable life. The London season begins when Parliament commences its sittings and ends when Parliament rises. In 1895 a general election took place just when the season was at its height. A week after the writs were issued London was a desert, the Row empty, the clubs sepulchral vaults, and town houses put into the hands of the caretaker with seven caretakers worse than herself. Her ladyship, you were told, was away in the country "a'-elping of Sir John in his 'lection." So were her ladyship's daughters and "the young gen'lemen" and any friends she could lay hands on. And the next mail,

of course, brought a letter from her ladyship: "Won't you come down and help the Cause?" and so down you went, to find your hostess and her womankind, whom you had last seen in a London drawing-room, now arguing with rustic laborers and flattering their wives and kissing their children and wheedling votes for Sir John with a skill that was almost diabolical.

All over the United Kingdom, in town and country, the same insinuating arts were being practiced, and for a whole delirious fortnight or more the British workingman had the aristocracy of the country at his feet, a humble suppliant for his favors. A country house during election time is not a place to be lightly entered by the *flâneur* of Piccadilly. The innocent visitor who bites his cake and tries to talk about the theaters or the latest book is gorgonized from head to foot with "a stony British stare." To hear your hostess' daughter fulminate against disestablishment and "that Gladstone" you would imagine that she had never heard of Henley or Goodwood or condescended to anything so trivial as a theater or a tennis racket. And a similar sacrifice is demanded of you, on pain of immediate expulsion. Guns and fishing-rods are put away, a morning canter voted flat heresy, the billiard-room locked till the last canvasser has returned, and life resolves itself into a long political debate.

This active electioneering by society women is quite unknown, I believe, in America. Even in England it is altogether a creation of our own time. For the past two hundred years English women have been trained in intrigue and diplomacy, and the history of the reigns of William of Orange, of Anne, of the four Georges, and of the last William is full of delicious stories of petticoat campaigns conducted with a dashing unscrupulousness far removed from the squalid tactics of modern electioneering. In those days women sought to influence not the voters—for they hardly counted—but the statesmen themselves. In their *salons* the fortune of many a ministry was decided and the party's attitude toward many a fateful measure mapped out.

There was the rebellious Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, there were Georgiana Spencer and the fascinating Mrs. Crewe, there were Fox's "canvassing duchesses." Later still, and within the memory of men now living, there was Lady Holland, the friend and counselor of the Whigs, the brilliant hostess who gathered round her all that was eminent in politics and literature in the early years of the century. At Gore House her rival, Lady Blessington, the loveliest woman of her day, held a rather more Bohemian and artistic court, with Disraeli and Bulwer Lytton among her protégés. Lady Blessington was the last, or all but the last, of her line. The political *salon* lingered on as a gracious influence in society a few years longer; but it died with the transference of power to the middle and then to the working classes.

The wives of prominent statesmen nowadays are content to feed men instead of leading them. Their talent for statecraft expends itself in canvassing among voters, not in influencing members of Parliament; in sitting on the platform from which their husbands are mystifying their constituents, instead of being a power among the men who make English history. The modern woman exercises a sort of collective influence by joining the Primrose League or the Woman's Liberal Federation, or making speeches about woman's suffrage; but the personal distinction, the independence, the fascination, the thousand social arts that belonged to Madame Récamier and "La Reine Zarah" are now lost to English politics. No woman seems to have the strength or ability to get into direct communication with statesmen and found a *salon* of her own. She has left the House of Commons and given herself up to the polling booth.

It must be borne in mind that in England we have no primaries, no enrolments, no nominating conventions. Practically we have no party organization. Fifty or sixty years ago it was realized in America that discipline and cohesion meant power. It will be a momentous, if not a fortunate, day for England when the same discovery is made there. The two great English

parties have of course offices in London with branch associations throughout the country; but these associations exist chiefly for the sake of canvassing, diffusing literature, holding meetings, looking after the defective registration system. They do not control the party or formulate programs, or even, in every case, choose the candidate. Consequently they have not one hundredth of the power that belongs to your Republican and Democratic organizations.

The Americans have taken hold of the party machine just as they have taken hold of railroad traveling and telephones and football and whist and the other necessities of life, and developed it, extended it, fashioned it with such care and ingenuity into a practically perfect piece of mechanism that an Englishman, observing its complexity and firmness, begins to wonder what sort of an infantile country he hails from. Our electioneering methods, though they suit us very well, appear simply childish by its side. Let us suppose that the Birmingham Liberal Association, for instance, is anxious to secure a candidate to contest one of the parliamentary divisions of the city. The members of the committee, most of them solid business men who are in politics "for their health," and who neither ask for nor desire any reward, meet to discuss the situation. If it happens that any local Liberal of prominence and good standing is available, an invitation is sent to him to stand for the constituency. If not, a conference is held with the central association in London, on whose books are the names of most of the aspiring Liberals in the country. The candidate arrives in Birmingham and issues his address to the electors. Here, again, one notices a contrast with the cast-iron rigidity of the American system. A candidate for Congress or a state governorship is supposed to have no private opinions whatever. He is put forward as the party's representative and has to swallow the party's program, whether he likes it or not. An English candidate is not called upon to sacrifice so much to his country's welfare. He is allowed a certain latitude of independence.

Our Birmingham candidate, for instance, knows, of course, what are the main tenets of the Liberal faith; but he need not necessarily subscribe to all its articles. With the gregarious instinct of politicians, the odds are that he will not differ from them on any material point. But he may, and still be the party candidate. He makes his own little platform and runs on it to suit himself. He publishes it in the newspapers and expounds it at a mass-meeting. Then he hires a few rooms in the center of his constituency and converts them into campaign headquarters. The actual work of electioneering has begun.

But who is to do it? Not the candidate, for his whole time is spent in conferences and speechmaking. Not a vast army of ward heelers and district captains such as you have in America, for statesmen of that type have not yet arisen in England. Obviously it must be done by amateurs, by men and women who go into the work for the fun of it, or, and I think more generally, from an honest devotion to the cause. And so, within twenty-four hours after the campaign is opened, you will find the central committee-room crowded with eager volunteers. The friends of the candidate, the wives and daughters of the leading Liberals in the district, university undergraduates home on vacation, business men with an odd afternoon to spare, troop down to offer their services.

Day after day you will see ladies of refinement and social position sitting from ten to four in the midst of the bustling disorder, addressing wrappers, mailing circulars, doing the clerical work of the campaign. Sometimes they sally forth with canvassing cards to beard the intelligent electorate in its den. Each registered voter whose name appears upon their card is called upon, is cross-examined, is argued with, is often persuaded; this, too, in districts whose inhabitants do not always conduct arguments by word of mouth alone. To a Conservative this fair canvasser will dilate on the virtues of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery and leave him with a batch of Radical leaflets, promising to call again.

A confirmed Liberal she will greet with holy joy, ask after his wife and children, and decorate his parlor window with a portrait of their beloved candidate. The wretched being who has not made up his mind how to vote can have no peace till he has given her a decisive answer. She will visit him, plead with him, harangue him, appeal to him, till the poor fellow has to yield to get rid of her and back to his work. In the evenings she will sit on the platform by her candidate's side, perhaps make a little speech, and on election day she will send her horses and carriages to drive honest Bill from his factory or workshop to the polling booth and back. I have yet to meet political workers who equal English women in enthusiasm, persistence, and individual effectiveness.

It may be owing to these humanizing influences that English politics are handled, as Americans say, "with kid gloves." And though party spirit and class antagonisms are more bitter there than here, it is true that an English public man has less to fear from the recklessness and unscrupulousness of his opponents. But go to political meetings in England and you will witness scenes of turbulence and disorder such as would be impossible in America. A speaker here is clothed with more than regal authority. No one thinks of interrupting or arguing with him or disputing any of his statements. Long-winded and uninspiring or pointed and effective, it is all the same. The audience sits and listens, applauds whenever it sees a chance, at no time shows a trace of impatience or boredom. The man who dares to interrupt is pounced upon by policemen and hustled out of the hall, as an offense to order and good manners.

One or two obvious reasons may serve to explain this uncomplaining deference. For one thing, a Democrat attends only those meetings where he can be sure of hearing the Republicans soundly abused. He does not require any arguments to confirm him in his political convictions. What he is on the lookout for is a speaker that takes those convictions for granted and can lash them into enthusiasms. Therefore he gives Re-

publican gatherings the go-by and keeps solely to the meetings of his own party. For another thing, Americans are brought up to believe in the divine right of the majority to have things all their own way, a sound political maxim when it stops short of producing a spirit of fatalism and a sense of hopelessness as well as helplessness in the minority. And, thirdly, America is the land of the commonplace. By this I mean that if you compare fifty average American mechanics with fifty average English mechanics you will find them better educated, more intelligent, more alert and quicker-witted, but at the same time more uniform and less individual. They seem to have been built on the same model, to have been educated up to the same level, and there to have stopped. To question one is to learn the views, the mental outlook, the instinctive ways of looking at things of them all. They resemble one another as one western village resembles its fellow. Now the British workingman may not be a particularly clever gentleman, but he fairly bristles with peculiarities. Education has not wiped away his characteristics or his prejudices. He still has opinions of his own and can still find something original to say for himself. Nor does he forget to say it. It gives him especial pleasure to state his views at a meeting of his political opponents. He will organize an opposition meeting in the middle of the hall and proceed to address it himself. Or he may confine his attention to the speech of the evening and cast humorous doubts upon its author's political information.

I have known a meeting thrown into utter confusion because a speaker happened to mention the year 1784 and a workingman insisted on knowing, before they went any further, who was king of England at that time. The speaker, a trifle uncertain himself as to whether it was George III. or George IV., refused to answer, and the workingman's thirst for knowledge had to remain unquenched—unless the policeman who cast him forth was able to satisfy it.

In England these interruptions are taken as matters of course. A speaker

expects to find a fair sprinkling of opponents among his audience, and the consciousness of their presence makes him more careful in what he says, more precise and argumentative than if he were addressing a purely partisan gathering. Indeed it is probable that the exuberance and extravagant rhetoric of the ordinary American speaker, as well as his theatrical declamation, are chiefly to be ascribed to the persistent friendliness of his audiences. It is not good for oratorical style that orators should go unchallenged. There was a speaker at a Democratic convention last year who lifted up both hands to the portrait of his candidate and apostrophized him thus: "Oh, William Jennings Bryan!" An English audience would simply have laughed; but at Buffalo it was considered very effective. The man who faces a meeting at home can always be certain of the measure of his success or failure. No English audience will stand a speaker who bores them. If he fails to prove attractive he is informed of the fact with a singular absence of bashfulness. It is not a good advertisement for our national manners, but it keeps a meeting lively and puts an effective check on pompous dullards. Some kind of sport we must have, even in our politics. In the good old days dead cats and rotten eggs used to come flying like bewildering meteors round a candidate's head. Now he is "heckled" and pelted with questions instead. Any man in the audience is allowed to catechize him on every article of his political faith, to inquire into his votes in the House of Commons, and to ask him how he stands with regard to particular measures. And by the custom of the country the candidate is bound to answer all reasonable questions fully and definitely.

Outside of meetings and canvassing, there is not much electioneering work to be done. The managers of a campaign in England are not pestered with interviewers as they are here. The press, indeed, confines itself mainly to reporting speeches and writing editorials. I cannot for the life of me see what good is done or what votes are



gained by the incessant babble of the wire-pullers in an American election. They all say precisely the same thing. They all accuse their opponents of bribery and corruption and prophesy "landslides" for their own party. The influence of a monster parade is easy to understand; but the chatter, chatter, chatter of the chairman of one organization and the rejoinders of the chairman of another organization, and the replies, counterblasts, retorts, recriminations, challenges, and forecasts of the lieutenants on both sides seem to an outsider to be merely a generous waste of

breath. So, too, with the straw votes and election bets. Do they impose on any one in this shrewd and cynical land? Are voters really won over and issues decided by these petty tricks, any more than by the tin horns so zealously and gravely tooted by old and young on election night? The wise critic would not answer off-hand, for Americans are the supreme political organizers of the world, and if in their elections they make a point of appealing to the five senses of the electorate, instead of to its intelligence, they probably have their reasons for doing so.

## A LITERARY BIOGRAPHY.

BY EUGENE PARSONS.

THE new "Memoir" of Tennyson is preeminently a literary biography, describing the beginning and growth of the works on which his fame rests. Especially interesting is the genesis of "In Memoriam," "Maud," and "Idylls of the King." In the beautiful parable-poem of "Merlin and The Gleam" the late laureate himself gave a poetical sketch of his own career, and now the son has furnished a prose version of this exquisite lyric in the preface of his admirable biography. In the body of the work are innumerable details concerning the composition of his father's longer productions.

Much might be said of Tennyson's wide range of reading and of his thorough self-culture. But few poets ever had such ample and varied stores of knowledge, and all contributed to his literary development. His friends, too, were enlisted into his service, not only to hear his unpublished writings and suggest improvements, but to think up themes for new poems. His methods and habits of working were peculiar. While not such a swift improviser as Shelley or Byron, he had considerable rhythmical facility. But, owing to his passion for perfection of form, his works were not marred by their too frequent verbal defects. He was often-times visited by moods of genuine inspira-

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tion, when his spontaneous utterances were highly felicitous. Verse-writing was not always easy for him, but it was not generally such a labored performance as with Gray. It usually took him a long while to "see his subject," to sound its depths and realize its scope. After patient brooding, it may be for months or years, his poems suddenly took shape in his mind and were rapidly written. They were the ripened fruit of his best thought and experience. Only a line or two might be composed at first, and the rest years later. Stanzas of lyrics and passages of blank verse came to him and were sung to himself or chanted aloud while on his walks. Afterward they were written down. He could not grind things out like Trollope. The poetic mood usually came during his morning smoke or after dinner. "I take my pipe," he once wrote, "and the muse descends in a fume."

Tennyson's art is studied, but it was not always conscious. The consummate grace and finish of his poetry cost him a world of trouble in the beginning of his literary apprenticeship. Long practice made elegance easy. Judging from the polished style of his "Idylls of the King," the reader gets the impression of toilsome revision, but according to his son Hallam they were not all "carefully elaborated."

The more imaginative the poem, the less time it generally took him to compose. "Guinevere" and "Elaine" were certainly not elaborated, seeing that they were written, each of them, in a few weeks, and hardly corrected at all. My father said that he often did not know why some passages were thought specially beautiful, until he had examined them. He added: "Perfection in art is perhaps more sudden sometimes than we think; but then the long preparation for it, that unseen germination, *that* is what we ignore and forget."

Herein is the secret of Tennyson's artistic superiority over the earlier poets of the century, and indeed all of his contemporaries except Matthew Arnold, and he understood better the art of omitting the superfluous. Aubrey de Vere thus speaks of his willingness to sacrifice fine lines:

"An anecdote will illustrate his solicitude on the subject of poetic form, the importance of which was perhaps not as much appreciated by any other writer since the days of Greek poetry. One night, after he had been reading aloud several of his poems, all of them short, he passed one of them to me and said: 'What is the matter with that poem?' I read it and answered, 'I see nothing to complain of.' He laid his fingers on two stanzas of it, the third and fifth, and said, 'Read it again.' After doing so I said, 'It has now more completeness and totality about it; but the two stanzas you cover are among its best.' 'No matter,' he rejoined, 'they make the poem too long-backed; and they must go, at any sacrifice.' 'Every short poem,' he remarked, 'should have a definite shape, like the curve, sometimes a single, sometimes a double one, assumed by a severed tress or the rind of an apple when flung on the floor.'"

The manuscript of Tennyson's first book, "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical," was lost, but the poems were all reproduced from memory, so deeply were they impressed on his mind.

My father's poems were generally based on some single phrase, like "Some one had blundered," and were rolled about, so to speak, in his head, before he wrote them down; and hence they did not easily slip from his memory.

These words, we are told, were the keynote of "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

Chapters IV.-VIII. of Vol. I. contain a mass of information concerning Tennyson's early manhood and his intellectual occupations after leaving Cambridge. During these years he was never idle, in the ordinary sense of the word. The letters of the

poet and his friends frequently refer to the poems published in the 1842 volumes. This was a productive period, for many pieces besides these were written and then burnt or thrown aside. "'The Brook' in later years was actually rescued from the waste-paper heap." There were many poems composed, but, not being put down on paper, were forgotten. Some of the phrases and fancies, we may suppose, did not wholly vanish from his mind and reappeared in works of after years. The three political poems "You ask me why, tho' ill at ease," "Of old sat Freedom on the heights," and "Love thou thy land" were written in 1833. The conclusion of "The May Queen," "The Blackbird," and "The Two Voices" belong to the same year. "Break, break," was probably composed in the spring of 1834 and "The Sleeping Beauty" a little later. "Morte d'Arthur," "Sir Galahad," and "St. Agnes" were mentioned in correspondence of this year. In 1835 Edward Fitzgerald heard Alfred read "The Day-Dream," "The Lord of Burleigh," "Dora," and other things in the 1842 volumes. "Edwin Morris" was written in Wales in 1839. While waiting for the train at Coventry in 1840 he shaped the ancient legend of Godiva into an exquisite idyl. The exact dates of "The Talking Oak," "St. Simeon Stylites," "Will Water-proof," etc., are not known.

"Ulysses," my father said, "was written soon after Arthur Hallam's death, and gave my feeling about the need of going forward and braving the struggle of life perhaps more simply than anything in 'In Memoriam.'"

There are some interesting comments on "Locksley Hall":

In "Locksley Hall" my father annotates the line  
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

"When I went by the first train from Liverpool to Manchester (1830), I thought that the wheels ran in a groove. It was a black night and there was such a vast crowd round the train at the station that we could not see the wheels. Then I made this line." Further: "'Locksley Hall' is an imaginary place (though the coast is Lincolnshire) and the hero is imaginary. The whole poem represents young life, its good side, its deficiencies, and its yearnings. Mr Hallam said to me that the English people liked verse in trochaics, so I wrote

the poem in this meter." . . . I remember my father saying that Sir William Jones' prose translation of the "Moallakát," the seven Arabic poems (which are a selection from pre-Mahomedan poets) hanging up in the temple of Mecca, gave him the idea of the poem.

While at Eastbourne in the summer of 1845 Tennyson was engaged on "The Princess," but the poem was mostly written in London. "Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height" was composed while on a tour among the Alps in 1846 and was "descriptive of the waste Alpine heights and gorges, and of the sweet, rich valleys below." The poet told Aubrey de Vere that the "Bugle Song" was written at Killarney, and "O Swallow, Swallow," was first composed in rime. Concerning one of his most characteristic and successful strains, that wonderful "blank-verse lyric," "Tears, idle tears," he said:

"The passion of the past, the abiding in the transient, was expressed in 'Tears, idle tears,' which was written in the yellowing autumn-tide at Tintern Abbey, full for me of its bygone memories."

In the manuscript the first line originally stood:

Ah foolish tears, I know not what they mean.

The hand of the artist made a happy change to "Tears, idle tears."

The subject of "The Princess," my father believed, was original, and certainly the story is full of original incident, humor, and fancy.

A significant remark is that of the author:

"The child is the link through the parts, as shown in the songs, which are the best interpreters of the poem."

A number of alterations, additions, and omissions were made in the second, third, and fourth editions.

Lovers of "In Memoriam" are indebted to this new "Mémoir" for many biographical and bibliographical details concerning this monumental poem, Chapters IV. and XIV. of Vol. I. being especially valuable. On page 107 are some lines, hitherto unpublished, "which proved to be the germ of 'In Memoriam.'" They were written early in the winter of 1833-34, a few months after the death of Arthur Henry Hallam. Cantos IX., XXX., XXXI., LXXV., and XXVIII. were the first written

sections, evidently jotted down in December, 1833. These manuscript poems circulated among his friends and were much admired. Professor Lushington, who was with the Tennysons at Boxley during the holidays of 1841, writes that "the number of memorial poems had rapidly increased" in the autumn of that year. In the summer of 1845 he visited the poet, who showed him the epithalamium celebrating the marriage of the professor and Cecilia Tennyson in 1842. In November, 1845, Tennyson wrote to Moxon:

"I want you to get me a book which I see advertised in the *Examiner*; it seems to contain many speculations with which I have been familiar for years, and on which I have written more than one poem. The book is called 'Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.'"

Commenting on this the son says:

The sections of "In Memoriam" about evolution had been read by his friends some years before the publication of the "Vestiges of Creation" in 1844.

In 1891 the laureate explained the allusions in the first stanza,

I held it truth, with him who sings  
To one clear harp with divers tones,

as referring to Goethe, whom he "placed foremost among the moderns as a lyrical poet," because "consummate in so many different styles."

It was not until 1848 that the poet made up his mind to print the "Elegies," as he called the sections of "In Memoriam." "Fragments of an Elegy" he thought of entitling it, and sometimes called it "The Way of the Soul." Three sections (printed in Vol. I., pp. 306-7) were omitted as redundant. Canto LIX. was inserted in 1851, and XXXIX. in 1869. The first Christmas Eve, mentioned in Canto XXVIII., was December 25, 1833; the second in 1834, and the one referred to in CV. was in 1837. The date of CVI. would likely be about December 31, 1837, and CXV. would describe the spring of 1838. Section XCVIII. was suggested by the wedding trip of Charles Tennyson Turner in the summer of 1836. The anniversary of Hallam's death, September 15, 1833, is spoken of in Cantos LXXII. and XCIX., and his

birthday is remembered in CVII. (February 1, 1838). The dates of some other sections may be conjectured, but not with certainty. As to the meter of "In Memoriam," the poet's statement is explicit. He knew nothing then of the verses of Ben Jonson and Lord Herbert of Cherbury in this kind of stanza, and supposed himself to be the originator of it.

The lines "O that 'twere possible," written in 1834 and printed in the *Keepsake* (1837), afterward became the foundation of "Maud." As the poet wrote:

"Sir John Simeon years after begged me to weave a story round this poem and so 'Maud' came into being."

It was thus written backward, the work being chiefly done in 1854 and 1855. The title then was "Maud, or The Madness." "This poem is a little 'Hamlet,'" remarked the laureate. The lyrics in it which he liked best were "I have led her home," "Courage, poor heart of stone," and "O that 'twere possible." He was vexed at the hostile reception of the poem on the part of the critics, and was grateful for the defense of Dr. Mann and the fine commentary of Brimley. With the proceeds of the sale of "Maud" Farringford was bought in 1856.

About the time of the publication of "The Holy Grail" (1869) Tennyson said:

"At twenty-four I meant to write an epic or a drama of King Arthur; and I thought that I should take twenty years about the work. Now they will say I have been forty years about it."

The "Morte d'Arthur" of the 1842 volumes was a fragment of the proposed epic. The earliest of his Arthurian poems was "The Lady of Shalott" ("another version of the story of Lancelot and Elaine"). The poet was familiar with the history of Arthur.

On Malory, and later, on Lady Charlotte Guest's translation of the "Mabinogion," and on his own imagination, my father said that he chiefly founded his epic; he has made the old legends his own, restored the idealism, and infused into them a spirit of modern thought and an ethical significance, setting his characters in a rich and varied landscape; as indeed otherwise these archaic stories would not have appealed to the modern world at large.

Not much progress was made in the epic for many years, probably because of Hal-

lam's death and other circumstances. After "The Princess," "In Memoriam," and "Maud" were off his hands, he resumed work on the subject and wrote "Vivien" and "Enid" in 1856. In the summer of 1857 these two were privately printed with the title "Enid and Nimue, or The True and the False." There is an interesting record in Mrs. Tennyson's journal of this year:

"A. has brought me as a birthday present the first two lines that he has made of 'Guinevere,' which might be the nucleus of a great poem. Arthur is parting from Guinevere and says:

But hither shall I never come again,  
Never lie by thy side; see thee no more:  
Farewell!"

In the winter of 1858 "Guinevere" was completed. Then "Elaine" was written, and in 1859 "Idylls of the King" appeared, including these four Arthurian stories. The preparation for other "Idylls" was begun, but was interrupted for several years. He was urged to write on the Sangreal, but was not "in the mood for it." "The Holy Grail" was written in 1868; it "came suddenly, as if by a breath of inspiration." It was published in 1869, along with "The Coming of Arthur," "Pelleas and Ettarre," and "The Passing of Arthur." In the next three years two more "Idylls" were added—"The Last Tournament" and "Gareth and Lynette," published in 1872. Soon after, "Balin and Balan" was written, though not published until 1885.

"The vision of Arthur as I have drawn him," my father said, "had come upon me when, little more than a boy, I first lighted upon Malory." And it dwelt with him to the end; and we may perhaps say that now the completed poem, regarded as a whole, gives his innermost being more fully, though not more truly, than "In Memoriam."

There is no falling off of interest in the second volume, which deals chiefly with "Enoch Arden," the dramas, and the later lyrics. Not only has the present Lord Tennyson faithfully and lovingly performed a duty to the memory of his distinguished father—he has placed the reading world under obligation to him for this masterly memoir. Herein lovers of Tennyson in ages to come can find out how he lived and wrote his immortal poems.

## WOMAN'S COUNCIL TABLE.

### A BUFF AND BLUE SLIPPER.

BY SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

ON the 9th of May, 1779, the old borough-town of Norfolk was in possession of the British. During the night a fleet of one hundred vessels under Sir John Collier had come up from Hampton Roads and bombarded the forts below the town, compelling their slender force to abandon them and retreat to the Dismal Swamp, that natural fastness which the enemy had never yet ventured to assail. Then the foreign troops, British and Hessians, were landed, and proceeded to destroy the naval and military stores and to burn the residences of the citizens, excepting those of the Loyalists, who hastened to welcome the invaders and throw open their doors for their reception.

Among the most conspicuous of these Tory citizens was "Paul Habersham, gentleman," as his name is set forth in the old town records. In his house on Burmuda Street the British general Clinton, with the officers of his staff, was quartered; and here they proposed to celebrate their possession of the town by an impromptu ball, to which all the ladies of Norfolk were invited, though only those of the Loyalist families presented themselves.

Of these fair ones the fairest in the opinion of many was Mistress Dorothy Habersham, the young daughter of the host. Tall she was, and lithe and graceful, with clear creamy complexion and dark eyes which, whether they laughed or looked pensive, equally charmed the beholder. Hitherto she had scarce been seen by her father's foreign guests; for in those days young maidens were brought up to be shy of strangers of the other sex, and Dorothy knew what was due to herself and her position.

"By my faith," said Sir Henry Clinton, as he stood looking on at the dancers, "it

is shame that all these fair maidens should be, as seemeth to me, disaffected to the king's government, though their fathers be loyal. In what manner is it to be accounted for, Master Calvert?"

"Nothing plainer, general," responded the citizen addressed. "Nearly all the younger men, even the sons of Loyalists, are on the side of the colonists; and what can you expect but that the ladies—the unmarried ones—should espouse the same cause? With women it is not a question of loyalty to king or government, but to love and lovers."

"Yea, that reminds me. If all the youth be so gallant and comely as this young major whom we hold prisoner above stairs, there is small room for wonder that they are able to win the ladies to their cause. Captain Leslie tells me that he recognizes this young man as the lieutenant who fought so desperately at High Bridge, where our troops were defeated some two years ago."

"The same, general; Lieutenant, now Major, Sevier. I would that he were on our side, for a braver and more honorable gentleman doth not exist, and I say this knowing him from a boy. Take my word for it, general, I could find it in my heart to be sorry that his happening to be at home for a single night should have betrayed him into being taken prisoner; though but for his absence, he being in command of the fort below, the garrison might not so speedily have retreated. I heartily trust he may be leniently dealt with."

To this the general made some indirect reply; but a few moments afterward he addressed in a low tone a handsome young officer standing near:

"I would warn you, Captain Leslie, to



keep strict ward over your prisoner this night. There be those whom I mistrust me would gladly effect his escape."

"There is no danger, general. With a picked guard and none admitted above stairs or suffered to pass the guard on any pretext, we may feel well assured of the prisoner's safety. Trust me, general."

Sir Henry passed on and the captain made his way through the crowded rooms to where, a little retired behind her mother, stood the fair daughter of the house. Having paid his respects to the former, he bowed with courtly grace to the younger lady.

"It is a great happiness to me, fair Mistress Dorothy," he said, "to be permitted to pay my compliments. Hitherto you have been chary of your presence, and perchance looked upon us as troublesome intruders in your home. But surely upon this occasion I may be allowed the honor of soliciting your hand for the coming cotillion."

She curtsied low, with the formal and dignified ceremony of the times, and gave the tips of her fingers as he led her to a place, and waited for the music to commence. Yet despite this constrained conventionality, there was a laughing light in her eyes and a touch of girlish coquetry in her manner as she addressed him:

"I cannot but feel flattered, Captain Leslie, at being noticed by one of His Majesty's most gallant officers, as they tell me you are. One, too, who has had the honor of being the chosen partner of the princess royal of England."

He smiled as he answered:

"Her Royal Highness, the princess, was some ten years lacking of the age of discretion when she so honored me, and the occasion was a simple hay-dance at Frogmore—else I might not have been so favored. But i' faith, if beauty and grace confer the true royalty, as the poets aver, then need we not to seek them within the walls of a palace." And the gallant captain bowed.

A blush just tinged her cheek, but she answered with a touch of archness:

"You have learned this pretty trick of

compliment among the titled ladies of England. I fear me it will be somewhat misprized among us plain colonial folk."

"The colonial folk, fair mistress, should surely hold themselves accustomed to what is in use among their kinspeople, His Majesty's subjects across the sea. And I am assured in my own mind that our king can claim no fairer or more loyal subject than Mistress Dorothy Habersham."

"I am an obedient daughter, Captain Leslie, and have been brought up according to my parents' principles of strict loyalty to the king. And by this I am reminded to inquire, if I may, what will you do with the officer, Major Sevier, whom you hold prisoner in this house?"

"I' faith, I cannot answer upon my own knowledge, seeing that it will rest with the general what disposition be made of him. There is some whisper of his having resorted hither as a spy when the approach of our fleet was discovered; else surely he might have escaped in time."

"It is not true," the girl said impulsively—"it is not true that he was here as a spy. It was yester eve, before the sun had set, that he came in from the fort, as I can myself—nay, there is no lack of witnesses to prove that it was before the approach of His Majesty's fleet was known."

"For myself, I will take your word for it, Mistress Dorothy," he replied with pleasant courtesy. "But may I presume," he added, with a sudden expression of interest, "to inquire if this Major Sevier be a friend of yours, that you thus defend him?"

"Nay, captain, your people call him a rebel and a traitor, and none who deserve such reproach can be chosen friends of mine. But there is the music at last," she added, with an expression of relief.

Then the two partners turned toward each other and made severally a low bow and a deep curtsy, as a preliminary to the dance.

Dancing was not in those days what it is now—either a listless saunter or a wild whirl of couples in familiar and unseemly embrace. Mistress Dorothy was the most dignified as well as the most graceful

of dancers, and she tripped lightly to the stately measure, while well holding back the skirts of her white muslin dress. Thus all could see and admire the dainty little feet, encased in buff-colored satin slippers adorned with rosettes of light blue ribbon, in whose centers glittered gold buckles.

"You wear the rebel colors, Mistress Dorothy," said a bluff, distinguished-looking officer, past middle age, addressing her as the dance ended. "I trust it is not from choice. One so young and fair should be true to the loyal colors."

"Of a truth, it is not with me a matter of choice, Colonel Forseyth," she returned smilingly. "The slippers are a remembrance from a kinswoman of mine in Philadelphia, to whom they came from your own England; and surely I may be permitted to wear them for her sake."

"A fair plea, young mistress," he replied, with a grim smile. "Were it otherwise, or had I reason to suspect you of partiality to those rebel colors, do you know what I should consider my bounden duty? Why, even to confiscate one of those Cinderella slippers as a treasonable token; and then you could not wear the other."

"And what would you do with the slipper, colonel?" she asked archly.

"Faith, were I not a married benedict, as Shakespeare hath it, I might e'en be tempted to keep it as a memento of its fair owner. But having at home a buxom dame of my own, who might be curious about such a token, I should perchance be constrained to bestow it upon one by whom it would be worthily prized. What say you, Captain Leslie?" he added, turning with grim humor to his subordinate officer.

"In that case, colonel, gold could not purchase it from me," was the gallant reply. But playfully as the words were spoken, there was in the young officer's eyes a look of unmistakable admiration which again brought a blush to Dorothy's cheek. She drew herself up with dignity, and said with a touch of pride:

"If ever, Colonel Forseyth, you can discover me disloyal to the king's cause, then shall you be welcome to the slipper."

And the colonel laughed and stepped aside to make room for another scarlet-coated applicant for her hand in the dance.

An hour later Dorothy Habersham slipped away from the crowded ballroom and proceeded with hasty steps to the family apartments in the rear of the house. From a row of hooks in the housekeeper's closet she took a key, a duplicate of that held by Captain Leslie, belonging to the apartment in which Major Sevier was confined. This was a sort of square turret on the roof of the house, known as "the lookout." Dorothy knew it well, for it had ever been a favorite haunt of hers, where on pleasant days she read or dreamed, while the fresh sea-breeze came drifting across the salt marshes, and she could catch in the distance the sound of the surf upon the shore.

The Habersham house was a typical residence of a wealthy Virginia gentleman of that day, a plain but ample two-story building with its broad gable facing the street. Along the whole length of this gable on the lower floor extended a broad corridor or hall, communicating by a wide staircase at one end with a similar hall above, on which opened the doors of the apartments now occupied by the British officers. At the farther end of the upper hall was visible the foot of a steep and narrow stairway ascending to the lookout on the roof, and opposite this was a door giving access to a private staircase communicating with the lower floor. This door had been securely locked on the inside by the master of the house himself, but Dorothy knew where the key was to be found.

Up and down the long hall, dimly lighted by a swinging lamp of polished brass emitting fumes of whale-oil, paced a couple of red-coated sentries. Their duty was, in part, to keep watch over the officers' apartments, but chiefly to guard the staircase of the lookout in which Major Sevier was confined. At first their march had been kept up with military precision, but at length this strict discipline was relaxed, and as each in turn reached the head of the great staircase he would pause for an instant to glance down at the gay scene below.

It chanced that after one of these pauses, unconsciously longer than usual, the sentry turned sharply on his heel to find that his comrade had stolen a march upon him and had actually approached nearly half the length of the hall. But what was that shadowy figure which seemed to glide in the gloom beyond him across the end of the hall and disappear at the foot of the staircase? A man it seemed—a man in a long military cloak and a cocked hat. The puzzled and superstitious soldier stared, wondered, and doubted. Was it a ghost or a reality? Should he report what he had seen, or fancied he had seen—only to be reprimanded by his officer and laughed at by his comrades? And thus hesitating he continued his promenade, until the question was settled for him by the appearance of Colonel Ferseyth, who came up-stairs on some errand to his own room.

Major Sevier was standing at the window of the small apartment which served as his prison, gazing out beyond the garden and the river in the rear of the house into the black distance, where he knew that amid the tangled thickets of the Dismal Swamp his Virginia minutemen were anxiously awaiting news of him. And here was he, a prisoner, and powerless in the hands of the foreign invaders who were making merry amid the ruins of the town which they had so ruthlessly destroyed. No wonder that the young officer chafed in spirit, and eagerly, though vainly, looked about for some means of escape. From the lookout the roof sloped steeply on three sides, the fourth being the gable end facing the street. If only he had a rope of sufficient length he would risk the chance of escape by the rear; but as it was he was powerless.

He turned sharply at the sound of the slow and cautious grating of a key in a lock; and then the door was softly opened and there stood before him a slight figure in a military cloak and cocked hat. Not until the hat was removed and the dim light fell upon the wearer's face did he recognize his visitor.

"Dorothy!" he exclaimed, advancing with both hands outstretched; but she hur-

riedly placed her finger on her lip in token of silence. Her eyes, so lately bright and laughing, were full of tears as she looked into those of her betrothed lover and allowed him for an instant to clasp her to his breast.

"Darling," he murmured, "how came you here?"

"Hush!" she whispered. "I have come to set you free. Oh, Philip, you have not a moment to lose. They"—her voice faltered—"they suspect you of being a spy."

"A spy!" he interrupted indignantly; but she again checked him.

"Take these"—she hurriedly threw off the cloak and commenced unloosing a stout rope which was wound and looped about her slender form, faintly smiling and blushing as she did so. "I stole the hat and cloak for you. I think they are Captain Leslie's. Tie the rope to that beam overhead and let yourself down from this rear window. The night is so dark that you will not be seen, and there is no sentry on that side. You will go straight down into an open cellar door, where you will find Nurse Juno awaiting you. She will take you to the garden. Behind the fig-trees is a loosened fence-board through which you can pass unseen."

"My brave, true-hearted Dolly!" he said, looking upon her with proud tenderness. But she, lightly placing her hand on his lips, went on breathlessly:

"Go straight to Woodford's wharf—it is not far—and there you will find Bristo, Juno's son, with a boat——"

She stopped suddenly, for the ears of both had caught the sound of voices at the foot of the stairs.

"Oh, Philip, what shall we do?"

"Do not think of me, love; but for you——"

He glanced hurriedly around. There was no place of concealment save a small closet in which were hanging some sheets of sail-cloth, occasionally used as screens to the windows.

"Oh, to be found here!" she said, a swift blush suffusing her face and even her neck. "They must not know why I came, for that would mar our plan; but then, to

be thought bold and unmaidenly—Philip, I could not bear it!”

Footsteps were heard ascending the stairs, and Dorothy's distress was pitiable. There was no time for thought, and her lover hastily led her to the closet—she pausing to snatch up the rope and the cloak and hat—and barely had she time to slip behind the sail-cloth when Captain Leslie appeared, attended by a couple of soldiers in Hessian uniform.

The two officers saluted each other with formal courtesy, and Captain Leslie said coldly:

“I am informed, major, that you have a visitor here. The sentry reports that he saw a man ascend the stairs to this room. Will it please you to step aside that I may search the closet?”

“I assure you, captain, that since your last visit here no man has entered.”

“I will not question your word, Major Sevier, but can you explain to me how this door happens to be unlocked?”

This was a circumstance which strangely enough had been overlooked by both Sevier and his fair visitor. Seeing now that there was no escape from discovery, the prisoner stood silent, while the captain advanced toward the closet; but ere he could lay his hand upon the door-latch Sevier stepped quickly forward.

“Captain,” he said in a low voice, “I pray you to do me the favor to cause your men to withdraw for a moment. I have an explanation to make to you in private.”

The captain gave the desired command, and the Hessians retired to the staircase.

“I told you,” resumed Sevier, in the same low and grave tone, “that no man had entered this room. I spoke the truth. It is a woman.”

An expression of surprise and a peculiar smile played for an instant in the eyes of the British officer. Observing this, the young Virginian's face flushed, and he spoke again with impressive earnestness.

“It is a lady, captain—one who is my betrothed wife, and whose honor and fair name are dearer to me than life.”

The captain bowed.

“I shall be satisfied, major, to see the lady. I have no wish to deal harshly with one of the other sex.”

“But pardon me, captain—neither I nor the lady would desire that she should be seen and recognized here and her name be mentioned in your report and perchance bandied among the officers. Captain Leslie, I appeal to your chivalry and good feeling as a man and to your courtesy as a gentleman to respect the lady's feelings, if not mine.”

The captain appeared moved, yet evidently not entirely satisfied.

“Far be it from me to doubt your word, Major Sevier,” he said; “but my colonel, by whose orders I am here, may not be so easily contented. He may, perchance, require some more positive assurance that your visitor is a woman.”

For a moment Sevier stood silent; then he said:

“I will give you such proof as I trust may satisfy you, so that you can of your own certain knowledge give assurance to your colonel.”

He turned to the closet and set wide the door. There was only the sail-cloth in sight, though each could detect a slight movement as of some one shrinking behind this screen. Reverently he lifted the lower edge of the cloth and revealed to the captain's curious gaze the tips of two small feet—indisputably a woman's feet—encased in a pair of buff satin slippers with blue rosettes and gold buckles.

The captain bit his lip and stood gravely silent.

“Are you satisfied, captain?”

“I am satisfied, major. But one favor I would crave of you—to grant me one of those slippers for the satisfaction of my colonel, who will, I am assured, thereupon let this matter rest.”

Major Sevier bent upon one knee and removed, as reverently and tenderly as though it had been some sacred relic, one of the little satin slippers. The captain received it as reverently, with a low bow.

“I shall now,” he said, “secure the door of your room, major, and place a double

guard below. But first I will so arrange as that the lady can return as she came, unseen save by the sentry. Time passes, and three minutes will suffice."

And without staying for the major's thanks the English officer retired, followed by his Hessians, and was heard giving orders to the sentry below.

Then Major Sevier drew aside the sail-cloth screen, and Mistress Dorothy Habersham, flushed as red as any rose, stepped forth, and covering her face with her hands burst into tears.

"Be comforted, sweetheart; they will never know who was the wearer of the slipper," her lover whispered. But she shook her head as she brushed away her tears. However, there was no time for words. A hurried but fervent embrace—a whispered word of hope and encouragement—and Dorothy, with the remaining slipper in her hand, tripped softly down the narrow stair and glided past the sentry unchallenged.

When, some hours thereafter, it became known that the prisoner, Major Sevier, had escaped, none but Colonel Forseyth and Captain Leslie could have explained by what means he obtained possession of the rope by which it had been effected. It may be that they then repented them of their leniency, and perhaps, even, the grim coionel may have expressed himself in the language, more forcible than elegant, which was the fashion of his countrymen of that time, set by the royal princes across the water; but in any event Mistress Dorothy remained unmolested, rejoicing greatly in secret over

her lover's escape. And on the following morning, as history records, the British fleet sailed away from Norfolk town and out of Virginia waters; so that Dorothy never again saw either of the scarlet-coated officers, a meeting with whom might have caused her some embarrassment. But she never ceased to regret having been compelled to deprive the generous young British officer of his cloak and hat, albeit he had appropriated her slipper. Still, could she properly blame him for this? Had he not simply taken her at her own word—her own promise—that if ever she could be discovered disloyal to the king's cause the colonel should be welcome to the slipper? And surely there had been proof sufficient; and the grim old officer, despite his discomfiture, had doubtless enjoyed the joke and her punishment.

Two years later, when the war was ended and the victorious patriots had returned to their peaceful homes, many marriages took place in Norfolk between lovers whom the troublous times had kept asunder. Of these weddings one was that of Mistress Dorothy Habersham and Colonel Philip Sevier; and among the presents to the bride there came from England a little package containing a golden vinaigrette in shape of a lady's high-heeled slipper ornamented with a rosette of turquoise set with a diamond. By this token only—for with an odd refinement of delicacy no name accompanied the gift—had Mistress Dorothy positive proof that she had been recognized as the wearer of the buff and blue slipper confiscated on that memorable night of her lover's escape.

# THOUGHT.

BY MILDRED McNEAL.

ESSENCE of the Eternal, undefined  
As is perfection, varied, exquisite,  
Soul of bright nature, it was sent to bind  
Our frailty with the generous Infinite.



## Woman's Council Table.

### THE PROBLEM OF DOMESTIC SERVICE IN ITS INDUSTRIAL ASPECTS.

BY KATHARINE COMAN.

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**D**ISCUSSION of the "servant question" rarely fails to summon a worried look to the face of the average housewife. The mere suggestion recalls a long series of vexatious incidents. Bridget is hopelessly incompetent and careless, or, when the painstaking attention of her mistress has imparted a certain degree of efficiency, the girl is likely to be enticed away by an offer of higher wages or by the greater attractions that shop or factory promises.

The servant problem is vexatious above all others because, to perpetrate an Irish bull, it comes so near home and because it is usually considered as a personal question merely. Attention is fixed on the incompetence, the ingratitude of the individual girl, the wrongs of the individual mistress. But we lose the sense of proportion when we see but the single case, and we cannot deal wisely with a grievance until we view it impersonally. Let us then endeavor to see the housekeeper's problem in relation to general industrial conditions, let us discover the economic influences by which the relation of mistress and servant is affected, let us learn how to adapt ourselves to changes rather than waste strength in a vain struggle against the inevitable.

Study of the industrial history of the past hundred years reveals the operation of two tendencies that have radically modified domestic economics. The first is the competition of machinery with hand labor, the substitution of factory-made for home-made goods. Most of the old-time household tasks are now performed outside the home. Colonial dames and the wives of pioneers were responsible not only for the daily meals and the weekly baking, but for the making of butter and cheese, the preserving of fruits and meats, the manufacture of lard, soap, and candles. If the modern house-

wife, in addition to mending and plain sewing, undertakes the fashioning of dresses for herself and daughters, we think she has deserved well of her country; but our grandmothers would have considered this the merest bagatelle. They spun and wove and dyed and cut and fitted, making not the garments only, but the cloth from which the garments were to be shaped, and this not for women and children merely, but for the men of the family as well. When Whittier set out from the Quaker farmhouse to seek his fortune in Boston, he wore a homespun suit, every part of which, even to the horn-buttons, was of domestic manufacture. The old-fashioned kitchen was the center of many industries and both men and women were artisans skilled in many trades. All this has been changed within the memory of man. A long series of inventions has reduced the cost of the factory product to the point where it is a waste of time to make cloth or clothing at home. The creamery, the abattoir, the canning establishment, the laundry, the bakery have one by one absorbed the household tasks, until there remains to us but a tithe of our grandmother's burden.

The second economic tendency is a direct consequence of the first. Women are following the work to the factory. Seventy-five years ago a woman who was obliged to earn her own living went naturally into domestic service, hardly asking whether there was any other available employment. The same woman to-day might choose among a hundred trades. The diverse forms of factory labor, the shops and retail stores, the hotels, restaurants, dressmaking and millinery establishments—all these and many more claimants for woman's labor have come into competition with domestic service. A general desertion of housework has been the result. The census of 1870,

the first to make separate enumeration of women employees, reports 1,838,288 women "engaged in gainful occupations." Of these nearly one half were domestic servants. According to the census of 1880, there were in that year 2,647,157 working women in the United States and only one third were employed as servants. In 1890 there were 3,914,573 women wage-earners, but thirty per cent of whom were in household service. The change is a striking one. The number of women who work for wages has increased even more rapidly than population, while the proportion of those who choose housework as a vocation has steadily fallen off.

The effect for our problem of this double tendency is evident. There is far less work to be done in our homes than in the day of the spinning-wheel and the handloom, but the remaining tasks occasion us more perplexity than our forebears ever dreamed of devoting to them.

Our difficulties are mainly due to the fact that the intelligent, thrifty American girl of the class from which servants formerly came turns from domestic service to find more congenial employment at the clerk's desk or behind the counter. The ignorant foreigner, Irish, German, Nova Scotian, or Swede, who takes her place knows next to nothing of the necessities of a refined household. She may come direct from an earth-floor cottage and a peat fire. The experience that was acquired as a matter of every-day living by the woman of the olden time is not to be found among the applicants of a modern employment bureau.

Since it is impossible to bring back former conditions, it becomes the part of wisdom to discover how to adjust our domestic arrangements to the present.

There is needed first of all training in the best and most expeditious way of doing the work that must still be done in the home. The training should include the mistress as well as the maid, the science as well as the art of their common task. Housework is attractive to intelligent women in proportion as they put intelligence into it. Cooking classes, lectures on sanitation, and

schools of domestic science multiply in all our cities, and they are well patronized by women who have direction of households, but there is considerable difficulty in inducing women to undertake such an education with a view to service. The causes are not far to seek. Work is to be had in abundance without any preliminary apprenticeship, while women who might be glad to fit themselves for higher-paid positions cannot usually afford the expenditure of time and money required. The women, moreover, who have both the good sense and the opportunity to educate themselves for a vocation will not select housework until the trained servant is accorded a position like that of the trained nurse.

This brings us to the second stage in the process of readjustment. If the kitchen is to compete successfully with the extra-domestic trades, the conditions of household service must be made as attractive as those of the shop. Women do not abandon housework for better pay, for pleasanter or more wholesome tasks. An interesting inquiry now being prosecuted by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston as to why girls employed in shops and factories have not chosen domestic service goes to prove that such employees earn comparatively low wages and think housework the more interesting and more healthful occupation, yet whenever the workshop comes into competition with domestic service the kitchen is deserted. What superior attractions has the workshop to offer? First and foremost, regular hours. In most of our manufacturing states protective legislation limits the working day of women employed in factories and workshops to ten hours, and government takes good care that the law is enforced. Inspectors are appointed to visit the places where women and minors are employed and report any infringement of the statute. However wearisome the day, the factory employee looks forward to an evening all her own. Compare with this the position of the housemaid. Legislation, custom, or public opinion sets no limit to the duration of her service. From six in the morning till nine at night is not re-

garded as an unreasonable working day. A brisk maid may get two or three hours for rest in the course of the day; but, except for the afternoon out, she is not expected to quit the house. She is always on call. The law prohibits Sunday labor in factory and workshop, but this nineteenth-century echo of the Mosaic code does not reach the kitchen. It is true that many mistresses arrange to lighten the Sunday work, but this is a voluntary concession on their part that may at any time be withdrawn. It is not a right that the girl can insist upon and maintain.

A further potent attraction in the workshop is companionship. Household employment is lonely as compared with the shop or the store, and the disadvantage is not a slight one. No girl will choose to spend her days in a basement kitchen, with the range and the cat for company, when she may work side by side with her friends at the sewing machine or behind the counter. The factory operative, moreover, lives at home or among her friends. She is not obliged to take an attic room nor to

sit at a second and inferior table. She may receive her friends or "followers" every evening of the week and no one will object. The house servant may be better housed, but she is not free. Here lies the secret of the general prejudice against domestic service. It combines with the grievances of the hiring the ignominy of the dependent.

In the competition between workshop and kitchen, the workshop will surely triumph, unless the housekeeper can offer girls the same or equivalent inducements. Money-wage is not the most important consideration. Girls prefer the shop to the kitchen at half the earnings. The housekeeper must be able to offer conditions as desirable as those prevailing in the rival employments, or abandon the hope of securing competent service.

This is a dark prospect for the house with one servant. Perhaps the ultimate solution for people of moderate means will be that urged by Professor Salmon in her admirable treatise on "Domestic Service," viz., cooperative housekeeping.

## THE WOMEN OF STOCKHOLM.

BY EMILY F. WHEELER.

STOCKHOLM is indeed beautiful for situation, on its seven rocky islands, between which flow the swift currents of Lake Malar to join the Baltic. Stately bridges connect these islands, but more fascinating are the boats everywhere, the ferries, and the little excursion steamers flying in every direction in the long summer twilight. Take any one of these boats and you are sure of a delightful trip, for the environs to which they ply will show you that one of the charms of Stockholm is that it is a modern city, a gay and pleasure-loving capital, with a primeval wilderness at its very doors. They name it the Venice of the North, but it is no copy. It recalls neither its Italian nor its Dutch sister. Nor does it, except in a certain style of building, recall its other namesake, Paris. It is an

original proof, a city with a distinct individuality and charm of its own—a charm which grows on you from day to day. You note its evident prosperity, its cleanliness. There are few signs of poverty and no beggary. Every one is busy, but not too busy to be polite and helpful to the stranger within its gates. We saw the city in holiday mood, for the exposition was crowding its streets with provincials in quaint costume and foreigners innumerable. But one felt that the general atmosphere of courtesy and kindness was not put on for the occasion. Politeness is indeed the Swedish child's first lesson and "tak" (thanks) the word most often heard everywhere. It is pretty to watch the boys on the street taking their caps off and on as if by magic, on meeting an older person, and the

little girls greeting with a quaint little "bob" as they pass—a mere bend of the knee, like a boat dipping to the wave. Courtesy to all, reverence to old age—these two good lessons every child is early taught and habit soon becomes second nature.

Stockholm seems in some things more like a big village than a world-capital. Every one knows, if not every one else, at least something about him—his antecedents, his business and social standing. The king and the royal family are easily approached. If a school is to be opened or a new market dedicated, there is King Oscar, moving freely about like any other gentleman. The queen is interested in all manner of benevolent enterprises, and Prince Oscar, the second son, who gave up his royal rank to marry as he liked, is a Sunday-school superintendent and leads his "teachers' meeting" in most informal fashion. Another prince, Eugene, is an artist of ability and on familiar terms with all his brotherhood. Class lines are indeed clearly drawn in Sweden and the nobles are tenacious of position and privilege; but the reigning family seem quite democratic in feeling and action. It is perhaps an inheritance from the French soldier, himself a commoner, who came in 1810 to rule over the land and head a line of good kings. So the royal palace seems more homelike than most of its kind, and the balls given in its magnificent ballroom, the "White Sea," are more like receptions, and permit often an informal chat with His Majesty. One may meet him on the street or in the beautiful shops, like the rest of the world; and this familiarity breeds, not contempt, but respect and liking.

So simplicity is the dominant note in the life of the ordinary woman of Stockholm. There, as all over Europe, people live in tiers, on shelves, so to speak, the highest and lowest floors of the tall houses being the least desirable. Enter and the first thing you notice is the immense porcelain stove in one corner—twelve feet high sometimes and a real work of art in its decoration. The fuel is wood and these stoves diffuse a gentle, steady warmth and are far

cleaner and healthier than our furnaces. There are double windows, and every crack is carefully pasted over, for the terror of life seems to be drafts; so perhaps the ventilation is not as good as with us. The floors are bare, with rugs, and there is a profusion of house plants. There is a rigid yearly inspection of all chimneys and flues, and the building regulations are so strict that fires are practically unknown. Insurance companies cannot grow rich, one would say, since the usual rates are about one twentieth of one per cent, and you can insure your home forever for about what we pay for two years.

The wages of one servant with us will pay for four or five in Stockholm. Moreover, servants are permanent. Twice a year, in April and October, they may change, but long years of service is almost the rule. "Blue Monday" is unknown, since washing is a half-yearly festival, or at most a quarterly one. That means stores of linen, and after seeing the supplies of the Swedish housewife in good circumstances you believe the tales told of a certain queen of the seventeenth century whose stores at Gripsholm are still unexhausted. But in those good old days even queens—in Sweden—spun and wove, and saw to the brewing of ale and mead, and kept a sharp watch on the maids in the royal dairy; nay, even sold the fruit from the palace gardens and kept careful account of the milk of the hundred cows.

If you are sick you can have a trained nurse for about thirty-five cents a day; but the true Swede thinks a proper course of gymnastics will cure almost everything but a fever or some difficulty requiring a surgeon. And doctors in Stockholm never send bills. On the eve of New Year's the house-father sends to the family physician what he thinks right; he receives the doctor's card in return, as receipt; but if he sent nothing the good man would still come when called for.

When a baby comes into a Swedish home the first question is as to its baptism. The sooner the better; but no one but the parents must know the name until the

actual ceremony. Usually this takes place at home and there are often a dozen sponsors. By the Lutheran belief, baptism makes the child a member of the visible church, and confirmation, which follows at fourteen or fifteen, completes the work. For the girl this ceremony marks the passage to young-ladyhood. Presently she goes into society; but a curious custom prevails at evening parties of putting married and elderly ladies in one room and the maidens in another. The older men are by themselves and the younger are supposed to keep with them. There is no such free intercourse as with us. To join a young lady in the street is not allowable, and to offer one's arm is almost a proposal of marriage. Often two who are betrothed only make real acquaintance afterward. Between the "first publishing day" of the bans and the wedding the gifts arrive, and the bride's myrtle crown for the great day is often woven from a vine she has herself tended from girlhood.

As myrtle is sacred to the bride, so the evergreen is the symbol of mourning. It is strewn before the door as a message to friends; it dresses the room of the dead, and is heaped on the new-made grave. Even for Christmas greens the evergreen is never used; the birch takes its place. For the most of the year the birch is to the Swedish child a symbol of punishment; but twice, at Christmas and at Shrove Tuesday, it becomes his joy. Just before the latter holiday the markets of Stockholm are full of toy brooms made of birch and gay feathers. These the children may buy, and on Shrove Tuesday morning they may roam the house and whip all who stay in bed. Then the little brooms are put in water, and in the warm air the tender twigs send out their tiny green leaves and fill the house with the breath of the coming spring.

Summer is short in Sweden, but the most is made of it while it lasts. All who can leave the city for summer cottages on the lake or the coast. The network of inland waters and the many long winding bays on the coast have made the Swedes a nation of sailors and fisher-folk; and what with

one class is a matter of livelihood is with another a recreation and pleasure. The cottage must be by the water—there must be bathing and fishing. For those who cannot go, there is always the royal park, and there it is one perpetual picnic. The *cafés* are crowded, whole families taking dinner and supper in their gardens. One's first impression is that half the city must dine out of doors. But indeed in summer Stockholm seems to give itself up to pleasure. The day is long enough for that after the regular hours of work are over; and so in the golden twilight, which lasts to ten or later, you find all excursion boats crowded. The ferries cannot ply fast enough for the throng on their way to the parks; and everywhere there is music. On Sunday the morning is fairly quiet, though excursion boats and trains are many even then. But in the afternoon and evening every one seems on pleasure bent. Whole fleets of little steamers glide in every direction; the open-air theaters are full; there is dancing on the grass and families picnicking under the trees. The tourist sees little drunkenness, perhaps because the Swede in his cups is quiet. The Gothenburg system has done much to restrain this national vice; but there, as here, fashion is responsible for much drinking. On all social occasions wine and punch appear, and to be a total abstainer is very inelegant. It is the custom before sitting down to dinner to take an appetizer at a side table. Here are certain dainty dishes, cold meats and relishes, and almost always "something strong" of which the gentlemen partake.

Christmas is the joy of the northern winter, but one sees the festival best in the country. There is the early service in the church blazing with candles, and the old carols and hymns of Luther. The Christmas tree is found even in the poorest homes, for a good Swede would think it a slight on his great forests if he did not once a year crown the evergreen with candles and let the children dance about it. The day after is almost as sacred. Then comes Epiphany, and at last, on Knut's Day—



January 13—Christmas dances out, and children and elders settle down to the long winter of work. Midsummer Eve, another great festival, is the crowning of summer on its longest day, and the maypole is then the center of the frolic. Stockholm has another celebration of its own, Flower Week. It is the third week in July, and on one of its days it pays special honor to a people's poet—Bellman. It is a popular celebration in the park. His statue there is crowned, and, gathered about it, the people sing his songs. We had the good fortune to see this celebration, and very interesting we found it.

The woman movement in Sweden owed its beginnings to Frederika Bremer. She came back from her visit to our country in 1851 confirmed in her previous ideas as to the injustice done her sisters in the matter of education and limited opportunities for self-support. She wished them to be as highly trained as men, and prophesied truly as to their undeveloped powers. Progress has been slow, quiet, but effectual in the last thirty-five years, and nearly all careers are now open to them. There is no "woman's rights" party, but the Bremer Association in Stockholm works quietly for practical reforms. There have been established free scholarships for higher education and art training and a relief fund for working women—a kind of insurance. There is a committee to give protection to young girls in strange cities, another to furnish country districts with properly trained and certificated nurses, another which makes a special study of books for children, and others for dress reform and home study. Their motto is the saying of Frederika Bremer, "It is only true emancipation which saves from the false one."

The associated charities is active in Stockholm, and there are many benevolent societies which act in concert with it. There are deaconesses, model lodging houses and refuges, *crèches* for the children of working women, and free industrial schools; in all these, women, young and old, are active. In brief, Stockholm, like other cities of to-day, has its "higher life"

and noble men and women to further it, under a royal family whose own activity is on the same unselfish plane. It is perhaps needless to say that the Salvation Army is here; and there is great need of their work because of the peculiar situation made by a state church. Few families in Stockholm have a "pastor," in our sense of the word. Their relations with the state-appointed preacher of the church they attend are largely official. A parish may have thousands of members and be of great extent, and the five or six clergymen who serve it only suffice for the official duties—the christenings, weddings, funerals, and preparation of candidates for confirmation. A pastor who knows his people in any thorough fashion is very rare. In a state church, moreover, a real religious experience is not required for the clerical office. The young man chooses the church as a profession, as he would the law, and may go through his official duties with little feeling for their deep spiritual meaning. The church assumes that her rites are effectual, her prayers accepted, and that by baptism and confirmation all are made partakers of her blessings. The Bible, the catechism, and church history are the basis of education, so that on the intellectual side the church gives excellent training.

Sweden has always been a little apart from the world. She has had to develop, under the limitations of poverty, the resources of her own people and of a land far from rich. So one finds there still in many districts something like the old New England simplicity, when everything to eat and wear must be produced at home; when the social life must center in the church and its festivals; where fashions, either of dress or entertainment, are those of their forefathers. And this note of simplicity is, on the whole, still dominant with the majority, even in Stockholm. Plain living and simple pleasures dominate, but the faces glowing with health and cheerfulness prove this simplicity no bar to content and happiness. Mother Svea, like our own of earlier days, finds the discipline of work and self-denial good for her children.

## THE WOMEN OF THE CABINET.

BY ETTA RAMSDELL GOODWIN.



MRS. HOBART.

**W**OMEN in the Supreme Court circle, the most conservative element in the official life of Washington and the ballast during the unsettled times at the beginning and at the end of every administration, watch the cabinets come and go, and with the people of the wealthy resident set pile up traditions to which the actors in the four years' society drama are expected to conform. Tradition is much, but the word of the president is more, and between the two the cabinet ladies sometimes find their parts difficult to play, and there are plunges from burlesque to melodrama and from melodrama back to burlesque before the performance is given in smooth and proper fashion. The wives of diplomats may be said to have seats in the boxes with the wives of senators, the

wives of Supreme Court justices, and the simply rich, and they are languidly patronizing. Their approbation is to be desired, but that of the other spectators, the public, is a necessity, and this combination of results to be attained makes the social career of a cabinet woman, especially a new cabinet woman, a complicated progress.

The fine enthusiasm of the newcomer, in her position as one of the hostesses of the nation, leads her to idealize the public. She is more concerned with her obligations to it than she is agitated about the impression she is making on the smart and exclusive ones of her own set. The women of the present cabinet are in this stage; so far they have more theories than experience. They look forward to their receptions with pleasure, not as events to be dreaded;

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they enjoy shaking hands with the wives of the men who indirectly appointed them to their positions of eminence, considering that that is one way of saying "Thank you." There is rivalry among them for the largest crowd on Wednesday afternoons. They resent the idea that they have banished refreshments from their receptions because there is a possibility of people coming in order to be fed, and insist that they have only made the rule in obedience to the request of the president, refusing to believe the stories they hear about the disgusting scenes that have taken place around Washington refreshment tables. By next season some of the rosy views of the delight of entertaining the public will be modified. They will still enjoy their receptions, but they will be able to see a grain of truth in the anecdotes that people tell of visitors who carried away fruit in paper bags, tore

flowers from the table, and in some cases actually walked away with silver bonbon dishes. In those days of the feeding reign respectable people were almost afraid to be seen at public receptions in the fear of being classed with the refreshment hunters. Now that absolute simplicity marks the hospitality of the official hostess in her relation to the public, hungry folks stay away, but the crowd will be quite as large and much more decent.

The members of President McKinley's cabinet have taken the first step toward popularity in making attractive homes for themselves. When people point out the houses of their cabinet they like to do it proudly. A large establishment, magnificence in entertaining, well-liveried servants, and perfectly appointed equipages ought to go with high social position, and when the officials are so rich that they do not have to worry about the discrepancy between the amount of entertaining that is expected of them and the smallness of the amount of money that the government gives them to do it with, so much the better for the brilliancy of the administration and the satisfaction of everybody.

After the choice of a home comes the choice of a secretary. There is always a rush on the part of the cabinet women at the beginning of an administration for the possession of a young woman who has served for so many years that she has become the queen of social secretaries—Miss Hunt, the daughter of a former secretary of the navy, who has passed from experience as a cabinet woman into the position of secretary to other cabinet women. She was with Mrs. Morton, then with Mrs. Olney, and now is employed by Mrs. Hobart. A cabinet woman's popularity with the public depends upon herself, but popularity in official so-



MRS. SHERMAN.

ciety sometimes depends upon her secretary. She must know Washington thoroughly, with all the little unwritten laws that govern the tactful hostess; must know whose calls are to be returned personally and to whom cards may be sent; that the women of the cabinet and the women of the Supreme Court set must not be invited to a dinner at the same time, and that the only way to settle another precedence dispute is to separate the British ambassador and the vice-president as far as possible in her invitations. For on no account will Sir Julian Pauncefote give up to the vice-president the seat of honor at a dinner table, even if the dinner is given to Mr. Hobart.

The most important feature of the season

for the cabinet officer and his wife is the dinner to the president and his wife. Beginning with the vice-president, who really does not belong to the cabinet but who is usually included in the circle, the dinners are given by the cabinet in the order of succession established among the different secretaries. The wife of the president is also entertained at luncheon by the cabinet ladies in turn and dinners are made for guests who happen to be in the White House. A visitor of international prominence, such as the premier of Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who recently visited Washington, is made the guest of honor at a reception or a dinner by the secretary of state. The secretary of war and his wife give a reception every year for the army, and the secretary of the navy entertains in honor of the navy. The members of the cabinet and their wives are entertained at least once during the season by every foreign ambassador and by every for-

eign minister of importance, and no rich private citizen and his wife have justified their claim to position in fashionable society until they have given a dinner in honor of the cabinet.

The most trying moment in the career of

the wife of the newly appointed member of the cabinet is when she first takes her position in the receiving line near the wife of the president at the White House receptions. The most self-possessed woman feels a sensation of awkwardness when she sees the gate to the Blue Room closed, shutting out the crowd in the red corridor and leaving an open space in front of her. The guests come pouring in from the Red Room. Hands are grasped by the president, then



MRS. GAGE.

by his wife, and the visitors are passed on. In most cases the visitor does not know what to do then—whether it is proper even to speak to stranger cabinet women—whether he should shake hands or simply bow. When the cabinet woman has had experience she will help the visitor out of the difficulty, take the hand whether it is offered or not, give it a little shake and then a push, until it is caught by the next woman in line, all the time reflecting in her face the smile of the mistress of the White House.

Harmony between the first lady in the land and the ladies of the cabinet is to be desired above all things, and fortunately it exists now in a supreme degree. The suspicion of an unexpressed wish on the part of the president or Mrs. McKinley is a command to their cabinet. The almost unheard-of consideration that was shown for the president during the illness and after the



MRS. ALGER.

death of his mother was not a matter of official etiquette but of personal inclination. The relations between the occupants of the White House and the cabinet houses are so close in this administration that the term "official family" is well applied. Not once but several times a week, and sometimes every day, Mrs. McKinley is visited by her official daughters. They go to her informally, and in the evening there are games of cribbage, which is Mrs. McKinley's favorite game of cards.

The presence of Miss Barber, Mrs. McKinley's niece, has done much to brighten the White House, and had it not been for the bereavement of the president there would have been no gay place in the country than the Executive Mansion during the holidays. Miss Barber and the young ladies in the cabinet set are extremely good friends, and there has seldom been a time

when there were as many attractive girls in the administration circle.

The vice-president and Mrs. Hobart have become society leaders *par excellence*. There is a tradition of hospitality attached to the home they have taken—the Cameron house—and one sees in it now a happy mixture of the taste of Mrs. Cameron, the beautiful wife of the owner, and that of Mrs. Hobart, who has brought pictures, ornaments, and rugs enough from her Patterson home to give it some of her own individuality. The house of the vice-president and that of the secretary of war, Mr. Alger, can show the best paintings to be seen in any of the cabinet houses, in fact some of the best in Washington. Mrs. Hobart is fond of her miniatures, and she has a fine collection, well displayed against the background of a dark velvet screen in a charming little room done in green and dull pink. Mrs. Hobart



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can talk well about music, art, politics, and books. She is hospitable, charitable, amiable, and good-looking. The friendship between the vice-president and the newly appointed Attorney-General Griggs began when they were both in the law office of Mrs. Hobart's father. The wives are as good friends as the husbands.

Of all the cabinet perhaps Mrs. Sherman, the wife of the secretary of state, cares least for the turmoil of gaiety that comes with the step into the cabinet circle. She has no natural liking for the formalities of official society, and in all the years in Washington she has not learned to like it or to pretend to like it. Her nature is abundantly hospitable, and



MRS. GARY.



MRS. LONG.

so is that of the secretary of state, but they care very little for affairs that take them out of their home. Mrs. Sherman has a very sweet and unselfish nature, a splendid loyalty, and a most generous heart. Mrs. McCallum, the dearly loved adopted daughter of the Shermans, said once that she had not in her recollection the memory of one unkind or angry word uttered by her father or mother to each other or to her. Mrs. McCallum's little son, John Sherman McCallum, is head of the Sherman household just now. The secretary is never as happy as when the small John is allowed to come to the table, and he has his permission to

play tunes on the silver dishes with the soup ladle, knock the pieces of cut glass about the table, and do a great many things that are against the rules of his wise little mother.

The descriptions that one reads of Mrs. Gage, the wife of the secretary of the treasury, hardly do her justice. It is all very well to say that she is conservative and motherly, fond of home, unassuming, and sincere. These qualities are very admirable, and Mrs. Gage unquestionably possesses them, but they have a luke-warm sound when applied to her. They are too often used to describe the commonplace woman, and Mrs. Gage is not commonplace. She is just the sort of woman whom it is a pleasure to see at the head of a large and well-appointed establishment. She is attractive in appearance and dignified, and has a frank manner that is irresistible. She

ments of her table and of her house, and is perhaps a more thorough society woman than any of her associates. Her manner is perfect, and she was popular from the moment of her arrival in Washington. The Hazen house, which the Algers have taken, is not attractive on the outside, but it is well arranged for entertaining. There are five children in the Alger family. Two of the daughters are married; the other, Miss Frances, who is one of the most conspicuous of the young ladies of the cabinet, is very clever, very fond of the world, and exceedingly attractive. She is one of the best horsewomen in Washington and drives an alarmingly fiery pair of bays. Her marriage with Charles Pike, a rich young lawyer in Chicago, will take place next June in Washington.

Another young girl will be married out of the cabinet set during this administra-



MRS. BLISS.

is fond of young people, although she has no children.

Mrs. Alger, the wife of the secretary of war, is the beauty of the cabinet women. She has also the prettiest clothes, is most fastidious as to her equipages, the appoint-

tion, Miss Lillian Gary—daughter of the postmaster-general—who is engaged to Robert Taylor of New York. Mrs. Gary is proud of her daughters. There are seven of them, four married and three at home, taking part in all the gaiety of smart Wash-



MISS WILSON.

ington. The girls are unusual. They can talk and say something to be remembered and repeated. Miss Lillian is the wittiest and Miss Madeline the beauty of the family. The latter is a splendid dark creature. She has a perfectly healthy mind, but she has one of the most remarkable fads ever adopted by a young girl. She dotes on skulls and skeletons. She has real skulls on the mantelpiece of her boudoir and match-boxes and ink-stands and other knick-knacks in the form of skulls. The girls are all musical, and they play on all manner of instruments. Mrs. Gary gave a luncheon some time ago in order to give the ladies of the cabinet an opportunity to hear the

"Gary Orchestra," as she calls them, and they have also played for Mrs. McKinley, who finds their music delightful.

Washington has seen little of Mrs. Long, the wife of the secretary of the navy, until within the last two or three months, her place being filled during the first part of the administration by her step-daughter, Miss Helen Long, who is a charming girl, with wonderful self-possession and dignity. The other daughter of the secretary of the navy is studying medicine in Johns Hopkins University, and is too much interested in her life there to care for all the gaiety that Washington has to offer. Mrs. Long is youthful and rather delicate in appearance,



MRS. PORTER.

large-eyed, and very gentle and sweet. The Longs are living in the Portland, but the fact that they are boarding does not seem to interfere with their hospitality and their receptions are always crowded and are delightful occasions.

The family of the secretary of the interior will take very little part in Washington society, owing to the fact that Mrs. Bliss is an invalid and likes New York better than Washington. She has a son who has just graduated at college and gone into a law office in New York, and the New York house is kept open on his account. She and her daughter have been in Washington only at intervals during the winter, much to the regret of those who know them.

Miss Wilson, the daughter of the secretary of agriculture, is the mistress of her father's household, and is very popular with the cabinet ladies and also with Mrs. McKinley. She is an interesting looking girl, with dark hair and eyes and a rich and clear, though pale, complexion. She sings

delightfully, and is clever in playing her own accompaniments.

Mrs. Griggs, who now enters the cabinet circle as the wife of the attorney-general, was formerly a Cleveland woman, Miss Elizabeth Price, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warwick Price. During her girlhood she lived in New York and she has almost as many friends there as in New Jersey.

When the office of the "president's private secretary" was transformed at the beginning of this administration into that of "secretary to the president" it was decided to include Secretary Porter and his wife in the cabinet set; so Mrs. Porter has a place in the receiving line at the White House receptions. The Porters are relatives of the Boardmans, who are among the most fashionable people of Washington, and they have a high social position aside from that of their official standing. Mrs. Porter is a charming woman, the most delightful of hostesses, and the most judicious and tender mother to her two pretty little girls.

## HISTORY AS IT IS MADE.\*



SENATOR E. O. WOLCOTT.

**W**HATEVER can be construed as having a bearing upon the congressional campaign this year and the presidential campaign of 1900 occupies large space in the public press. In this light are to be viewed the developments, in and out of Congress, concerning the money question. Since the presentation of Secretary Gage's plan of currency reform to the House of Representatives, came, first in the order of time, a speech by Senator E. O. Wolcott of Colorado, on international bimetallism, in the Senate January 17.

Mr. Wolcott spoke as the leading member of the Bimetallic Commission which President McKinley sent abroad, and he explained that the unexpected attitude of the government of India in opposition to reopening its mints to the coinage of silver caused the failure of negotiations with Great Britain, in which France had joined with the United States. Mr. Wolcott expressed

hopefulness regarding future international negotiations, when experience has further demonstrated how masses of people are suffering under evils which he attributes to the single gold standard. He asserted that the commission had the most hearty support of the president, but alleged that reports purporting to assure Great Britain that the secretary of the treasury and the people in general of the United States favored a more thorough commitment to the gold standard hampered the commission in its work. Mr. Wolcott announced his retirement from the commission and suggested that it might be necessary in future negotiations to propose a change of coinage ratio to about twenty to one, as more nearly in accord with the ratios of silver-using nations.

Following the Wolcott speech came the introduction of a resolution in the Senate by Henry M. Teller (who bolted the St. Louis Republican Convention in 1896), reaffirming, in substance, a resolution introduced by Senator Matthews of Ohio and passed by both houses of Congress in 1878. It embodies the declaration:

All the bonds of the United States issued or authorized to be issued under the acts of Congress of 1869, 1870, and 1875 are payable, principal and interest, at the option of the government of the United States, in silver dollars, of the coinage of the United States, containing  $412\frac{1}{2}$  grains each of standard silver; and that to restore to its coinage such silver coins as a legal tender in payment of said bonds, principal and interest, is not in violation of the public faith, nor in derogation of the rights of the public creditor.

The debate on this resolution was well worth following by those who wish to understand what proportions the money question is assuming in American politics. Technically, it was admitted that government bonds, including those issued under the Cleveland administration according to provisions of the Resumption Act of 1875, are payable in "coin." Supporters of the resolution pointed to the fact that late issues of government bonds brought many millions

\* This department, together with the book "The Social Spirit in America," constitutes the special C. L. S. C. course Current History, for the reading of which a seal is given.



less in the market than they would have brought if the word "gold" had been used instead of "coin" on the bonds. Here, they said, is a reason for government payment of bonds in silver or gold coin at its option, according to the terms of the contract. They declared that payment in appreciating gold, upon the demand of the bondholders, would, under the circumstances, be extortion. On the other hand, opponents of the resolution denounced its wording as an indorsement of independent free silver coinage propaganda. They interpreted it as a declaration in favor of repudiating an obligation to pay just debts in

force of law. The significance of the Teller Resolution, therefore, lay in its power to reveal party alinement on the money question, which is generally supposed to be in process of new formation.

The House of Representatives, after five hours' debate, rejected the Teller Resolution by a vote of 182 to 132, a majority of 50, Speaker Reed voting in the negative. Republicans, with two exceptions, voted against it, and Democrats and Populists, with two exceptions, voted for it. In the Senate an amendment declaring for payment of bonds "in gold or its equivalent" was voted down by a majority of twenty-nine.



SENATOR HENRY M. TELLER.

currency of standard value, involving national credit and honor in the eyes of the world. Although Republicans, including William McKinley, then a congressman, voted for the Matthews Resolution in 1878, the charge of inconsistency in their present attitude was answered by the declaration that conditions had changed since 1878.

Like the Matthews Resolution, the Teller Resolution was concurrent in form—a form that has been utilized many times by Congress for the expression of its opinions, without requiring either affirmation or veto by the president, and hence lacking the

A survey of political developments would be incomplete without reference to the election of Senator Stephen M. White as chairman of the Democratic Congressional Committee, and that body's reaffirmation of the Chicago platform as the basis of campaigning. The tendency to draw the lines more definitely on the money question appears in the passage of a resolution by the Kentucky legislature calling upon Senator Lindsay to resign his seat if he cannot support the Democratic position, and the introduction of a request in the New York legislature for the resignation of Senator Murphy because he voted for the Teller Resolution. Among the Populists it is to be noted that organization has been effected by those who oppose further fusion with the Democrats, and a referendum upon the subject of fixing a date for the independent nomination of a candidate for president in 1900 is already in progress. A national conference of Prohibitionists has also been held, at which plans of campaigning and support for the same were adopted.

Three sharp senatorial contests have returned two members of the Senate of the United States to succeed themselves and one sound money senator in place of a supporter of the Chicago platform. The contest in Ohio loomed large in the public eye, because of a combination of Republicans, Democrats, and Populists against the reelection of Marcus A. Hanna. Under this combination the legislature, although nom-



SENATOR MARCUS A. HANNA.

inally Republican, gave the organization of the state body over to the Democrats. The leader of the coalition was Charles L. Kurtz, Republican, whom Senator Hanna, who is also chairman of the Republican National Committee, had antagonized. Governor Bushnell, who appointed Mr. Hanna to the senatorial seat made vacant by Mr. Sherman's promotion to be secretary of state, also joined in the fight against Mr. Hanna. It turned out that the combination instead of nominating a free silver candidate named Mayor Robert E. McKisson, Republican, of Cleveland, as its candidate. Mr. Hanna, however, took the field in person, and won a reelection on a single ballot with the necessary majority of one. The progress of this contest furnished plenty of news for the papers, since it was considered that the national administration was in a sense on trial in the president's own state. Mr. Hanna was elected to serve for a long and a short term, lasting until March, 1905.

Another senator who will be his own suc-

cessor is Thomas B. Turley, free silver Democrat, of Tennessee. He had held no civil office until appointed United States senator last year by Governor Taylor, to succeed the late Senator Isham G. Harris. His chief opponent was Representative Benton McMillin, who has been in Congress for twenty years, and was only recently supplanted as Democratic leader of the House by Mr. Bailey of Texas.

Maryland contributes a new senator to take the place of the veteran Democrat Arthur P. Gorman. He is Louis E. McComas, judge of the District Court of Columbia and a "sound money" Republican. He is fifty-two years of age, a graduate of Dickinson College, served four terms in Congress, and was secretary of the National Republican Committee in the campaign of 1892. The same year he was appointed to the bench of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. He was elected senator on the tenth ballot, the full Democratic vote being cast for him. Mr. Gorman has been in the Senate since 1881, and has been one of the chief political managers of the Democratic party to date.



SENATOR LOUIS E. M'COMAS.

Differences between the Rev. Dr. John Hall and his church have attracted wide attention in religious circles. Dr. Hall is sixty-nine years of age and has been pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City, for more than thirty years, but his Scotch-Irish vigor is not impaired and his congregations are large. Yet it has been known for some time that changes in the pastorate have been under consideration by both the pastor and officials of the church. From the official point of view the trouble is an economic one. That is to say, the richest Presbyterian church in the United States, if not in the world, with a church property worth \$2,000,000, a \$100,000 parsonage, and other property for

branches of church work, appeared to be in danger of not paying expenses. Originally there were pews in the church which sold outright for from \$3,000 to \$5,000. Such pews, remaining in a family, produced their share of general expenses besides; but when families left and attempts to resell, in certain instances, resulted in bids as low as \$5, some of the business heads in the church calculated that changes of administration under the rented pew system were advisable. This parent church has obligations to meet for the carrying on of mission work in other parts of the city which is not self-supporting, and the Fifth Avenue income must be adequate to meet these demands as well as its own expenses. The Fifth Avenue Church itself has some 2,600 communicants, and the Session was about to secure the employment of an assistant pastor for the ostensible purpose of increas-

contributions to the benevolences they manage. Dr. Hall then announced his intention to resign. Whereupon the congregation, in mass-meetings, requested their pastor to withdraw his resignation, and he has done so. A number of members of the Session threaten to refuse to continue to be officially responsible for the support of the church. The circumstances of the Fifth Avenue incident have been recognized as revealing phases of a problem that confronts more than one church. Added interest has been taken in it because Dr. John Hall has been known as one of the most famous preachers of the country, who, while thoroughly orthodox, preferred to stand for toleration between the old and new schools of Presbyterianism rather than to become a partisan on either side.

To turn from the Fifth Avenue Church to the Salvation Army, where differences in the Booth family resulted in the formation of the Volunteers of America under the leadership of Ballington Booth in 1896, it is to be noted that it was the economic side of affairs which had much to do with bringing about an agreement to stop controversy as far as possible between the organizations in the public press or otherwise. Generous supporters of both movements insisted that in this country fighting forces were demoralized by personal differences among commanders. The result was a formal conference in New York, before witnesses, and the agreement mentioned, between Ballington Booth of the Volunteers and Gen. William Booth, commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army throughout the world. General Booth, after touring Canada, will return to visit some eighty cities of the United States in his official capacity. The Army now owns property exceeding \$4,000,000 in value, and issues periodicals with a combined weekly circulation exceeding 1,000,000. The United States commanders are Frederick De LaTour Booth-Tucker and his wife, having 675 corps (societies) and 2,125 officers under them. The Volunteers in less than two years have organized eight



DR. JOHN HALL.

ing the strength of the church among the younger generation. But a crisis seems to have been precipitated by requests from the Home and Foreign Missionary and Educational Boards of the Presbyterian denomination asking explanations for the recent falling off of from fifty to seventy-five per cent in the Fifth Avenue's contri-

regiments of sixteen battalions, with one hundred and fifty staff officers in charge, organizations being established in about one hundred and fifty cities and towns. The movement is incorporated and seeks to combine democratic government with military organization. The convalescence of Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, whose serious illness had been, presumably, attributable in part to the troubles in the Booth family, is announced and causes rejoicing among thousands of friends of the work of the Armies of Salvation.

Among several church denominations movements for union constitute the striking feature of the day. A joint commission consisting of three bishops, three ministers, and three laymen from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the same representation from the main body of the Methodist Episcopal Church, met in Washington, D. C., January 7, to consider the question of a federation of both branches. This commission, appointed by and responsible to the General Conferences of the respective Methodist organizations, represented approximately 4,000,000 communicants, one third of this number in the southern connection, two thirds in the northern.

The southern separation from the main branch of the church organized in 1846, differences having arisen over the slavery question. It has the same polity as the main church, and the movement for federation was inaugurated to avoid the overlapping of jurisdictions and the division of Methodist forces in localities where both organizations are at work. As a result of a two days' conference, the joint commission recommended the preparation of a common catechism, hymn-book, and order for public worship for both the churches;

the recognition and regulation of the International Epworth League Conference; the joint administration of publishing interests in China and Japan; consideration of co-operative administration of foreign missions, and the prevention of hurtful competition by prohibiting the organization of new work by the other church, in places

where either church is established and supplying the needs of the people, without the consent of the bishop having jurisdiction. Transfers of ministers without loss of standing is recommended. The commission further emphasizes the importance of higher education under Christian auspices, and recommends that the claims of the American University at Washington, D. C., be presented in all Methodist churches in order to secure special

contributions for it as the new century opens.

A proposition for union is also before the Congregationalists and the Christian Connection, with a membership of about 620,000 and 110,000 respectively. Committees of these two denominations have adopted resolutions, which will be brought before the national representative bodies at meetings to be held this year. Union is recommended on the basis of mutual recognition of the Christian standing of each other's churches and ministers, with no doctrinal test beyond the acceptance of the Bible as the only standard of faith and practice; one name for the highest representative body, such as the General Council of Christian Churches; present organizations, institutions, and usages not to be disturbed; new enterprises or churches to be established under such a name as "Christian," or the equivalent thereof. The committees suggest as cooperative measures that ministerial associations of either body invite



GEN. WILLIAM BOOTH.

ministers of the other body into full membership; that similar action be taken by local, state, or district conferences for purposes of local fellowship and cooperation without disturbing their existing denominational relations; that state and home mission boards shall not interfere with each other, but jointly promote the interests of the cause of Christ; that transfers from one body to the other be made without impairing membership or good standing; and that delegates chosen to the national councils this year be authorized to act in a general conference of the churches concerned, if advised by the national bodies.

The diplomatic game between governments in the far East is a veritable Chinese puzzle to the far-off observer. It is difficult in Europe to gain accurate knowledge of the moves of diplomats, since there may be diplomatic or stop-jobbing influences behind the despatches. News reaches the United States, in large part, from European capitals, and must be estimated according to the sources. When Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, chancellor of the Exchequer, declared in a public speech that Great Britain would go to war, if necessary, to maintain equal rights of trade in Chinese ports, he struck a popular chord in England and the United States. The declaration was followed by the report that Germany had determined to open the port of Kiao Chou, which she had occupied in territory finally conceded to her by China under a lease for ninety-nine years. Then came the news of a British offer of a loan of \$60,000,000 to China, with which that nation might pay the indemnity due to Japan as a result of the late Japan-China War. The published terms of the loan demanded the opening of three new treaty ports, including Ta-Lien-Wan, which lies within the territory contiguous to Port Arthur occupied by Russia. Demands were also made for a declaration that no portion of the Yang-tse-Kiang valley shall be alienated to any other power, and the concession of added British railway rights in Southwestern China. In the event of default China would be required to place

certain revenues under the control of the Imperial Customs. Russia is said to have offered to make a loan on similar terms, and the contest between these two great powers for securing the controlling interest at the Chinese capital is the dominating phase of the situation for the moment. The interest of the United States in the Chinese situation is one substantially of commercial character. Our treaty rights in China date back to 1834, and all subsequent negotiations have been based upon the content of the first treaty. That treaty says:

Citizens of the United States shall in no case be subject to other or higher duties than are or will be required of the people of any other nation whatever, . . . and if any additional advantages and privileges, of whatever description, be conceded hereafter by China to any other nation, the United States and the citizens thereof shall be entitled thereupon to a complete, equal, and impartial participation in the same.

In view of the fact that Russia, at least, has secured railway concessions with special privileges that might constitute discrimination against our trade with Northern China, and that other European governments have shown their desire to obtain exclusive concessions, it is not to be wondered that England's declaration for freedom of trade has been heartily indorsed by American newspapers in the name of American commerce. The best figures obtainable of the amount of our trade with China between 1883 and 1897 show that we have imported on an average about \$20,000,000 of goods per year and exported about half that amount. The importance of our interests in the Chinese situation has been recognized by the appointment of Ex-Congressman Edwin H. Conger of Iowa as United States minister to China. Mr. Conger was appointed minister to Brazil by President Harrison and is transferred from that position to China. Charles Page Bryan of Illinois secures the post in Brazil.

Incidental to the turning of the eyes of the world toward the Orient the subject of annexing Hawaii to the United States—a treaty of annexation pending before the Senate of the United States—has been dis-



cussed more than ever. Pres. Sanford B. Dole, of Hawaii, and his wife, on a visit to this country, have been the guests of the government in its official capacity.

So far as the Cuban situation is concerned our policy has contributed several thousand dollars toward the relief of sufferers, upon appeals to the public by the State Department, and the battleship *Maine* has been anchored in the harbor of Havana, with accompanying formal exchanges of naval courtesies between officials.

Government statistics of our expanding trade during the calendar year 1897 afford a reasonable basis for national pride. Our exports of merchandise in that year amounted to 1,099 million dollars, exceeding the highest previous record, 1896, by 94 millions. Exports and imports together swell the volume of our total foreign trade for the year to 1,841 millions, a total never reached before in a calendar year and exceeded only in the fiscal year 1892. Imports for the calendar year 1897 amounted to 742 millions, leaving a trade balance in our favor of 357 millions. Adding net exports of silver and gold, the total trade balance amounted to about 390 millions. It might be expected that this condition would result in a movement of gold to this country for settlement of the international account, but to offset this immense credit must be placed the indefinite amounts from sales of American securities formerly held in Europe; money sent abroad to pay interest and dividends on securities; the profits accruing to foreign corporations doing business in this country; the ex-

penditures of American travelers abroad; undervaluation of imports, and the payment of freight to foreign ship-owners for carrying the bulk of our commerce. We sent abroad during the year over 730 million dollars' worth of agricultural produce; of manufac-

tures nearly 280 thousand dollars' worth. In 1890 our manufacturing exports were only 151 millions.

The United States has become the iron center of the world. The production of pig iron in 1897 reached 9,652,680 tons, an increase of 1,029,553 tons over 1896. Our production ran ahead of Great Britain, formerly the greatest iron center, in 1890. In agriculture, the government statisticians report that our wheat production for the year exceeded 530 million bushels, the largest production, except in the year 1891, when nearly 612 million bushels were produced. The corn, oats, and potato crops were considerably smaller than in 1896 or 1895, but we produced of corn, 1,903 million bushels; oats, 699 million bushels; potatoes, 164 million bushels. The cotton crop was so large that the growers have been attempting to limit the production by agreement, in order to

save themselves from a condition of things in which prices do not pay the cost of production. Although, according to the latest estimate of the International Statistical Institute, which places the population of the earth at one billion six hundred and twenty million, this country contains only about four per cent of the entire human race, it would appear that we have some right to the claim that the United States is destined soon to become the storehouse of the world.



EDWIN H. CONGER.  
United States Minister to China.



PRES. SANFORD B. DOLE, OF HAWAII.

In the industrial field two important events occurred in January. Bituminous coal operators and miners from Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia came to an agreement in Chicago January 28 which affects about three hundred thousand men. By this agreement another strike, like that in which writs of injunction played so sensational a part last year, is avoided, and differences of wage scale in various mining districts are removed as a troublesome factor. The miners obtain through this agreement an advance of ten cents a ton in wages and a uniform working day of eight hours, together with the modification of other alleged abuses. This outcome of differences stands out in sharp contrast to the result of a long-standing struggle between employers and engineers—machinists we would call them—in England. For about six months attempts there to secure an agreement were made without success, and finally the engineers gave up their chief demand for an

eight-hour day, although some minor concessions regarding conditions of work, including the right of unions to make collective bargains concerning conditions of employment, were agreed to.

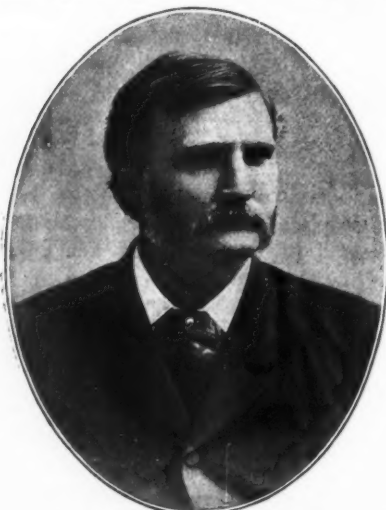


THE LATE MOSES P. HANDY.

The nomination of Attorney Joseph J. McKenna for justice of the Supreme Court was confirmed by the Senate after some delay on January 21. Gov. John W. Griggs of New Jersey has assumed the office of attorney-general, the president of the New Jersey state senate, Foster M. Voorhees, being chosen governor. Among presidential appointments of note are: Owen I. W. Smith of

North Carolina, minister to Liberia; Mark S. Brewer of Michigan, ex-congressman and ex-consul-general at Berlin, to succeed William G. Rice of New York as civil service commissioner; Charles D. Buell of New York, in the place of Benjamin Butterworth (deceased), commissioner of patents; George M. Bowers of West Virginia, commissioner of fish and fisheries.

The January death list includes: Ernest Hart, editor of the *British Medical Journal*; Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke, author of a "Concordance to Shakespeare"; Rev. Charles L. Dodgson ("Lewis Carroll"), author of "Alice in Wonderland"; the Right Hon. Pelham Villiers ("Father of the House of Commons"); Rev. Leroy Church, founder of the Baptist organ, *The Standard*, Chicago; Rear-Admiral (retired) D. L. Braine of New York; Jules Emile Peau, eminent French surgeon; Benjamin Butterworth of Ohio, ex-senator, ex-congressman, holding the office of United States commissioner of patents; Moses P. Handy, the head of the Department of Publicity and Promotion for the Chicago Exposition, journalist and editor, and, at the time of his death, special commissioner for the United States in connection with the Paris Exposition of 1900.



THE LATE BENJAMIN BUTTERWORTH.

## C. L. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

### OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING.

#### FOR MARCH.

##### *First Week* (ending March 4).

"A Short History of Mediæval Europe." Chapter IX.

"Roman Life in Pliny's Time." Chapter VII.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"The Ingenuity of Ants and Wasps."

Sunday Reading for February 27.

##### *Second Week* (ending March 11).

"A Short History of Mediæval Europe." Chapters X. and XI.

"Roman Life in Pliny's Time." Chapter VIII.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"Points of a Pilgrimage."

Sunday Reading for March 6.

##### *Third Week* (ending March 18).

"A Short History of Mediæval Europe." Chapter XII. to page 163.

"Roman Life in Pliny's Time." Chapter IX.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"Indian Corn in Colonial Times."

Sunday Reading for March 13.

##### *Fourth Week* (ending March 25).

"A Short History of Mediæval Europe." Chapter XII. concluded and Chapter XIII.

"Roman Life in Pliny's Time." Chapter X.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"The German Army and Navy."

Sunday Reading for March 20.

##### *Fifth Week* (ending March 31).

"A Short History of Mediæval Europe." Chapter XIV.

"Roman Life in Pliny's Time." Chapter XI.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"The Newspaper Post-office at Berlin."

"The Tramp and the Labor Colony in Germany.\*"

Sunday Reading for March 27.

#### FOR APRIL.

##### *First Week* (ending April 8).

"A Short History of Mediæval Europe." Chapters XV. and XVI.

"Roman and Mediæval Art." Chapters I. and II.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"The Changing Seasons."

Sunday Reading for April 3.

### SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK.

#### FOR MARCH.

##### *First Week.*

1. The Lesson.
2. A Geographical and Historical Study—Sicily.
3. A Paper—The Saracens.
4. General Discussion—The results of absolute freedom of speech.

##### *Second Week.*

1. The Lesson.
2. Select Reading—Gen. Lew Wallace's description of the chariot race in "Ben Hur."
3. A Talk—The work of Boniface.
4. An Essay—The capitals of the Patriarchates in the sixth century—Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria, Constantinople, and Rome.
5. General Discussion—The events of the week.

##### *Third Week.*

1. The Lesson.
2. An Essay—The economic value of maize.
3. A Paper—Gregory VII. and his pontificate.
4. A Biographical Sketch—Julian the Apostate.
5. A Paper—Ogygian Thebes.

##### *Fourth Week.*

##### *Frederick II. Day—March 20.*

The principle which pervaded Frederick's whole policy was this—that the more severely the army is governed the safer it is to treat the rest of the community with lenity.—*Macaulay.*

1. Biographical Sketch—Frederick II.

I—Mar.

2. Select Reading—Extracts from Macaulay's essay "Frederick the Great."
3. A Paper—Maria Theresa and the War of the Austrian Succession.
4. A Paper—The other wars during the reign of Frederick II.
5. A Talk—Frederick II.'s administration of internal affairs.

##### *Fifth Week.*

1. The Lesson.
2. A Paper—The catacombs of Rome and Egypt.
3. General Discussion—The tramp problem.\*
4. An Essay—Monachism.
5. An Essay—Epicureanism and Stoicism.

#### FOR APRIL.

##### *First Week.*

1. An Essay—Darwin and his theory of evolution.
2. Historical Study—The civil wars of the thirteenth century.
3. A Paper—The republics of Genoa and Venice.
4. An Essay—Etruria and its people.
5. A Talk—The Phenicians and their great colony in Africa.

\*See "The Tramp and the Labor Colony in Germany," in the present impression of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

# C. L. S. C. NOTES AND WORD STUDIES.

## ON THE REQUIRED READING IN THE TEXT-BOOKS.

"A SHORT HISTORY OF MEDIEVAL EUROPE."

P. 110. "Gargano" [gär-gä'no]. Mount Gargano forms a promontory which extends into the Adriatic Sea.

P. 111. "Guiscard" [gēs-kär'].

P. 144. "Julian the Apostate." Emperor of Rome from 361 to 363. He was reared in the Christian faith but when he was crowned emperor he declared his conversion to paganism.

P. 145. "Tribur" [trē-boor']. A village of Hesse about five miles southeast of Mainz.

P. 148. "Piacenza" [pē-ä-chen'zä]. A city situated on the Po River in Italy.

P. 151. "Roncaglian plain" [rön-käl'yän]. The plain of Roncaglia, an Italian town near Piacenza, was a rendezvous of the medieval German emperors and their followers when they journeyed to Rome.

P. 152. "Pataria." A nickname given to the Patarini, a sect in Milan which advocated reform in the church and opposed the marriage of the clergy. It is said that the place of assembling was the Pataria, a rag-gatherers' quarter in medieval Milan, whence the name.

P. 154. "Besançon" [be-zon-sôn']. The capital of a department of Eastern France.

P. 156. "Contulimus." A Latin word meaning we have conferred, or bestowed, upon.—"*Imposuimus.*" We have imposed, or inflicted, upon.

P. 158. "Paschalis" [pas-käl'is].

P. 159. "Legnano" [len-yä'nō]. A town eighteen miles northwest of Milan.

P. 161. "Lateran Synod." An ecclesiastical council held in the Lateran Church at Rome and one of the five regarded by the Roman Catholic Church as ecumenical.

P. 165. "Albigenses" [al-bi-jen'sēz]. A name applied to several sects in Southern France during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. They were quite prominent in Albi, whence their name. A revolt from the Church of Rome resulted in a persecution which caused them almost to disappear by the close of the thirteenth century.

P. 166. "Walther von der Vogelweide" [väl'ter fon der fö'gel-vī-de]. A lyric poet of Germany. He died after 1227.

P. 168. "Brindisi" [brēn'dē-sē]. An Italian seaport situated on the Adriatic coast.

P. 169. "Cortenuova" [kör-te-noo-ō'va]. An Italian village about thirty miles east of Milan.

P. 189. "Noeldeke" [nöl'dēh-kēh]. A German orientalist born in 1836.

P. 191. "Oxus River." The modern Amu-

Daria, the principal river of Central Asia. It flows into the Sea of Aral.

P. 206. "Safed" [sā'fed].

P. 211. "Plan Carpin" [kar-peen']. An Italian monk of the thirteenth century.—"Longjumeau" [lōn-zhü-mō]. A town of France a few miles south of Paris.

### "ROMAN LIFE IN PLINY'S TIME."

P. 154. "Areius" [a-rī'us].

P. 157. "Elagabalus" [ē-la-gab'a-lus or el-a-ga-bā'lus]. A Roman emperor born about 205 A. D.

P. 168. "Cambacères" [kon-bä-sä-rās']. A French statesman. He was made arch-chancellor of the empire in 1804.

P. 173. "*Piccs de résistance*" [piäs de rä-zēs-tōns']. In the culinary art a phrase meaning solid joints; the substantial dishes of a dinner.

P. 178. "Les Femmes Savantes." "The Learned Women."

P. 180. "Corydon" [kor'i-don]. The name often used in pastorals to indicate a shepherd or a rustic.

P. 181. "Pacorus" [pak'o-rus]. A king of Parthia in the time of Domitian and Trajan.

P. 182. "Syene." A town of Egypt situated on the Nile.

P. 186. "Bread and the games." Juvenal in one of his satires says: "Ever since we sold our votes to no one the people have thrown aside all care for state affairs. For that people that once gave away the chief military command, consulship, legions, all, now restrains itself and anxiously desires only two things—bread and the games of the circus."

P. 192. "Velabrum" [ve-lä'brum]. A portion of ancient Rome between the Tiber, the Capitoline, the Palatine, and the Forum Romanum. Until the construction of the Cloaca Maxima (great sewer) it was a marshy area. On the south side of it there was erected in 204 a marble arch in honor of Severus.

P. 194. "Ædile" [ē'dil]. A Roman magistrate who at first superintended public buildings and lands. Other administrative and police duties were gradually added to his work. Among them was that of promoting the public games.—"Idumæan." From Idumea or Edom, a region south of the Dead Sea.

P. 205. "Beirut" [bä-root']. A Syrian seaport. Beyrut and Bairut are other forms of the same word.

P. 211. "Thetis" and "Galatea" are Nereïds, the daughters of Nereus, a god of the sea.—"Triton,"

the son of Neptune, was one of the lesser divinities of the water.—“Fucinus.” A lake in Italy which once covered nearly 38,000 acres. By an artificial subterranean outlet most of the water has been drained off, redeeming many acres of arable land.

P. 212. “Nemesianus” [nē-me-si-ānus]. A Roman poet of the third century.—“Ælianus” [ē-li-ānus]. A Roman rhetorician living in the second century. One of his works was entitled “De Animalium Natura” (‘On the Nature of Animals’).—“Appianus.” An author living in Rome during the reigns of Trajan, Hadrian, and Antoninus Pius. His history of Rome is a compilation from other historians in twenty-four books, eleven of which are extant.—“Achilles Tatius.” A rhetorician of Alexandria who lived in the sixth century.—“Arrianus.” A Greek rhetorician who was a citizen of Rome and of Athens. He lived in the second century.—“Jardin des Plantes” [zhār-dan’ dā plānt]. Botanical garden.

P. 213. “Dacian celebration.” After conquering Dacia and making it a Roman province, Trajan celebrated the event in 106 by public games at Rome, which continued one hundred and twenty-three days.

P. 219. The “*Commedia dell’arte*” was largely improvised by the professional actors who executed them, only the skeleton of the play being written.

P. 229. “Etruria.” A division of ancient Rome which included almost the same territory as modern Tuscany.—“Gades” [gā’dēz]. A western colony of Phenicia founded about 1100 B. C. on a small island off the western coast of Spain. Its site was almost the same as that now occupied by Cadiz.

P. 231. “Crotona” [krō-tō’na]. Cotrona is the name of the modern town located on the same site. It is a seaport town on the coast of the Ionian Sea. The famous Temple of Juno erected in Crotona was damaged by pirates and earthquakes and the single column now standing is a mariner’s beacon.

P. 232. “Pontine marshes.” A marshy territory, about thirty-one miles long, in southern Latium.—“Cumæ” [kū’mē]. An ancient city about ten miles west of Naples.

P. 233. “Ister.” The Latin name of the Danube.—“Strymon.” The ancient name of the Karasu River in European Turkey.

P. 236. “Anticyra” [an-tis’i-ra]. An ancient city of Greece situated on the Gulf of Corinth. Hellebore, for the production of which this town is celebrated, was used in ancient times as a remedy for madness.—“Isis.” The principal goddess in Egyptian mythology.—“Serapis.” An Egyptian god. Canopus, a town about fifteen miles north of Alexandria, was the seat of a shrine and oracle of this deity.—“The mysteries.” A religious celebration in honor of Demeter, the goddess of vegetation. At first they resembled modern thanksgiving

festivals, but they gradually took on a symbolic meaning which was revealed to none but the initiated. The celebrations took place at Athens and Eleusis, in the latter part of September and the first of October, and free admission to public performances and religious meetings was granted to all except murderers, barbarians, and slaves, and later Epicureans and Christians.—“Aulus Gellius.” A grammarian of the second century.—“Pythian games.” A national festival of ancient Greece celebrated at Delphi once in four years in honor of Apollo.

P. 237. “Dioscorides” [di-os-kor’i-dēz]. A physician of Greece.—“Galen” [gā-le-ān]. The French for Galen, a physician and philosopher born in Greece in the second century.

P. 241. “Baïæ” [bā’yē].—“Antoninus Musa.” A famous Roman physician.—“Velia.” A city on the southern coast of Italy founded by Ionian colonists.—“Salernum.” The same as Salerno, a seaport town of Italy.

P. 242. “Phalantus.” The founder of Tarentum.—“Venafrum.” Pertaining to Venafrum, an ancient town of the Summites celebrated for its olive-oil.—“Aulon.” A mountain and valley in Calabria which bore many vines.—“Algidus.” A snow-capped mountain on which was a forest, south-east of Rome.—“Valley of Enna.” A valley in Sicily where Proserpina, the goddess of vegetation, spent much time with her train of attendants gathering flowers on the slopes of Mt. Ætna.—“Charybdis.” A whirlpool on the coast of Sicily. According to a famous myth Charybdis was a monster whose den was beneath a rock near the Sicilian coast, and three times each day she engulfed the water, making a whirlpool of which mariners were afraid.—“Arethusa.” A fountain on Ortygia, an island near Syracuse, Sicily, the waters of which were supposed by the ancients to be united with those of the Alpheus River in Greece. An interesting mythological tale relating to Arethusa is to be found in H. A. Guerber’s “Myths of Greece and Rome.”

P. 244. “Phidias.” A Greek sculptor, born about 500 B. C. The statue of Zeus (Jupiter) is his greatest work.—“Aphrodite” [af-rō-dī’tē]. The goddess of beauty, laughter, love, and marriage.

P. 245. “Protesilaus” [prō-tēs-i-lā’us]. According to a Greek legend, the first Greek warrior killed in the Trojan War.

P. 247. “Pallas.” The same as Minerva, the goddess of wisdom and of war.—“Julian race.” The descendants of the Julia gens, a famous patrician house of ancient Rome.—“Ausonians.” The people of Ausonia, the name applied in ancient times to a territory on the borders of Campania and Latium. In poetry the name Ausonia was sometimes used to indicate the Italian peninsula.—“Pergamus.” A name applied to the citadel of



Troy. Poets sometimes used the name to indicate the city itself.—“Puteoli.” The modern seaport Pozzuoli [pot-soo-ō'lē], a town on the western coast of Italy, near Naples.

P. 251. “Agesilaus” [a-je-si-lā'us]. A Spartan king.—“Mardonius.” A Persian general killed at the battle of Platæa.—“Egg of Leda.” According to the most common legend Leda brought forth two eggs, from one of which came Helen, and from the other Castor and Pollux.

P. 252. “Ogygian” [ō-jij'i-an]. Belonging to Ogygia, another name for Boeotia, of which Thebes was the principal city. In the mythological tale it is related that Amphion, a king of Thebes, wishing to build a wall around the city, played on his lyre and the stones moved to the rhythmic measure of the music until they were in their proper places.—“Amphiarus” [am-fi-a-rā'us]. One of the seven who attacked Thebes. Jupiter caused the earth to open and swallow him to save him from his pursuers.—“Eurotas.” A river of Greece flowing into the Mediterranean.—“Theseus.” A mythical hero of Attica and son of Ægeus, king of Athens. When Theseus set out for Crete to slay the Minotaur he promised to change the black sails for white ones if he was successful. When he returned home after accomplishing his purpose, the father, seeing the black sails still on the ship, thought Theseus was slain and threw himself into the sea, which has since been known as the Ægean Sea.—“Erigone” [ē-rig'ō-ne]. A mythical character, the daughter of Icarius, who shared her gift of wine with shepherds. They, drinking it undiluted, thought themselves poisoned, and therefore killed Icarius and threw his body into a well. Erigone discovered the crime and hanged herself. She was translated to the heavens and placed in a constellation called Virgo.

P. 254. “Anadyomene” [an-a-di-om'e-nē]. From a Greek word which signifies rising. The surname of Venus, which alludes to her origin from the sea-foam.—“Colchian princess.” Medea, the wife of Jason, who slew her brother and her own children.—“Iphigenia” [if-i-jē-nī'ā]. The daughter of Agamemnon, whom he offered as a sacrifice to propitiate Artemis. Before she was slain Artemis snatched her away in a cloud and left a deer in her stead.—“Myron.” A Greek sculptor who died about 440 B. C.

P. 255. “Borghese Mars” [bor-gā'se]. A statue of the god Mars in the Louvre, Paris.—“Agasias” [a-gas'ī-as]. A sculptor who lived about 400 B. C. He produced a statue called “The Fighting Gladiator,” which was discovered at Antium in the seventeenth century.

P. 256. “Ischia” [ēs'kē-ā]. An island which belongs to Naples, located about sixteen miles south-

west of Naples.—“Caprea.” The ancient name of Capri, an island about twenty miles south of Naples.—“Procida” [prō'chē-da]. An island at the entrance of Naples Bay, about thirteen miles southwest of Naples.

P. 259. “Pæcile” [pē'si-lē].—“Prytaneum” [prit-a-nē'um].—“Vale of Tempe” [tem'pē]. A valley in Thessaly, Greece, celebrated for the wild grandeur of its scenery.

P. 266. “La Quintinie” [la kân-te-ne']. He lived from 1626 to 1688.—“Dufresny” [dü-frā-nē']. He was born at Paris in 1648 and died there in 1724.

P. 267. “Quincunx.” The disposition of five objects in a square or rectangle, one object being located at each corner and one in the center.

P. 271. “Galba.” Emperor of Rome. He was assassinated in 69 A. D.

P. 276. “Sisyphus” [sis'i-fus]. A mythical king of Corinth who tried to deceive the gods and robbed and murdered travelers. For this misuse of power he was doomed in the lower world to roll a large stone up a steep hill. When the top was reached the stone would slip from his hands and roll to the bottom, thus obliging him constantly to repeat his task.

P. 278. “Werther.” A character in Goethe's “Sorrows of Werther,” who yielded to melancholy and committed suicide.—“Réné.” An aristocrat in Châteaubriand's romance “Réné,” who became weary and disgusted with life and withdrew from intercourse with friends.

P. 282. “Subura” [sū-bū'ra]. A valley in ancient Rome drained by the Cloaca Maxima.—“Cælian Hills.” The Cælian Hill, one of the seven hills of Rome, and a spur of the hill called Minor Cælius, on the summit of which was a shrine of Diana.—“Celtiberian.” Belonging to Celtiberia, a Spanish territory which included the southwestern part of the modern Aragon and a portion of Soria, Cuenca, and Burgos.

P. 294. “Flaminian Way.” One of the most famous roads of ancient Rome, built by Flaminius in 220 B. C. It was restored by Augustus, for which triumphal arches in his honor were erected over the road at Rome and Ariminum. Some of the tombs along the road and much of the pavement still exist.

P. 304. “Montaigne” [mon-tān']. A French essayist of the sixteenth century.—“Boétie” [bō-ā-tē']. A French author known principally through his friendship for Montaigne.

P. 310. “Sévigné” [sā-vēn-yā']. A French author of the seventeenth century.

P. 311. “Tillemont” [tēy-môn']. A French historian of the seventeenth century.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

### ON THE C. L. S. C. TEXT-BOOKS.

#### "A SHORT HISTORY OF MEDIEVAL EUROPE."

1. Q. When did the Normans obtain possessions in Southern Italy? A. About 1027.

2. Q. What was accomplished by the conquest of Robert Guiscard? A. Sicily and Southern Italy were united into one duchy, thus forming the basis for the kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

3. Q. To what is the term feudalism applied? A. To the economic, social, and political relations and conditions existing in Europe from the tenth to the thirteenth centuries.

4. Q. What are the essential features of feudalism? A. Feudal tenure, vassalage, and immunity.

5. Q. Of what was feudalism the outcome? A. Of the violence and chaos of the ninth and tenth centuries.

6. Q. What was the character of feudalism? A. It was irregular and unsystematic.

7. Q. How was the church affected by feudalism? A. It was completely drawn into feudal relations.

8. Q. What was the one great duty of the lord to his vassal? A. To protect him.

9. Q. Into what classes may feudal society be divided? A. The peasants, the citizens of the towns, and the aristocracy.

10. Q. What custom gave rise to the terms chivalry and chevalier? A. The custom of fighting on horseback.

11. Q. What are some of the causes of the decay of feudalism? A. The invention of gunpowder; the growth of the power of the kings; the growth of cities; the crusades, the pests, and the constant wars.

12. Q. In tracing the growth of the papacy what two subjects must be considered? A. The development of the spiritual authority of the pope and the growth of his power.

13. Q. What offices were held by the bishop of Rome in the fourth century? A. He was bishop of Rome and archbishop or patriarch over the territory about Rome.

14. Q. What theory is regarded as the basis for the supremacy of the bishop of Rome? A. The Petrine theory that the Church of Rome was founded by Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, and having given all his rights, dignity, and supremacy to his successors, they, therefore, were first among all the bishops.

15. Q. What assured the pope his position at the head of the church? A. His success in missionary work in Western Europe.

16. Q. What marks the beginning of the tem-

poral sovereignty of the pope? A. The cession by the Lombards of territory to the pope.

17. Q. What was the final step in the pope's revolt from the eastern emperor? A. Crowning Karl the Great emperor.

18. Q. What decree was an important factor in the process of freeing the papacy from temporal control? A. That seven cardinal bishops, who formed a kind of council to the bishop of Rome, should have the sole right of nominating the pope.

19. Q. What was the position of Gregory VII. in regard to the church and the pope? A. That the church is the kingdom of God and the pope who is at its head has absolute authority over all the world.

20. Q. Did he fully realize his claims? A. No.

21. Q. What was Frederick Barbarossa's policy in regard to Germany? A. To make Germany a state by unifying the government and repressing violence and oppression.

22. Q. What was his ideal as emperor? A. To restore the ancient Roman Empire.

23. Q. How did Hadrian regard the imperial crown? A. As if it were something entirely within his power to give or withhold.

24. Q. What was Frederick's opinion in regard to the subject? A. That the king of Germany had a right to the imperial crown, the pope having the power only to crown him.

25. Q. To guard against disputed elections what decree was issued by the Lateran Synod? A. That any one receiving the votes of two thirds of the cardinals should be regarded as elected to the papacy.

26. Q. Who represents the last and highest stage in the development of the papacy? A. Innocent III.

27. Q. What idea did he seek to establish? A. The supremacy of the pope over all rulers.

28. Q. What was the effect on the papacy of making politics the principal matter during his pontificate? A. The papacy lost spiritual power.

29. Q. In what did the strife between pope and emperor result? A. In the political dismemberment of both Germany and Italy and in increasing the political power of the papacy.

30. Q. What belief forms the philosophic basis of asceticism? A. That matter is the seat of evil, and therefore all contact with it is contaminating.

31. Q. What were the conditions which favored the introduction of asceticism? A. The decay of the empire and the violence succeeding the inva-

sions of the barbarians decreased interest in life and the end of all things seemed to be approaching.

32. Q. When did monks first appear in the West? A. About 340.

33. Q. What vows did Benedict require all monks to take? A. Vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience.

34. Q. How did monasticism benefit Europe? A. It helped to civilize and Christianize Western and Northern Europe.

35. Q. What great work did Mohammed do for the Arabs? A. He united them into a nation which in civilization led the world for nearly three hundred years.

36. Q. By whom was Arabic civilization destroyed? A. By the Turks.

37. Q. What was one of the means by which Mohammedan civilization was introduced into Europe? A. The crusades.

38. Q. What are some of the causes of the failure of the crusades? A. The lawlessness of the crusaders, incompetency of the leaders, the struggle between the German emperors and the popes, the deep interest in commerce, and the difficulty of colonizing such a large territory and of absorbing the Mohammedan population.

39. Q. What was one of the most important results of the crusades? A. The broadening of the intellectual horizon of Europe.

#### "ROMAN LIFE IN PLINY'S TIME."

1. Q. When did social life begin to develop in Italy? A. With the introduction of Greek manners and literature.

2. Q. At what time did the women begin to enter society? A. During the time of the Gracchi.

3. Q. Under the republic into what three classes did the party chiefs divide their partisans? A. Intimate friends who were invited to the smallest and most exclusive receptions; those who were admitted to larger social gatherings; and those who were allowed to be present only at public functions.

4. Q. At what time did the imperial receptions begin? A. At dawn.

5. Q. What was the required dress at these receptions? A. The *toga*.

6. Q. What feature of modern social life was lacking at these receptions? A. Conversation.

7. Q. What was the character of the great feasts? A. They were exhibitions.

8. Q. Where did private conversation develop? A. In the open air, outside the temples, near the libraries, or in the bookshops.

9. Q. What was the substance of fashionable conversation at Rome? A. Slander and frivolity.

10. Q. What was one great reason for this? A. Politics was a forbidden topic of conversation.

11. Q. What was provided for the diversion of the people? A. The spectacles.

12. Q. After the close of the republic what was the purpose of the games? A. To acquire popularity and power for the party chiefs.

13. Q. What was the general effect of the games on the Roman people? A. Demoralizing.

14. Q. How were the four factions in the games distinguished? A. By the colors white, red, blue, and green.

15. Q. How were the gladiatorial ranks recruited? A. By criminals, prisoners of war, slaves, and volunteers.

16. Q. By what was travel facilitated? A. By the excellent system of roads and the publication of road-books.

17. Q. What idea served as an impulse to travel? A. The idea that Rome had established the unity of the world.

18. Q. By what was the interest of the travelers especially excited? A. By the curiosities and objects of art found in the temples.

19. Q. What did fashion require of its votaries in the summer? A. That they go to some summer resort.

20. Q. What was the character of many of the country-seats? A. Large and elegant villas.

21. Q. By whom was retirement from active life advocated? A. Stoic and Epicurean philosophers.

22. Q. For what is Pliny's information valuable? A. For its accuracy and its seriousness.

## THE QUESTION TABLE.

### ANSWERS IN NEXT NUMBER.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.—VI.

1. To what profession was Goethold Ephraim Lessing destined by his parents?

2. Where did he acquire his taste for literature and the theater?

3. Which is regarded as the most perfect of his comedies?

4. What effect had Goethe's "Sorrows of Young Werther" ("Leiden des jungen Werther") upon the youth of the country?

5. Which of Goethe's works is an outcome of his travels in Italy?

6. For how long had he studied the subject of "Faust" before the first part was completed?

7. Upon what event in history is the poem "Hermann und Dorothea" founded?

8. When was the friendship between Goethe and Schiller begun?

9. What work of Schiller's was rendered into blank verse by Coleridge, making one of the most perfect translations to be found in our language?

10. Which is the most popular of Schiller's dramas? Of his short poems?

## NATURE STUDIES.—VI.

1. How may true wasps be distinguished from wasp-like insects?

2. Into how many and what groups are wasps placed?

3. From their habits what may the different species of solitary wasps be called?

4. What is a distinguishing characteristic of the solitary wasp?

5. What is a common representative of this family?

6. Which group of wasps builds paper nests?

7. What are the two types of these nests?

8. What is the common name for wasps of the genus *Vespa*?

9. In what do social wasps resemble the bumblebees?

10. Upon what do wasps feed?

## GERMAN GEOGRAPHY.

1. What is the largest city of Germany?

2. Upon what river is it situated?

3. How does it rank in size with the cities of the world?

4. Of how many states is the German Empire composed?

5. What are the five largest in area and population?

6. What is the population of the empire?

7. To what three drainage systems does the surface of Germany belong?

8. What are the "Haffs"?

9. What mountain has been immortalized by Goethe?

10. In which part of Germany is it situated?

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FOR FEBRUARY.

## NATURE STUDIES.—V.

1. White. 2. Cocoons. 3. They feed the colonies, build the nests, and protect them, and take care of the stock and the young. 4. In the egg state. 5. The Flocculent aphids. 6. In the living state. 7. Size, color, and termination of the tibiae

of the hind legs. 8. The fertilization of plants by carrying pollen from one flower to another. 9. In deserted mouse nests or some dome-shaped hole in the ground. 10. Only the queens.

## GERMAN HISTORY.—V.

1. September 20, 1819. 2. A rigorous censorship of the press, a committee for investigating revolutionary intrigues, the suppression of the Burschenschaft (a secret society of the students), and governmental supervision of the universities. 3. The disabled workman receives two thirds of his wages up to four marks a day and then a smaller per cent. 4. Able-bodied Germans between the ages of twenty and forty. 5. Two years for the infantry and three years in the cavalry and horse artillery. 6. By conscription of the sea-faring population. 7. January 1, 1900. 8. 2,359. 9. Subjects pertaining to private rights. 10. Six general systems besides many local laws and customs.

## GERMAN LITERATURE.—V.

1. The "Messiah." 2. This work is seldom read at the present time, but the author is honored for the impulse he gave to the national literature. 3. Because of his wit, levity, and irony. 4. "Alceste." 5. They lost the religious tone which earlier characterized his writings. 6. Herder was born at Mohrungen in 1744. He attended the University of Königsberg, was teacher in Riga, pastor at Buckeburg, court chaplain and superintendent of the church district of Weimar, in which place he remained until he died. 7. "Ideas on the Philosophy of the History of Mankind." 8. It is said that not one, perhaps, has reached completion. 9. Schneckenburger. 10. About the year 1840.

## CURRENT EVENTS.—V.

1. Of fifteen members each. 2. The members of the Senate are elected by indirect suffrage for six years; the members of the House of Representatives are also elected by indirect suffrage, but for two years only. 3. A senator must own a capital of \$3,000 or have an income of \$1,200; to qualify for a representative a man must have been a resident of Hawaii for three years and have an income of \$600 or own property worth \$1,000. 4. He must be twenty years of age and able to read and write the English or the Hawaiian language. 5. Sanford B. Dole; December 31, 1900. 6. For six years by the two houses of the legislature in joint session. 7. He must be a native Hawaiian or have been a resident of the islands for fifteen years. 8. Area 6,640 square miles; population about 105,000. 9. Volcanic. 10. Molokai.

## THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882-1901.

### CLASS OF 1898.—"THE LANIERS."

"The humblest life that lives may be divine."

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CLASS FLOWER—VIOLET.

A CLASSMATE in a little town in Iowa reports that as he is a clerk in a store where early closing has not been inaugurated his memoranda are a little behind, but his reading well up to the requirements. When this Chautauquan assumes the responsible office of proprietor instead of clerk, we doubt not that he will remember the days of his youth and see to it that his employees have time for Chautauqua.

A RECENT C. L. S. C. graduate sends an interesting record of achievement. She says: "I have just received my diploma from Vassar College, completing the full college course in three years, and at the same time fitting two pupils for college. My previous work in teaching prepared me to do this. I may also say that my C. L. S. C. reading, begun before I entered college, was one of the means which led me to feel that I could without detriment to myself take up a course of study in connection with teaching."

FROM Kansas comes a pleasant word of greeting: "Money could not buy the pleasure and profit the work has given me during the past two years. Such an inspiration as it has been to a mother of three children who are all attending school and full of questions in history, literature, and current events!"

### CLASS OF 1899.—"THE PATRIOTS."

"Fidelity, Fraternity."

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CLASS EMBLEM—THE FLAG.

CLASS COLOR—BLUE.

CLASS FLOWER—THE FERN.

This little hour of life, this lean to-day—  
 What were it worth but for those mighty dreams  
 That sweep down from the past on sounding streams  
 Of such high-thoughted words as poets say!

—Sill.

THE genuine "Patriot" believes in high thinking. It was thought that nerved the arms of the men who

fired the shot heard round the world,

and every '99 who stands for that pure high-mindedness which is the greatest force that the world knows is a patriot in the truest sense.

### CLASS OF 1900.—"THE NINETEENTH CENTURY CLASS."

"Faith in the God of truth; hope for the unfolding centuries; charity toward all endeavor."

"Licht, Liebe, Leben."

#### OFFICERS.

*President*—Dr. Nathaniel I. Rubinkam, Chicago, Ill.  
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*Secretary and Treasurer*—Miss Mabel Campbell, 53 Younglove Ave., Cohoes, N. Y.

CLASS EMBLEM—EVERGREEN.

IN the reports received from circles and readers in '96-'97, a great diversity of opinion was shown upon the interest to be found in the different subjects studied. Perhaps no subject seems quite so hopeless to some, or so delightful to others, as the study of art. Yet it ought not to seem foreign to any thoughtful man or woman, for the art of a people is so closely allied to their history that one cannot study the one without learning the deeper significance of the other. Members of the class who thought last year that they had no special aptitude for Greek art, and were consequently somewhat discouraged with their attempt to master something of its technique, are urged to throw renewed energy into the study of the art of Rome and medieval Europe. We are sure that the unconscious influence of last year's work will bear fruit in a still further opening up of this delightful and truly profitable study.

APROPOS of this subject we quote from the letter of an enthusiastic Chautauquan, who says: "I have enjoyed the reading immensely. I began it when life seemed very desolate and it occupied my thoughts and my time. I knew nothing of the history of art, but the start I received then, supple-



mented by other reading, lectures, and a European trip, has opened up a new world to me."

CLASS OF 1901—"THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CLASS."

"*Light, Love, Life.*"

OFFICERS.

*President*—Dr. W. S. Bainbridge, New York, N. Y.

*Vice Presidents*—William H. Mosely, New Haven, Conn.  
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*Secretary and Treasurer*—Miss Harriet Barse, 1301 Brooklyn Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

CLASS FLOWER—COREOPSIS.

CLASS EMBLEM—THE PALM.

ONE of last year's books, "A Survey of Greek Civilization," has found its way to Helsingfors, Finland, and suggested an adaptation of the C. L. S. C. work to that country. In a letter from the professor of the Greek language in the University of Helsingfors, the writer says: "I shall be very thankful for information regarding your organization. Perhaps we can establish something similar here in Finland. One difficulty confronts us here and that is that we use two languages, the Finnish and the Swedish; but we who speak Swedish can find what we need in Sweden. We have already introduced from England the University Extension idea, and it will be still more effective when we can give more extended direction to the work of the people, as in the case of your society."

A RECENT letter from a member of the class voices the experience common to many who are now active members of the 1901's or of some other of the undergraduate classes: "We had always thought that we did not have time for this course, but we have begun and are delighted. 'Imperial Germany' is superb and THE CHAUTAUQUAN a constant source of pleasure."

ANOTHER interesting letter, this from a prospective classmate, presents a very different point of view: "I read a portion of one year's course some years ago, with great profit. I was then living alone in a shanty in the woods, chopping cord-wood and ditching. The mental and moral stimulus derived from that few months' reading have helped me to advance very materially, and though circumstances compelled me to drop out, I now feel like again taking some course of reading."

THE president of the Class of 1901, who has been studying in Germany for some months past, sends a letter of greeting to his distant classmates. He writes:

"In spite of the many things which surround me, which are of absorbing interest, I have my set of C. L. S. C. books at hand, and THE CHAUTAUQUAN follows me regularly. Really, 'Imperial Germany' is almost as essential as is Baedeker to any one

who wishes to come into touch with Germany and her past life, as well as her present position in the world. I have met a number of persons interested in Chautauqua and its great work. Others have been glad to hear of this typical American institution. I am glad that our room in the Class Building is to be ready for next season. With best wishes for the new year, believe me

"Cordially yours,

"William Seamans Bainbridge."

GRADUATE CLASSES.

A STEADY interest in special courses of study is evident this year among the members of the S. H. G. It is gratifying to note the tendency toward thoroughness of work exhibited upon the part of most of these students. Such a plan as Miss Hale's "Reading Journey Through England" means that the reader not only greatly enlarges his general acquaintance with English history and literature, but also gives to that knowledge the benefit of close association with the places where the events took place, which can only be gained by those who either visit a country for themselves or who know it so well through pen and picture that it is real to them. Those who can in this way travel over England, Baedeker in hand, under Miss Hale's delightful guidance, are to be congratulated upon the pleasure before them.

STUDENTS of the various special courses in Shakespeare will be interested in a Shakespeare game which has been devised by a club in Maine. The secretary of the club is a member of the C. L. S. C. Class of 1900 and writes of the pleasure and help which they have found in this plan. The game consists of a series of cards including questions and quotations upon characters and upon the various plays. It has already proven very popular and will form a welcome addition to the list of historical and biographical games which have been used by many circles. Full information may be secured upon application to Miss Jessica Lewis, Camden, Me.

THE growth of the settlement idea in all our great cities is both a cause and a result of the increasing demand for careful scientific study of social problems. Many readers of Professor Henderson's "The Social Spirit in America" will be glad to know that a special course in sociology is included in the C. L. S. C. supplementary courses and that a pamphlet of helpful suggestions will be furnished for the usual fee of fifty cents to those who want to enter upon a closer study of this nobly humanitarian subject.

COPIES of the Guild souvenir may be obtained by sending twenty-five cents to the secretary, Miss Annie H. Gardner, 106 Chandler Street, Boston, Mass.

## LOCAL CIRCLES.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

*"We Study the Word and the Works of God."*

*"Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst."*

*"Never be Discouraged."*

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.  
BRYANT DAY—November, second Sunday.  
MILTON DAY—December 9.  
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.  
LANIER DAY—February 3.  
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.  
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.

SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.  
ADDISON DAY—May 1.  
SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.  
SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.  
INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.  
ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.

SPECIAL MEMORIAL DAYS FOR 1897-98.

WILLIAM I. DAY—October 25.  
BISMARCK DAY—November 16.  
MOLTKE DAY—December 3.  
PLINY DAY—January 23.

JUSTINIAN DAY—February 10.  
FREDERICK II. DAY—March 20.  
MOHAMMED DAY—April 3.  
NICCOLO PISANO DAY—May 28.

### CHAUTAUQUA WORK IN PRISONS.

FROM the state prison at Stillwater, Minn., is received the following interesting paper written by one of the inmates:

"The thought has recently suggested itself to me that a great field for doing an untold good is open to all those who have the uplifting of mankind at heart, and especially those who are engaged in fostering the interests of Chautauqua work, by introducing it into all the penal institutions throughout the country. Perhaps it will be well to state that my reasons for suggesting this plan are based upon a practical knowledge and personal observation wherein the work has been thoroughly tested.

"In June, 1890, was organized the Pierian Chautauqua Circle, and the fact that it has maintained an organization and kept up an interest shows that it has not been a failure; on the contrary, it has been a decided success from the first, and to-day it has its limit of membership thirty-six, while others are waiting for vacancies to occur. The membership has averaged over thirty since the organization, and not less than one hundred and fifty men have been helped. The fact is that these men have been doubly benefited, and let me show wherein this is true. First, there is the same benefit that all Chautauqua readers receive—those who search for the truths such as are found in Chautauqua studies. But more particularly is this helpful to men thus incarcerated, because it keeps their minds employed; it makes thinkers of them—and after all it is the thinkers who make the shining marks in life. The second benefit is one that only those who are thus deprived of their liberty can receive—it works for the man's reformation, so that when he goes out into the world again the teachings of Chautauqua are a good and safe companion to take with him, no matter where he goes.

"More than one hundred members of this circle

have been discharged from the institution, and we have to record only two or three instances where any of them have found their way back again. Covering as this does a period of seven years and a half, it is most remarkable. The parole system is in operation here, and many of the Chautauqua members are thus released, which shows that their conduct merits it, and in only one instance has a Chautauqua member broken his parole.

"The grade system is also in vogue, and when a man by misconduct loses his grade standing he also loses his privileges, and in only one instance during the past year has the circle lost a member from such a cause. These facts are stated that a more distinct idea may be gained of the claim that it works for the man's reformation.

"Now let us turn for a moment to the question of how an interest is maintained; and first I will say that we have the earnest, hearty support of the management—a thing that would be necessary no matter where it was given a trial. We are granted all the privileges that it is possible to extend to men under like circumstances. We select our own officers of the circle, make our own by-laws, rules of government, and order of business, arrange our program and all the little details that go to make up every well-organized body. Our constitution and by-laws are written with a view of defining clearly each one's duty, and while we are very strict in the observance of our rules yet we can afford to be; therein lies our strength. For instance, a member is notified to write a paper on the subject of his current studies, and there is no appeal or excuse (except sickness). If he fails his name is at once stricken from the rolls; and while we lose a member now and then from that cause we find it is best to 'hew to the line and let the chips fall where they may.' Of course circles composed of business men and busy housekeepers could not do that,

but with us we find that no man is going to sever his connection with our circle through any neglect of his own if he studies his own interest. Our program is arranged by selecting three members each meeting to write papers on the studies for next meeting and a volunteer is called for to write one paper on some subject of his own choosing, so that gives us four papers each meeting. Then we have plenty of music, vocal and instrumental, interspersed with addresses, recitations, and a ten-minute debate by two members, previously chosen, on some popular theme of the day. That our meetings are intensely interesting is evidenced by the fact that we frequently have numerous visitors in to hear us. Our papers are often published in the press and are widely copied, which speaks well for their high character. That we are doing some earnest, straightforward work on the correct lines is best known, perhaps, to the executive officers of the C. L. S. C., whose earnest support we have always enjoyed.

"If such good results can be gotten out of an institution where only five hundred men are confined, small in proportion to some others in the country of a like character, does it not look reasonable to suppose that the same results can be obtained elsewhere? At Sing Sing, Columbus, Joliet, and Jefferson City, each containing four times as many as are here, doesn't it look reasonable to suppose that a circle of one hundred members in each place can be maintained with equally good results?"

"To one who has given the subject a careful study, one who has the misfortune and good fortune to speak from experience, it seems that it can, and the earnest hope is expressed that those engaged in the upbuilding of Chautauqua, as well as those who feel an interest in the future welfare of unfortunate brother-men, and desire to confer on them a far-reaching benefit, will earnestly strive to have such a result consummated."

#### NEW CIRCLES.

**WEST INDIES.**—A greeting for the new year to all Chautauquans comes from a faithful member at Jamaica. The circle of which she is a member is composed of several families, who take turns in reading the books and magazine and meet when they can to discuss the subjects. They are interested withal, and will make a strong circle.

**MAINE.**—The secretary of the circle at East Corinth reports the following: "The Corinthian Club, a Chautauqua society for the joint study of current history and literature, was organized at East Corinth October 23, 1897, and has now a membership of twenty-three. The meetings are held on alternate Saturdays at the homes of the members." At the second meeting the following program was carried out:

ROLL-CALL.....Quotations about Autumn  
PAPER.....Prospects in Alaska  
READING.....Selection from "Evangeline"  
PAPER.....Some Facts about India  
READING....."Last Walk in Autumn"  
PAPER.....The Outlook for Cuba  
READING....."Death of the Flowers"

**VERMONT.**—The eight who compose the circle at Charlotte hope to increase the number to ten.

**RHODE ISLAND.**—It is not an easy thing to "catch up" after beginning late in the year, but that it can be done is proved by the work of the circle at Auburn. The secretary writes: "At our last meeting we decided on the name 'Auburn Vincent Circle' for our branch of C. L. S. C. Our efforts thus far have been to 'catch up' in our reading, but having accomplished this we are prepared to commence the new year 'according to rule.' Our membership is still ten, but we have hope of others. We have continually to remind ourselves of the motto, 'Never be discouraged,' but we will persevere."

**NEW YORK.**—Two members of '98 from Mapleton and one from Fleming send their annual dues and report a circle of associate members numbering about forty.—A strong force of fifteen at Le Roy have started the year in a commendable manner and are sure of success.

**NEW JERSEY.**—A well-organized circle of '01's at Little Falls have chosen efficient officers and are making progress in their work.—New names are enrolled from Montclair.

**PENNSYLVANIA.**—Two local papers give complimentary reports of the organization in November of a circle at Lebanon. The first meeting, held at "Meadow Bank," the home of one of the members, was taken up chiefly with the discussion of plans and the subjects to be studied. Seventeen members are already enrolled, but it was decided to limit the number to twenty-five, and if it exceeds that number a new circle will be formed. They will be known as "The Twentieth Century Club."—The Light-bearers of Pittsburg meet every other week. A new feature of the meetings is a question box, and besides this each member is to give some quotation at each roll-call. This circle has fourteen members, which will be the limit.

**ALABAMA.**—Fifteen names are registered in the Selma Circle.

**OHIO.**—Maria G. Wilds, Walnut Hills, a member of the Class of 1901, died at her home on December 13. The bereaved family and friends have the sincerest sympathy of the entire class.

**INDIANA.**—Several old members, with some new ones, are doing circle work at Indianapolis.—Six graduates at Elwood think of organizing a Society of the Hall in the Grove.

**ILLINOIS.**—An effort is being made to establish a circle in the Epworth League of Grace Church,

Chicago. An announcement of the aims of the C. L. S. C. and the books used in the course this year is printed on the information cards of the League.—A circle of ten at Danville has only one name registered at the central office, but we hope the work will be so attractive that all will wish to become members of the organization.

MICHIGAN.—A number of social events have served to enliven the work of the circle at Litchfield. They have taken part in a Russian tea, an oyster supper, and a sleigh-ride, and on the completion of the German book will have a German ghost party.

MINNESOTA.—"The Twentieth Century Class of Windom" is the name chosen by the eleven who are giving attention to the work in that place.

IOWA.—Membership fees are received from Cambridge, and although the circle is somewhat behind with the reading they will doubtless make up the work during the year.

OREGON.—A membership of fifteen makes a very efficient circle at Salem, who have named themselves "The Twentieth Century Chautauqua Circle."—A membership of twenty-five makes the work of the Abernathy Circle, Oregon City, interesting and profitable.

WASHINGTON.—A wide-awake organizer reports ten names in a class at Ridgefield.

#### OLD CIRCLES.

MAINE.—"The books for the year '97-98 give good satisfaction," says the secretary of the thriving circle at Livermore Falls.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Two new names are noticed among the Chautauquans at New Hampton, and the old members are alive to the interests of the work.

VERMONT.—The Class of 1900 is well represented in the circle at Burlington.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Loyal readers and good meetings make the work of the circle at Springfield of sustaining interest.

CONNECTICUT.—The Nutmeg Circle of New Haven will be a great success, according to the reports from the friends and members of the class.

NEW YORK.—Friday evening is the night chosen by the readers at Stockton for their meetings.—The secretary of the Alumni Association of Syracuse gives an encouraging report of her work and mentions a letter received recently in which a young man of the Class of '88, now in the university at Syracuse, says, "My first inspiration to get an education came from reading the C. L. S. C. course," and many others can bear like testimony to Chautauqua's influence.—A home circle at Jamestown, of the Class of 1899, will be ready to graduate with their class.—An entertaining report is received from the secretary of the circle at Geneva. The

meetings are held Monday evenings, with an average attendance of ten, when a report of the previous meeting is read, papers of unusual excellence are submitted, and numerous questions asked. They have had two pleasant gatherings to which their friends were invited, and on these occasions special programs have been prepared and dainty souvenirs given the guests.—Several names are recorded from Brooklyn.

NEW JERSEY.—Encouraging news comes from the readers at Boonton.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The efficient secretary of the Pittston Circle sends the following interesting report: "The existence of the West Pittston Chautauqua Circle is probably not known to the general circle, but we do exist and are altogether alive. On the first Monday of October, 1896, we organized with a membership of barely ten; today we number more than a score. Week by week the meetings grow more interesting. This year we have appointed committees who prepare in advance a three months' calendar of work. These are type-written and distributed among the members. We find that the plan arouses interest and assures preparation. A representative evening was one spent recently among German composers." On this occasion the following program was carried out:

#### IN THE REALM OF MUSIC.

RESPONSES.....	"Music".....	
PIANO DUET.....	Overture to "Don Juan".....	Mozart
PAPER.....	"German Opera," with musical illustrations.....	
PIANO TERZET.....	Gavotte from "Iphigenie in Aulis".....	Gluck
PIANO SOLO.....	Minuet from "Don Juan".....	Mozart
PIANO SOLO.....	Aria from "Fidelio".....	Beethoven
VOCAL SOLO.....	(a) Overture from "Freischütz".....	Weber
PIANO SOLO.....	(b) Bridal and Hunters' Chorus from "Freischütz".....	
PIANO SOLO.....	(a) Nocturne from "Midsummer Night's Dream".....	Mendelssohn
PIANO TERZET.....	(b) Wedding March from "Midsummer Night's Dream".....	
PIANO SOLO.....	"Song to the Evening Star" from "Tannhäuser".....	Wagner
READING.....	"Moonlight Sonata".....	
MUSIC.....	"Moonlight Sonata".....	Beethoven
READING.....	"The Swan Song".....	
MUSIC.....	"The Swan Song".....	Blumenthal

—"The circle at Scranton is still large, its membership numbering seventy-seven, and its bi-weekly meetings are marked by much enthusiasm and earnestness. The interest is made more intense by the encouragement of a pleasant rivalry on the part of the two divisions of the circle, generated respectively by the two vice-presidents, the divisions furnishing the program alternately. The exercises are conducted by the president as follows: Opening, singing of a verse of a patriotic hymn, roll-call, the members responding with quotations from designated authors, current topics, etc., in accordance with the order of the evening, papers, addresses, and discussions (which have been invariably strong), in-

terspersed with music of a very high order and closing with questions from the question box. Following the literary part of the program comes the social, which is enhanced in pleasantness by the occasional appearance of light refreshments. The interest continues unabated and it is evident that great good will result from so flourishing an organization."—Strong circles are found at Coudersport, Orwigsburg, and Steelton.

GEORGIA.—"The Chautauquans at Demorest send greetings to their fellow-workers and comrades. We are not large in numbers but in interest and faithful endeavor we feel that we are not excelled by any." The secretary also reports that plans are making for the Northeast Georgia Assembly to be held in August.—Faithful work is done at Columbus.

ALABAMA.—The circle at Mobile is reorganized. —Enthusiastic meetings are held by the members at Troy.

OHIO.—Each member in the circle at Howenstine speaks to his friends about the Chautauqua readings, thus keeping the work alive in their midst.—Names are enrolled from Sidney, Dresden, and Gervais.

INDIANA.—The post-graduate members are a great help to the readers of Knightstown. Five of the members graduate this year and hope to pass through the golden gate. Every one takes active part in the work and the circle prospers accordingly.

MINNESOTA.—Chautauqua spirit abounds in the circle at Blue Earth City.—Perseverance characterizes the readers at Buffalo and Albert Lea.

IOWA.—The union meetings of Des Moines Chautauquans are of wonderful benefit to those who attend them. The Eaton Circle, only recently organized, had charge of one of the recent meetings, the chief features being a talk on Germany by a lady who has spent several years abroad, and an interesting talk on astronomy by the president of Eaton Circle.—Circles report from Tripoli, Manchester, and Waterloo.

MISSOURI.—Alpha Circle of Marshall is doing good work this year, and the limit of thirty members is already reached.

KANSAS.—Five new members swell the ranks of the F. W. Gunsaulus Circle, Kansas City.—Strict attention to business is the motto of Historic City Circle, Lawrence.—Chautauqua has a firm foothold in Junction City.—"The Cherokee C. L. S. C. held its annual banquet January 3, at the home of Mrs. Chadsey. Each member was privileged to bring one guest and over thirty were present. There was an interesting program of charades, music, and recitations, with an X-ray exhibition. The supper table left nothing to be desired either in choice of viands or daintiness of serving. But two toasts were given. Reverend Pingrey portrayed

the marvelous future opening before the American cities and the Anglo-Saxon race, and Dr. Graves, but recently returned from several months in Europe, gave a very interesting talk about German cities, speaking especially of those matters of interest to Chautauquans this year. A collection of excellent photographs added to the interest and brought the scenes he described very vividly before our eyes. Our circle hopes soon to have a parlor lecture from Dr. Graves on Rome and Italian cities. We have sixteen members and are doing thorough work."

CALIFORNIA.—Circles at Downey and Sacramento are doing their work with encouraging results.

#### THE FLORIDA CHAUTAUQUA.

THE fourteenth annual session of this famous winter Assembly will open in its home, DeFuniak Springs, Florida, February 17 and continue five weeks. This enterprise is becoming so well known to the people of all sections of the country that a description of its beauties is no longer necessary. The charming lake, the salubrious climate, the delightful social surroundings, fine hotel and cottage accommodations, and attractive Chautauqua program are all that could be desired. Here profit and recreation are happily combined.

Dr. W. L. Davidson, the well-known Chautauqua manager, has planned a program of rare excellence, and the patronage will undoubtedly be very large. A dozen departments of important school work will be in the hands of capable teachers. Music will be furnished by Rogers' Goshen Band and Orchestra, the Eastern Star Ladies Quartet, the C. M. Parker Concert Co., E. Franceau, the male soprano, Miss Helen Grimes and Mme. C. E. Bailey, soloists, Milo Deyo, the famous piano soloist, and two violin soloists. The Assembly chorus will be directed by Mr. Harry J. Fellows, and Mr. Henry B. Vincent has been engaged as accompanist. Edwin L. Barker, C. Montaville Flowers, Prof. E. B. Warman, Mrs. Mercedes Leigh, and Mrs. Birdie Sprague Waggoner are among the impersonators and readers. There will be illustrated lectures by S. A. Thompson and Dr. Egerton R. Young, and feats of magic by W. A. McCormick. The cineograph, with its wonderful moving pictures, and the newest and best talking machine, the gramophone, are to be among the attractions. The lecture platform includes Rev. Sam P. Jones, Rev. Madison C. Peters, Rev. J. Wesley Hill, Rev. Paul C. Curnick, Pres. H. A. Gobin, Rev. H. Clay Furgerson, Rev. C. C. Alberson, Rev. W. V. Dick, Rev. A. E. Craig, ex-Gov. Will Cumbach, Dr. John H. Bickford, Edward Page Gastón, Judge J. J. Banks, and a host of others equally well known. Reduced railroad rates can be secured. The beautiful detailed illustrated program can be procured of the secretary, N. Colver, DeFuniak Springs, Fla.



## TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

The Life of Gladstone.

There is no statesman in the whole field of European politics who so calls forth the admiration and respect of both friends and political antagonists as does the Right Hon. William E. Gladstone. The story of his life\* as told by Justin McCarthy shows that his early home training and his educational advantages were excellent preparations for the part he afterward played in public affairs. In giving an account of his long and useful career in the English Parliament the able author has made every incident related essential to the revelation of Gladstone's character. Incidentally he has given the reader some information concerning England's political history and many of her eminent politicians. Gladstone's attitude toward the various subjects discussed in Parliament and his motives for certain acts Mr. McCarthy has explained in a clear, forcible way, frequently quoting the eminent statesman's own words in proof of his statements. The subject and the terse, yet bright, literary style of the author make this a biographical sketch of unusual interest. The publishers also have spared no pains in making this a most attractive volume. It contains about a dozen full-page illustrations, besides a large number of smaller ones in the text, and the printing has been done in large, clear type on heavy paper. The covers are red, handsomely ornamented in gold—fit casing for so valuable a work.

The Old Santa Fé Trail.

A volume which reads like a veritable romance is the story of a great western highway, the Santa Fé trail.† It is told by Col. Henry Inman, formerly an army officer, "who," says Buffalo Bill in the preface, "had personal knowledge of many of the thrilling scenes that were enacted along the great route." And he has told the story well, using a pleasant, easy style which makes the recital a vivid reproduction of the events of the early days in the West. Following an introductory chapter on the early explorations of this section of the Union by Europeans is a chapter in which old Santa Fé and Santa Fé of the present time are described. Then the main subject of the book is taken up. The author describes the early modes of travel, relates experiences of hunters, and tells of many expeditions across the plains, some undertaken by private parties and others by military troops to assist in the Mexican War and other struggles. Many

amusing incidents are related in the course of the recital, but the reader is deeply impressed with the fact that extreme hardships were endured and many tragedies enacted before the present-day civilization was possible in that section of the country. The illustrators have aided in making this a valuable record of a condition which no longer exists.

Religious.

The present volume of Dr. S. R. Driver's contribution to the International Theological Library is a revised and enlarged edition of "An Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament,"\* in which the author makes an analytical study of the different books of the Old Testament. Into the text of this edition has been incorporated the contents of the appendix of a previous edition, with additional notes on the advancement made in a critical study of the Old Testament. Very complete biographical notes precede each chapter and an index of the many words and phrases explained is added to the volume. It is a work which critical students should possess.

A series of lectures delivered before the students of Union Theological Seminary furnishes the contents for a volume entitled "The Bible and Islam."† In these lectures the author discusses in a clear, cogent manner the influence of the Bible on Mohammed and his teachings. He shows by citations from the Koran that Mohammed taught monotheism, revelation, salvation by faith, and a future judgment, and arguments are used to prove that the Bible and Christianity were influences in molding his ideas of God and religion which fell short of the Christian's conception.

A volume called "The Ideal Life"‡ contains addresses by Henry Drummond which are now published for the first time. By his simple, straightforward style the author has made his words reflect the deep and convincing truths to be found in the Holy Scriptures. Ian Maclaren and W. Robertson Nicoll are the writers of the introduction, both parts of which are fine tributes to the memory of a noble man.

Of the many books which deal with the teachings of Christ few can have greater interest for practical Christian workers than that which sets forth Christ's teaching on sociological subjects. Such a book is

\*The Story of Gladstone's Life. By Justin McCarthy. 436 pp. \$6.00.—†The Old Santa Fé Trail. By Colonel Henry Inman. 509 pp. \$3.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

\*An Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament. By S. R. Driver, D.D. 609 pp. \$2.50 net.—†The Bible and Islam. By Henry Preserved Smith, D.D. 319 pp. \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

‡The Ideal Life. By Henry Drummond. With memorial sketches by Ian Maclaren and W. Robertson Nicoll. 320 pp. \$1.50. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

"The Social Teaching of Jesus,"\* by Shailer Mathews, A.M. It is a valuable contribution to the literature on Christian sociology, a term which the author defines as "the sociology of Christ." A careful, critical study of the Gospels is suggested as the only proper method of learning Christ's teaching, and by this method the author proceeds to explain what he finds relative to sociology in Christ's words, in the Gospel narratives, and in the fact of Christ's silence on certain subjects.

A series of lectures by Rev. George H. Trever delivered at Lawrence University, Wisconsin, have been published under the title "Studies in Comparative Theology."† The Vedic religion, Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, the Jewish and Egyptian religions, and the Gospel of Christ are carefully presented and the superiority and force of the latter fully set forth.

In "A Harmony of the Books of Samuel, Kings and Chronicles"‡ Rev. William D. Crockett has given to Bible students an analysis of those books of the Old Testament. The volume is divided into five parts. The first, which is largely genealogical in character, closes with a summary of Samuel's work as judge. The reigns of Saul, David, and Solomon, and the history of the kingdoms of Judah and Israel are subjects of the other divisions. Parallel passages are printed on the same page for convenience of reference, and in an appendix there is a table showing what passages in different parts of the Bible are in harmony with certain parts of this work. The text of the version of 1884 has been used.

"The Culture of Christian Manhood"|| is the title of a volume which contains addresses and sermons delivered in Battell Chapel, Yale University, by some of America's eminent pulpit orators. Portraits of the speakers are included in the volume, which has been edited by William H. Sallmon.

**Lullaby-Land.** It is more than two years since the death of Eugene Field, "the child-hearted poet" of Emily Huntington Miller's tender verse; but the world hails the new collection of his poems, "Lullaby-Land," as eagerly as if he were still in our midst—he who now

In some happy garden of blossoms and dreams  
Wanders with Little Boy Blue.

For, unlike the child's forsaken toys, which gathered

\*The Social Teaching of Jesus. By Shailer Mathews, A.M. 235 pp. \$1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

†Studies in Comparative Theology. Six Lectures. Delivered by Rev. George H. Trever, Ph.D., D.D. 425 pp. \$1.20. New York: Eaton & Mains; Cincinnati: Curtis & Jennings.

‡A Harmony of the Books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles. By William Day Crockett, A.M. With an introduction by Willis Judson Beecher, D.D. 365 pp. \$2.00. New York: Eaton & Mains.

||The Culture of Christian Manhood. Edited by William H. Sallmon. With portraits of authors. 309 pp. \$1.50. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company.

mold and rust with time, these gentle poems which were the playthings of the man's heart and mind will be always fresh and new to their readers, no matter how many generations of murky little fingers turn their pages or how many myriads of grief-dimmed eyes drop tears upon their lines. The key-note of childhood rings ever the same, and none has had an ear more finely attuned to its witching cadences than "the strong, sweet singer" to whose rollicking muse calico cats and ginger-bread dogs, the Dinkey-Bird, and the Shut-Eye Train were as serious and as real as are the relentless facts against which we grosser mortals beat our too realistic brains. Few, too, have been able to join so buoyantly in these ingenuous thought-gambols as our good friend Kenneth Grahame, who prefaces this volume with six pages of his quaint cogitations, launching us at once, big-eyed as any wee Amber-Locks, into the realm which he has named "the golden age," where, clear to his vision, dance the sprites of baby-life (albeit such thoroughly English sprites as not to know "the American for booking-office"! ). Whoso follows these two child-lovers across the dim border of "Lullaby-Land"\* will catch with unforgettable sweetness the murmurous plashing of the fount of exhaustless youth.

**Fiction.** A short piece of fiction is "A Capital Courtship,"† by Alexander Black.

In its present form it is a series of word-pictures deftly connected and skilfully drawn. There is just enough of the disagreeable in the series to make that which is attractive stand out in a clear light. A number of excellent illustrations are a part of the contents, among them being pictures of several of Washington's prominent people.

Experiences which do not come to the young people of to-day are delineated in a short story‡ by Marion Harland. According to this author the life of a schoolgirl or a schoolboy in the old-field schools of Virginia in early days was not altogether pleasant. Sometimes the schoolmaster was diabolically cruel, wreaking his vengeance on the innocent. Such a fiend is the one portrayed by the author, and the recital of his deeds reads like a story of the Dark Ages.

"Fabius the Roman"|| is the subject of a story by Rev. E. Fitch Burr, in which historical events are

\*Lullaby-Land. Songs of Childhood. By Eugene Field. Selected by Kenneth Grahame and illustrated by Charles Robinson. 229 pp. \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

†A Capital Courtship. By Alexander Black. With seventeen illustrations from life photographs by the author. 104 pp. \$1.00.—‡An Old-Field School-Girl. By Marion Harland. Illustrated. 208 pp. \$1.25. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

||Fabius the Roman, or How the Church Became Militant. By Rev. E. Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D. 388 pp. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company.

prominently set forth. The city of Rome in 312 A. D. is the place of the action and Maxentian is the emperor. His attitude toward the Christians, the customs of court life, the appearance of the ancient city, and the entrance of Constantine into Rome are incidents which the author has described. A slender thread of romance has been woven into this chain of events, thus brightening an otherwise somber tale.

Should a married woman be engaged in a profession outside her most useful sphere of home-making? This is a question with which Miss Cara Reese deals in a short story called "And She Got All That."\* In this story the wife of a mill-hand, who feels that her sphere of action is too narrow and wishes to increase the yearly income, leaves her home and becomes a trained nurse. The effect of her decision upon herself, her child, and her husband is vividly depicted, and an interesting story is the result.

An ignorant, scheming mother, a daughter self-tutored and apparently above and out of harmony with her surroundings, and a lover are the characters which Ella Higginson has put into most of the stories in the collection "A Forest Orchid."† There is as little variety in the theme of the stories and in the general style of their telling as in the characters; but the author has, however, delineated the power of true love over the acts of men. The dozen stories deal with life in the Northwest.

The rapidity with which the author of "Defiant Hearts"‡ bears the reader along from one event to another is quite bewildering. The action is almost entirely in a small capital of North Germany, where upon the life and patronage of the duchess depend the income and prosperity of several persons. The betrothal of a lady-in-waiting, who is an heiress, to a poor court-official, who loves the daughter of the physician in ordinary to the duchess, is the beginning of many direful events which terminate in the ultimate happiness of the characters.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

C. W. BARDEEN, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Grossmann, Maximilian, P. E., Ph. D. *A Working System of Child Study for Schools.* 50 cts.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

Thomson, John Stuart. *Estabelle and Other Verse.* \$1.00.

CARLON & HOLLENBECK, INDIANAPOLIS.

Gilman, S. C. *The Conquest of the Sioux.*

EATON & MAINS, NEW YORK.

CURTIS & JENNINGS, CINCINNATI.

Taylor, Edward M., D.D. *George Washington, The Ideal Patriot.* With Introduction by Edward Everett Hale, D.D.

\* "And She Got All That." By Cara Reese. Illustrated. 176 pp. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company.

† *A Forest Orchid and Other Stories.* By Ella Higginson. 242 pp. \$1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

‡ *Defiant Hearts.* By W. Heimburg. Translated by Annie W. Ayer and H. T. Slate. 350 pp. New York: R. F. Fenno & Company.

Sangster, Margaret E. *Life on High Levels. Familiar Talks on the Conduct of Life.*

Bristol, Frank Milton. *The Ministry of Art.*

McDowell, W. F., Pierson, A. T., Bingham, Jennie M., Ninde, Mary Louise, Gracey, J. T., Baldwin, S. L., Oldham, W. F., Withrow, W. H. *The Picket Line of Missions.* With an introduction by Bishop W. X. Ninde.

The Berean Beginner's Lesson Book on the International Lessons for 1898. 15 cts.

The Berean Intermediate Lesson Book for 1898. 15 cts.

The Berean Senior Lesson Book for 1898. 15 cts.

Bamford, John M. *The Greater Gospel.* 50 cts.

Young, Egerton Ryerson. *Three Boys in the Wild North Land.* With twenty full-page illustrations by J. E. Laughlin, and various photographs.

McDougall, John. *Saddle, Sled and Snowshoe. Pioneering on the Saskatchewan in the Sixties.* With illustrations by J. E. Laughlin.

ELDERIDGE & BROTHER, PHILADELPHIA.

Houston, Edwin J., A. M., Ph. D. (Princeton). *The Elements of Natural Philosophy For the Use of Schools and Academies.* Revised Edition. \$1.00.

FUNK & WAGHALLS COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Crafts, Rev. Wilbur F., Ph. D. *Practical Christian Sociology.*

A series of special lectures before Princeton Theological Seminary and Marietta College. With supplemental notes and appendices. With introduction by Joseph Cook, LL.D. Cloth, 12mo. \$1.50.

Mann, The Rev. Hames. *Clerical Types.*

Banks, Rev. Louis Albert, D.D. *The Fisherman and his Friends. A Series of Revival Sermons.*

GINN & COMPANY, BOSTON.

Blaisdell, Albert F. *A Practical Physiology. A Text-book for Higher Schools.* \$1.30.

D. C. HEATH & COMPANY, BOSTON.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor. *The Ancient Mariner.* With introduction and notes by Andrew J. George, M.A.

LIE AND SHEPARD, BOSTON.

Drake, Samuel Adams. *On Plymouth Rock.* Illustrated. 60 cts.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON.

Sidney, Margaret. *Phronsie Pepper. The Last of the "Five Little Peppers."* Illustrated by Jessie McDermott. \$1.50.

"Fanny" (Mrs. G. R. Alden). *Overruled.* Illustrated. \$1.50.

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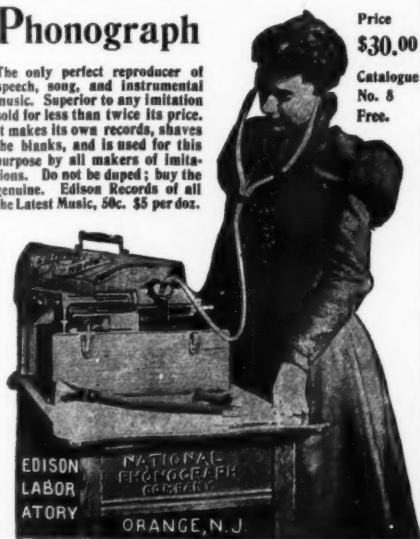
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# CHAUTAUQUA, 1898.

## The English History and Literature Year.

Wednesday, June 29, to Monday, August 22.



### The Program.

The special topics for the Chautauqua Program during the coming season will be the subjects to be studied by the C. L. S. C. Reading Circles during the winter of 1898-9, English History and English Literature. Prof. Richard Greene Moulton of The University of Chicago has been secured for a course of lectures on English literature. Among other speakers already engaged are Professor Francis G. Peabody of Harvard University, Professor Caspar René Gregory of Leipsic, Rev. Robert McIntyre of Chicago, Mr. Murat Halstead of Brooklyn, Dr. J. M. Buckley of New York, Mr. Leon H. Vincent of Philadelphia, Mr. Leland Powers of Boston.

While English History and Literature will be the central theme of the season, the usual variety of topics of general interest will be presented. Lectures, Entertainments, and Readings are also planned which will be of a purely recreative character. Music will have a large place on the program. Soloists, Quartettes, the Orchestra and Chorus will give frequent concerts.

### The Collegiate Department.

(JULY 9 TO AUG. 19.)

The same division of the Collegiate Department into Schools will be maintained as in the past. Several new instructors and additional courses will appear. The catalogue giving full particulars will be ready about March 15, and can be secured by addressing the Secretary, W. A. Duncan, Chautauqua, N. Y.

The Schools into which instruction is divided are:

- I. English Language and Literature.
- II. Modern Languages.
- III. Classical Languages.
- IV. Mathematics and Science.
- V. Social Sciences.
- VI. Psychology and Pedagogy.
- VII. Sacred Literature.
- VIII. Music.
- IX. Fine Arts.
- X. Expression.
- XI. Physical Education.
- XII. Practical Arts.



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#### THE C. L. S. C. GRADUATE CLASSES.

C. L. S. C. Travel Clubs are finding much valuable help in Miss Hale's delightful course entitled "A Reading Journey through England." The list of books recommended is a long one and offers the student opportunity to make practical use of this local library.

One of the new books of the regular course of the C. L. S. C. is "A Short History of Medieval Europe." This is the first time that this subject has been fully treated in the regular C. L. S. C. course, and many graduates are for this reason glad to take up the German-Roman year with their undergraduate friends in order to make a careful study of this most important and interesting period. Graduates\* who read the regular course for the year receive special seals for their diplomas in recognition of this work.

A new course of reading has been arranged for members of the "Guild," those who have fourteen seals upon their diplomas. A special seal is awarded for this course, and the books comprise the following: "The Social Spirit in America," "Imperial Germany," "The Ascent of Man" (Drummond), THE CHAUTAUQUAN. This course is open only to members of the Guild, and a fee of fifty cents sent to the office at Buffalo will secure for them special memoranda.

The demand for Shakespeare memoranda continues steadily, and the number of readers of this special course is always large. The great poet is deservedly accorded a high place, and it is a matter of much interest to the C. L. S. C. that its students appreciate this opportunity.

The Current History Course offers a very practical means of keeping up with the march of events in a systematic manner, and the fact that many graduates take this in addition to other courses shows how possible the plan is even for busy people.

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For circulars of any or all of the above, write, enclosing a two-cent stamp, to John H. Vincent, Buffalo, N. Y.

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#### CHAUTAUQUA EXTENSION LECTURES.

A very helpful and interesting matter is furnished by Chautauqua plan of "read lectures" has been and the receipts from the sale of carried on by the Chautauqua Circle tickets at fifty cents each are equally for some years with marked success. divided between the Chautauqua Clubs or circles engaged in the Office and the circle undertaking study of a given subject are desirous the course.

occasionally of holding open meetings to which friends may be admitted and a larger public interested in the special work which the circle is doing. The system of lectures sent out by Chautauqua for this purpose is conducted on the following plan:

The lectures are furnished in the form of type-written manuscript which may be used by the local lecturer and supplemented by him with such notes as he chooses to add. With the lectures, printed syllabuses are furnished in sufficient quantity to supply all persons in attendance upon the lectures. The financial arrangement is such that the circle undertaking the course assumes no risk, for all printed

The courses offered by Chautauqua under the plan are as follows:

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3. Greek Social Life. Six lectures by Prof. Owen Seaman, formerly of Durham College, England.

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It is the aim of the collegiate department of the Chautauqua system to give definite and practical assistance to earnest self-educators. There are great numbers of men and women, both young and mature, who wish to cultivate their minds by systematic, well-directed study, but who for various reasons are unable to attend the established residence institutions. To these, and to these only, Chautauqua offers the personal guidance and supervision of experienced educators who are prominent in their respective specialties.

The method of correspondence study is very easily explained. The instructor, usually a teacher in a leading college, corresponds directly with each of his students; he supplements the standard college text-books with printed instruction sheets, personal letters, and topics for special study; he requires written recitations on every lesson, carefully criticizes the recitations, and returns them with such suggestions, references, and comments as each case may require; and he calls attention to any statements in the text-books that may be obscure or misleading.

The great disadvantage of unaided individual study is that the student is likely to waste time and labor upon unimportant or difficult points, which might be easily avoided by the help of a teacher. In other cases the student may be careless or easily discouraged and lose entirely the essential thought of the author. Both of these alternatives are avoided by the Chautauqua method. The correspondence student uses his time and spends his efforts in the most productive way. The written recitations compel him to learn the whole of every lesson before he leaves it. There is no dodging of difficult questions, no cutting of recitations.

The faculty of Chautauqua College is composed of members of the faculties of such institutions as Yale, Wesleyan, University of Chicago, University of Wisconsin,

Vassar, Ohio University, and Northwestern. The courses offered are the regular college courses offered in all leading colleges, and are not distinctly Chautauqua courses. The method is Chautauquan, but the grade of work conforms to the standards of representative American colleges. The instructors are just as exacting with their correspondence students as with the students in their daily classes.

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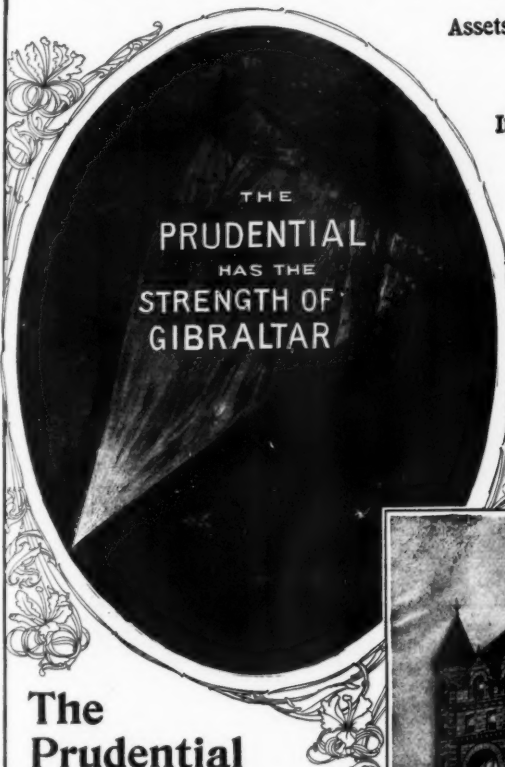
For those who are unprepared to undertake the regular curriculum a number of preparatory courses have been arranged. These are conducted by the professors in the college and lead up to the regular curriculum. These courses are well adapted to the needs of those who wish to review with thoroughness this elementary work. Any one who has a fair English education and is prepared to do serious work may study successfully by correspondence.

The School of Greek, conducted by Prof. William Warner Bishop of Garrett Biblical Institute, takes up the elements of the language in the preparatory department, and in the college proper gives the student a comprehensive acquaintance with the different phases of Greek literature. Special attention is given to Greek prose composition. Elective courses are offered in epic poetry, tragedy, comedy, oratory, and philosophy.

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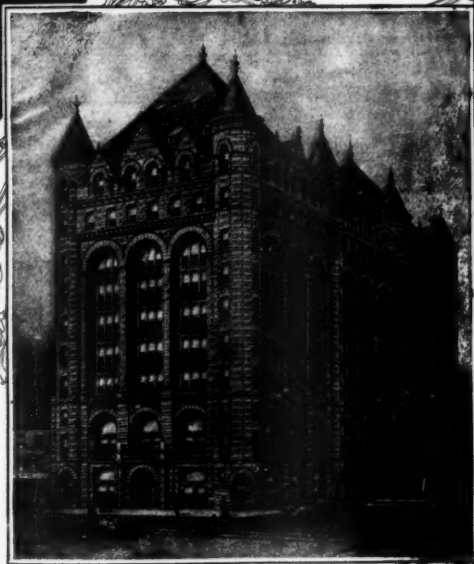
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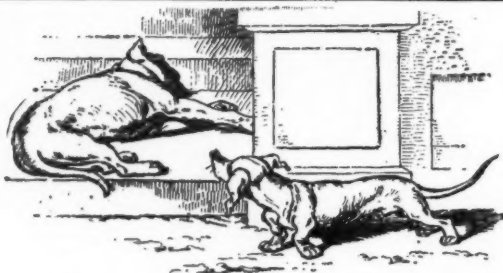
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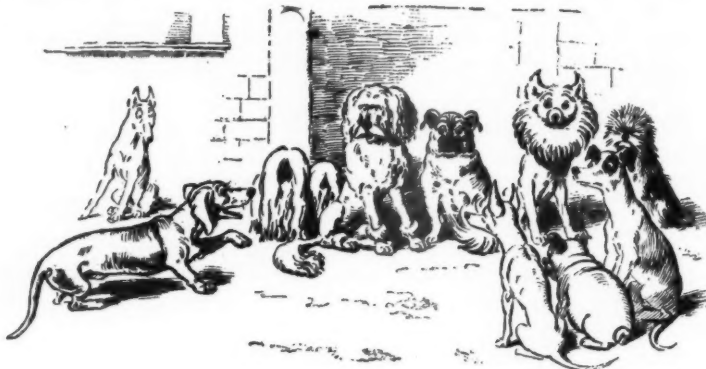
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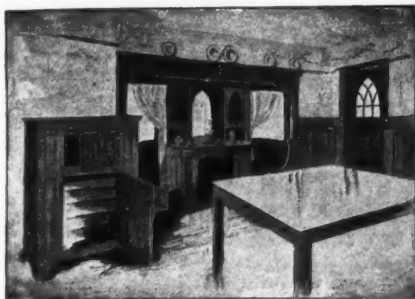
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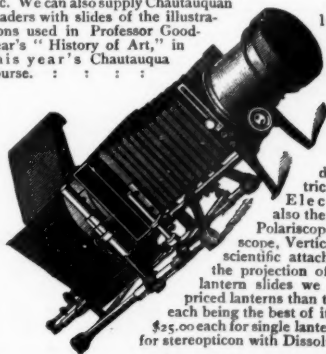
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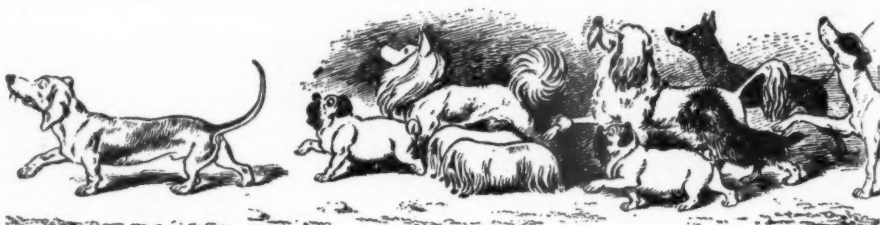
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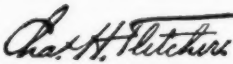
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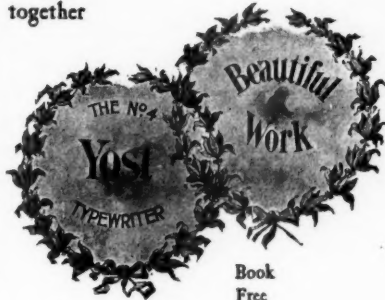
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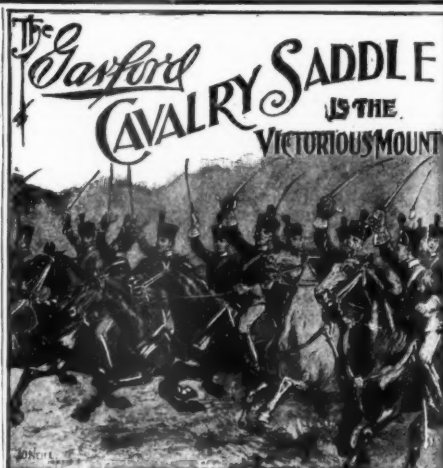
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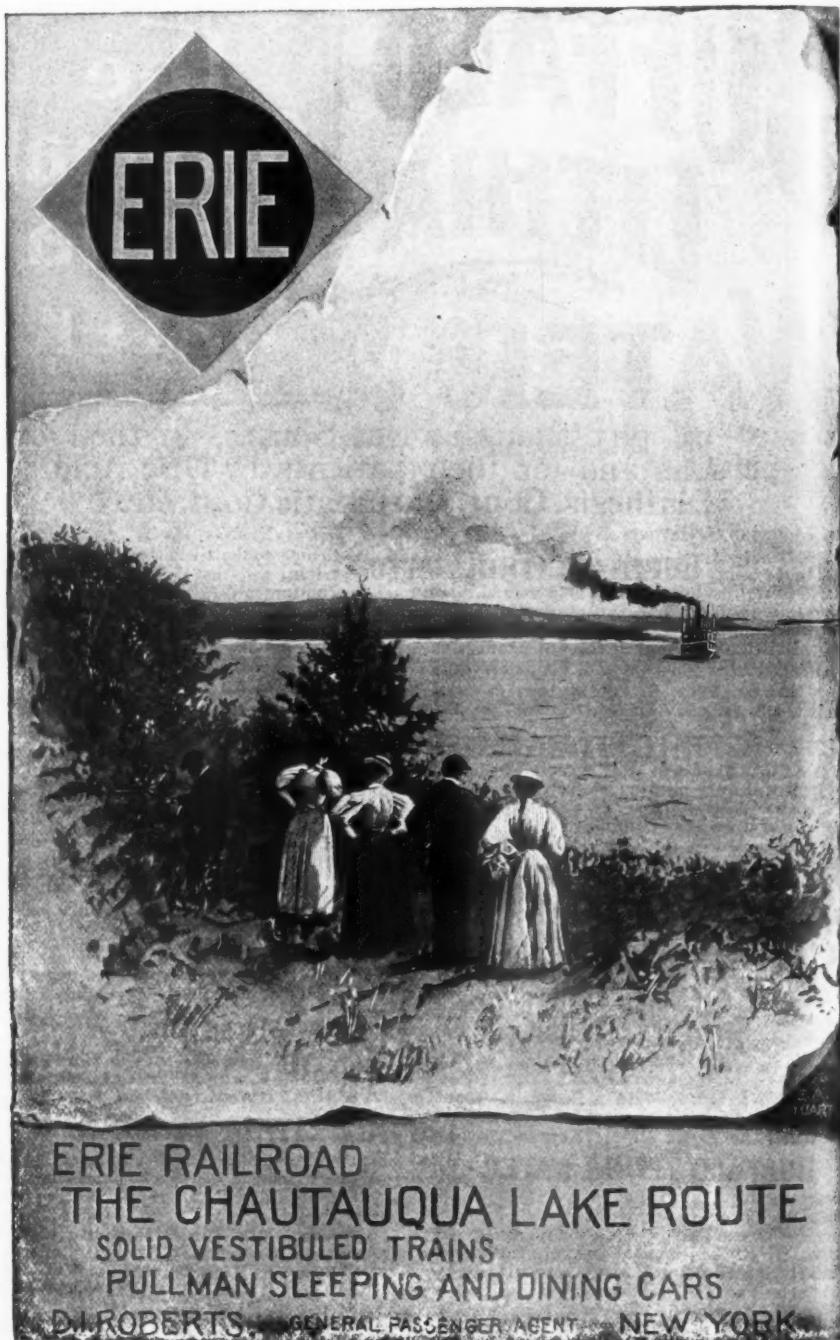
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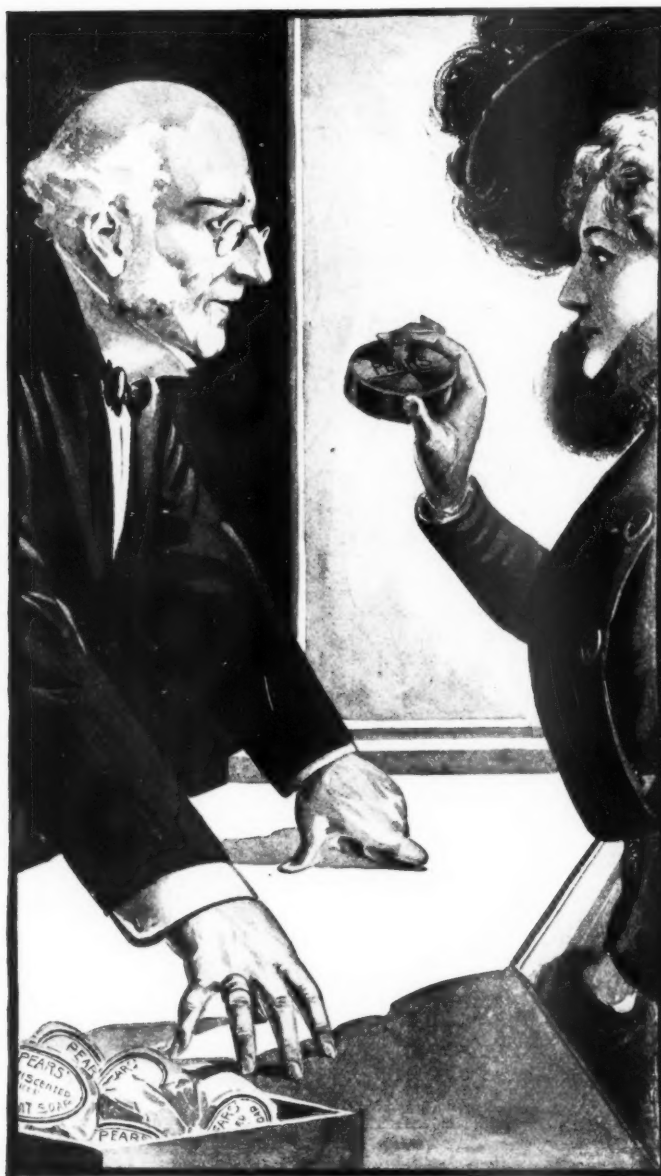


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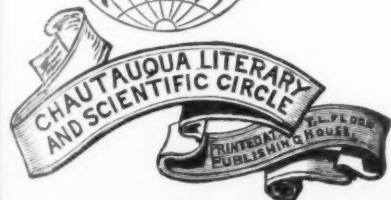
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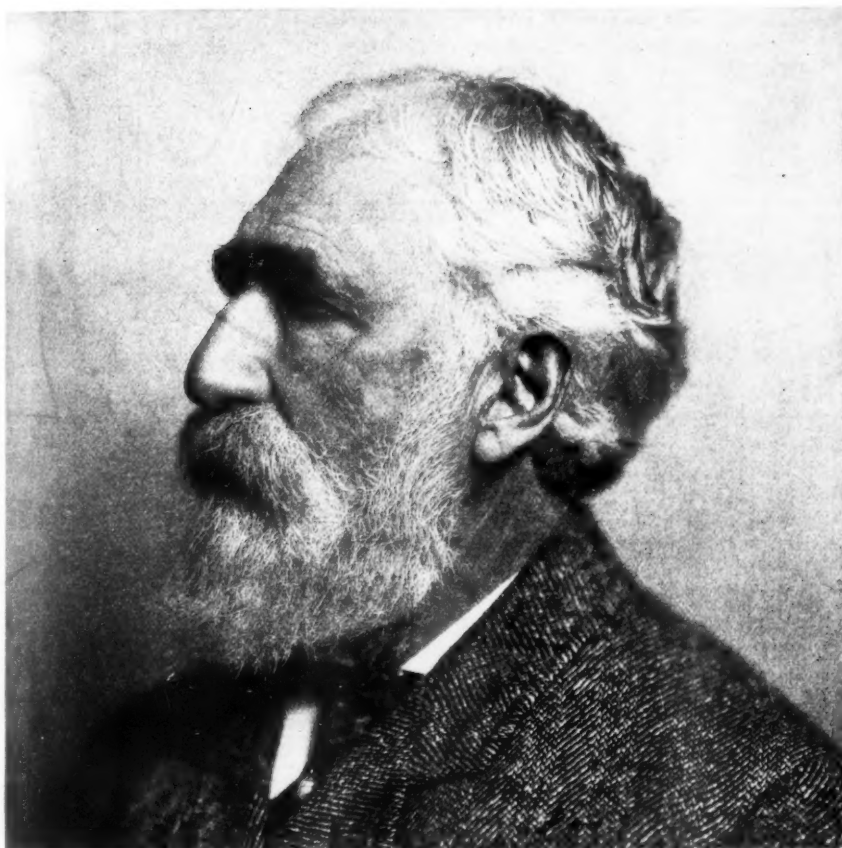
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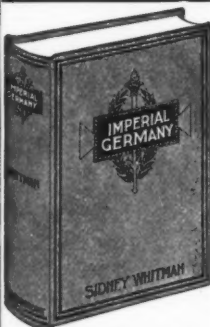
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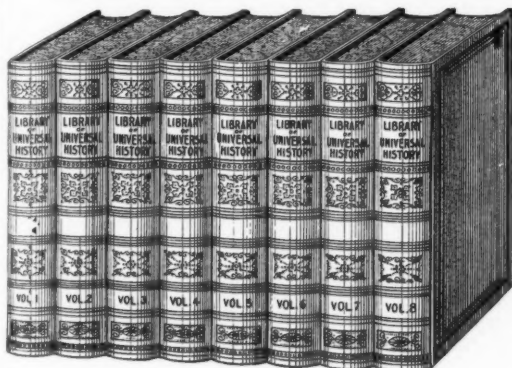
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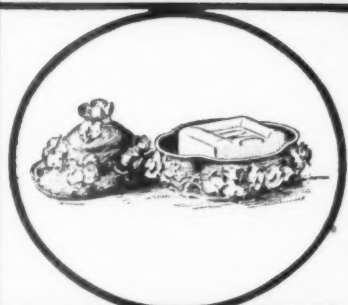
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